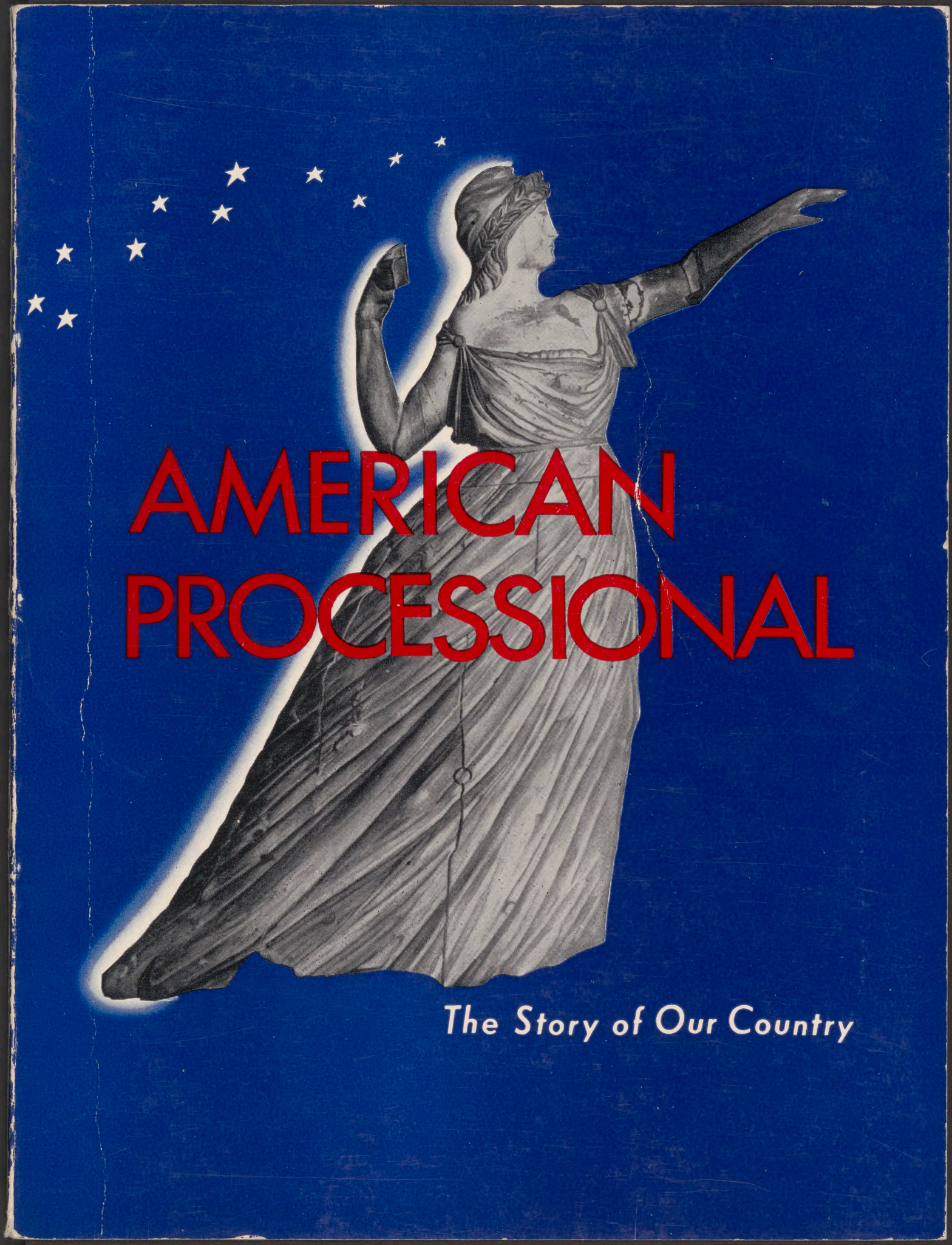
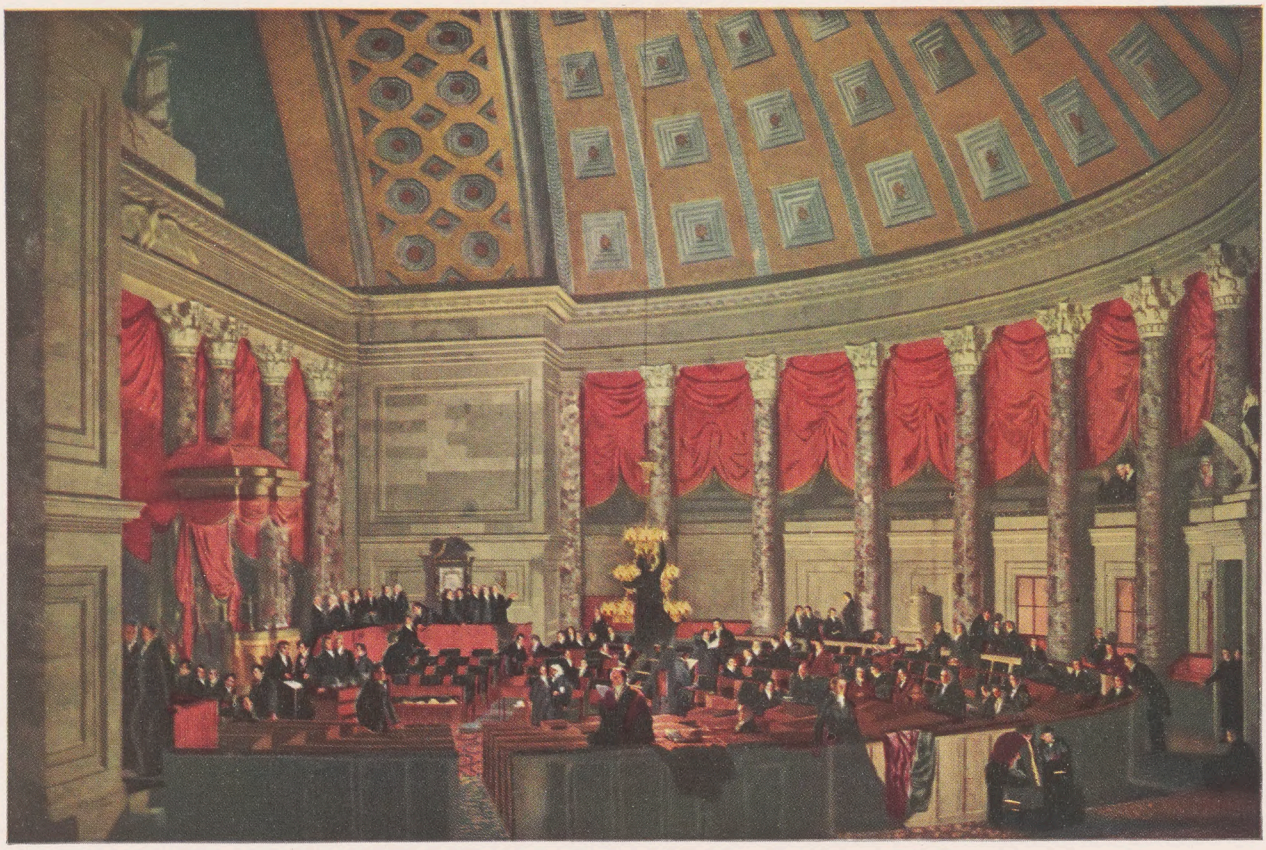

AMERICAN
PROCESSIONAL
The Story of Our Country



THE OLD HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, 1822, by SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE (1791-1872). The Corcoran Gallery of Art. [Catalogue 116]

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL SESQUICENTENNIAL COMMISSION

1492-1900

American Processional

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Published by The National Capital Sesquicentennial Commission on the occasion of AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL, a special exhibition held at The Corcoran Gallery of Art from July 8 through December 17, 1950, to commemorate the establishment of the permanent seat of the federal government in Washington in the year 1800.

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And thou, America,
For the scheme's culmination, its thought and its reality,
For these (not for thyself) thou hast arrived.

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Washington: 1800-1950

The National Capital Sesquicentennial Commission was created by a joint resolution of the Eightieth Congress of the United States on July 18, 1947. Its purpose was to provide for the appropriate commemoration of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the permanent seat of the federal government in the District of Columbia in the year 1800.

In planning this celebration it was the determination of the Commission, if possible, to make it the greatest lesson in American history ever put before the American people. The importance of the emphasis on American tradition and American history was obvious. It was felt that, if the sesquicentennial celebration could present a living picture of the American way of life through the years since the founding of the nation, the Commission would indeed make a fine and tremendous contribution to the welfare of the nation. At the same time it would point up the democratic principles that launched the American republic of which the city of Washington has been the national capital for one hundred and fifty years.

Thus this significant and comprehensive exhibition of American history as told by the painter's brush represents a memorable part of the celebration planned by the National Capital Sesquicentennial Commission. It fits aptly into the pattern designed by this Commission to present in a series of historical and cultural projects the full meaning of the history, tradition, inspiration, achievement and drama enshrined in the capital of this great nation.

In order to bring the AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL to reality, the Commission appropriated $100,000. At the same time it enlisted the aid of a great art gallery long associated with the history of Washington, The Corcoran Gallery of Art. This exhibition, therefore, represents a mutual effort running back over eighteen months since the project was first conceived.

Here, under one roof, Americans may see the sweep of their country's history through four centuries from that day in 1492 when Christopher Columbus kissed the sands of San Salvador. This memorable pictorial cavalcade of America's history should have a far-reaching and inspiring effect upon thousands of Americans who view it and who have come to Washington to celebrate the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the national capital of the great American republic.

EDWARD BOYKIN

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Foreword

It is right and fitting that the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the permanent seat of government in Washington in the year 1800 should be celebrated with due ceremony and incident. That among the many activities commemorating the occasion there is to be an historical exhibition dedicated to the visual pageant of America is most appropriate.

The Corcoran Gallery of Art has responded with an especial and individual enthusiasm to the invitation from The National Capital Sesquicentennial Commission to organize an exhibition depicting the American story from earliest times to 1900. For over three-quarters of a century the Gallery has been an integral and valuable part of the Washington scene. Of the great number of notables in American history whose lives have been acted on the national and the international stage, most have been intimately associated with our national capital. It is a cause of pride for the Gallery in this generation that our founder and benefactors are to be found among that roster of public-minded Americans. Our institution has played its part, too, in the history of art in our country, and we are glad in this exhibition to add to the American story, if not another chapter, a memorable footnote in art.

To tell the story of our country in pictures has not been an easy enterprise, though it has been exciting. To investigate what works of art might be suitable for such a specialized use, the Director and members of the Gallery's curatorial staff have visited museums, historical societies, private collections, and dealers in England, Ireland, Wales, France and Holland, as well as in most of the states of the Union and in Canada and Mexico. Exhaustive study of the files of leading art reference libraries and careful search of the American collections of American art museums and of exhibition catalogues, monographs and art histories, as well as of American histories, have supplied a wealth of available material which it was not realized existed. Many of the works have never before been publicly exhibited. Many others, although in public institutions, are little known to the worlds of art and history.

The time allowed for organizing the exhibition was indeed limited. As can be well understood, it is no small undertaking to create an exhibition to tell the story of the growth of this country from small beginnings to the position of a world power. Yet we have sought to tell the story as completely as possible, with due notice of our mistakes as well as of our triumphs. From thousands of items studied,

we have thus selected about three hundred works to exhibit, most of them created contemporaneously with the events depicted.

The trustees of The Corcoran Gallery of Art are greatly indebted, as (we believe) are the American art world in special and the American public in general, to the intelligent, earnest and enthusiastic men and women who have labored hard and faithfully to accomplish in so short time this important purpose. We owe, also, a debt of gratitude to all those in this country and abroad who have responded graciously to our request for the loan of pictures. To them and to the staff of The National Capital Sesquicentennial Commission, which has cooperated with us in every way in our efforts to make the exhibition a success, we tender our sincere thanks.

May AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL revivify our common belief in the American story.

CORCORAN THOM

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Acknowledgments

An exhibition and a publication of as great a scope as AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL depends on the efforts of many people, of many skills, in many lands. To complete such an undertaking within six months has necessarily been difficult. In all stages of preparation adequate time has been lacking, yet thoroughness was never sacrificed. Hundreds of individuals and institutions were called on and responded enthusiastically. Our work would be unfinished if we did not acknowledge here our deep debt of gratitude. In behalf of the trustees of The Corcoran Gallery of Art, I tender our thanks.

First to be thanked is Edward Boykin, director of historical and cultural activities for the National Capital Sesquicentennial Commission. While AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL has been only one of the Commission's programs with which Mr. Boykin has had to deal, he has been constantly available for consultation. In addition I want to thank other members of the Commission's staff with whom we have had frequent dealings: Carolyn L. Johnson, James B. C. Howe, Benedict Morgan, Joyce Mack, Courtland Stott.

Many members of the Honorary Committee generously facilitated arrangements for loans, particularly from foreign countries. For this and other courtesies, sincere thanks are due: Eleanor W. Allen, cultural relations officer, American Embassy, The Hague; R. H. Dolley, assistant keeper, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich; Homer Gayne, assistant attaché, American Embassy, Mexico City; Barrett Parker, cultural relations attaché, American Embassy, London; Darthea Speyer, assistant cultural officer, American Embassy, Paris; Dr. N. A. C. Slotemaker de Bruine, counselor, The Netherlands Embassy, Washington; Sir Evelyn Wrench, The English-Speaking Union, London.

It is obviously impossible to list all the individuals in museums and historical societies in all the countries lending pictures, who assisted in countless ways. Our debt of gratitude to them is immeasurable. Especial mention should, however, be given to: Josephine Allen, associate curator in charge of loans, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Otto Karl Bach, director, Denver Art Museum; Dorothy C. Barck, librarian, The New-York Historical Society; Edith Bishop, The Newark Museum; Maurice E. Bloch, keeper of drawings and prints, Museum for the Arts of Decoration, Cooper Union, New York; W. D. Bowell, curator of pictures, Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul; William P. Campbell, Worcester Art Museum; Arthur B. Carlson, curator of maps and prints, The New-York Historical Society; James Chillman, Jr., The Museum of Fine Arts of Houston; Henry Clifford, curator of painting, Philadelphia Museum of Art; James W. Foster, director, Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore; Bernard Frazier, art director, Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa; Helen S. Giffen, secretary, The Society of California Pioneers, San Francisco; Paul L. Grigaut, associate curator of western art, The Detroit Institute of Arts; Bertha L. Heilbron, Minnesota Historical Society, St Paul; Dr. Frederick W. Hodge, director, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles; Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., director, California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco; James W. Lane, research assistant, National Gallery of Art, Washington; Alonzo Lansford, director, The Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans; Edgar C. McMechen, curator of state museums, State Museum, Denver; John O'Connor, Jr., associate director, Carnegie Institute, Department of Fine Arts, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Haven Parker, assistant in American paintings, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Mrs. Rogers Parratt, managing director, California Historical Society, San Francisco; Barbara S. Roberts, registrar, The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia; Marvin Chauncey Ross, curator, medieval and subse-

quent decorative arts, The Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore; Anna Wells Rutledge, research assistant, Yale University Art Galley, New Haven; Dr. Heinrich Schwarz, curator, paintings, prints and drawings, Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence; Josephine Setze, assistant curator of American art, Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven; Mrs. Frank Stopa, administrative assistant, American Swedish Historical Foundation, Philadelphia; Helen W. Whiting, chief cataloguer, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, Cambridge; Helen D. Willard, assistant, department of drawings, Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University, Cambridge.

Libraries throughout the country have been unfailingly cooperative in providing assistance in research. Grateful acknowledgment is given, in particular, to the following institutions whose records have been consulted constantly and whose personnel have facilitated our work far beyond the line of duty: the Frick Art Reference Library, The Library of Congress, The New York Public Library, and The Public Library of the District of Columbia. Special acknowledgment is given to: Eva J. Anttonen, Benjamin Franklin Library, Mexico City; Ina T. Aulls, head, western history department, The Public Library, Denver; Muriel F. Baldwin, art division, The New York Public Library; Russell F. Barnes, librarian, James Jerome Hill Reference Library, St. Paul; Dorothy Bridgewater, assistant reference librarian, Yale University Library, New Haven; David H. Clift, associate librarian, Yale University Library; Virginia Daiker, prints and photographs division, The Library of Congress; Milton Kaplan, prints and photographs division, The Library of Congress; Edward Morrison, manuscript division, The New York Public Library; Alice Parker, assistant chief, prints and photographs division, The Library of Congress; Elizabeth Roth, prints division, The New York Public Library; Margaret P. Ruddock, assistant librarian, Dumbarton Oaks Research Library, Washington; Martin Schmidt, University of Oregon Library, Eugene; Colton Storm, assistant director, William L. Clements Library, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Massey Trotter, prints division, The New York Public Library; Dorothy M. Vaughan, librarian, Public Library, City of Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Paul Winkler, curator, William Robertson Coe Collection, Yale University Library.

For prompt and enthusiastic attention to numerous requests sincere thanks are given to dealers throughout the country, principally to: Harry MacNeill Bland, New York; Charles D. Childs, Boston; Elizabeth Clare, M. Knoedler and Company, New York; Carmine Dalesio, Babcock Galleries, New York; W. F. Davidson, M. Knoedler and Company; Edith G. Halpert, The Downtown Gallery, New York; Norman Hirschl, John Levy Galleries, New York; Antoinette Kraushaar, Kraushaar Galleries, New York; Hazel Lewis, Macbeth Gallery, New York; Robert G. McIntyre, Macbeth Gallery; Harry Shaw Newman, The Old Print Shop, New York; Cornelius F. O'Connor, Kennedy and Company, New York; Victor D. Spark, New York; Harry Stone, New York; Roland Tree, New York; E. Weyhe, New York.

Deep gratitude is due the scores of photographers whose cooperation expedited the progress of our enterprise. We regret that exigencies of format do not allow of individual credit lines. Special mention should be made of the photographic staff of the Frick Art Reference Library and The New York Public Library, who never failed to fulfill with utmost promptness our too often eleventh-hour requests. Victor Amato, Corcoran Gallery of Art staff photographer, deserves particular thanks for his unremitting and expert attention to our innumerable commissions.

Acknowledgment is due, as well, to Henry B. Beville, photographic technologist, National Gallery of Art, for making color separations for our frontispiece. William A. Dean is to be thanked for photographic artwork. Credit goes to Harris and Ewing for essential retouching on the copy negative from which the portrait of Walt Whitman was made. Cordial though blanket thanks go to individuals and institutions, including the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, The Library of Congress, The New York Public Li-

brary, and the National Archives, Washington, through whose courtesy photographs have been provided for installation purposes. The British Museum, London, and the Frans Hals Museum, Haarlem, as well as James J. Hyde of New York, have generously permitted us to include illustrations of works in their collections not in the exhibition.

Henry J. Bausili of the Art Designers Studio, Washington, D. C., is to be thanked for the cover design, based on the rendering of a piece of American folk sculpture, *Columbia*, from the collections of the Index of American Design, National Gallery of Art. The original figurehead is in the Marine Museum of the City of New York.

For assistance, none the less important, though not individually recorded, we are grateful to: the American Association of Museums; C. A. Aspinwall, president, Security Storage Company, Washington; Captain Bern Anderson, U.S.Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island; Philip Larner Gore, vice-president, Security Storage Company, Washington; Clarence S. Jackson, Hopwood Studios, Denver; Dr. J. D. Lindsay, Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, College Station; Dr. Charles Porter, historian, National Park Service, Washington; Lincoln Rothschild, Adelphi College, Garden City, New York; Irene Simpson, Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company, San Francisco; Corcoran Thom, Jr., Washington; Kurt Wiener, H. K. Press, Washington.

It would be difficult adequately to esteem the added duties which the exhibition has imposed on the staff of The Corcoran Gallery of Art. Enthusiastically fulfilling double functions, they have worked hand in hand with the special personnel employed for AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL.

John Palmer Leeper, assistant director, has, to a large extent, freed me from regular administrative responsibilities in order that I might devote myself to directing the enterprise. He has carried the heavy load of physical changes in the building necessary for the installation of the exhibition. Supervised by Richard A. Haig, superintendent, the maintenance staff has expeditiously completed this all-inclusive task in record time.

I. J. Roberts, assistant treasurer, has discharged the onerous financial duties of AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL with great efficiency, assisted by Russell Thornton and Mervaldis Ringmanis. Russell J. Quandt, staff conservator, also met eleventh-hour problems of cleaning and restoration with utmost promptness and skill. Louis J. Kohlmer, formerly associated with the Gallery, returned to its service to mat and frame prints and water colors for the exhibition. Edith J. Steere, membership secretary, has dealt most efficiently with all problems of invitation to the opening of the exhibition. Mabel P. Cannon, receptionist, has graciously handled the extra demands on her post caused by so greatly increased a gallery staff and program.

Mrs. Frank Buffmire, June Chandler, Claire E. Fencl, Mrs. Duane Hendrickson, Mary J. Kash, Mrs. Thomas Moore, Clytie M. Salisbury, and Mrs. Thomas E. Sullivan have worked most cooperatively, coping with the vast amount of secretarial detail. Special thanks are due Rose-Helen Sullivan for keeping the documentary files so well organized, and to Florence Hendrickson and Dorothy Buffmire for the meticulous labor involved in providing perfect copy for the printer. Clytie Salisbury, in addition to many other duties, took full responsibility for processing all accounts and acted as purchasing officer as well. Lynd Fletcher of Bennington College spent her winter work period here as an assistant, cheerfully filling in wherever her services were needed. Also helpful were Roxanne Kuter, Martha Barton, and William Wadbrook.

John Palmer Leeper, Eleanor B. Swenson, curator of American painting and sculpture, and Charles Edward Buckley, keeper of the Clark collection, worthily made preliminary surveys for material throughout North America, except for the New England and New York areas, which were combed by our special consultant, Elizabeth McCausland, who also, assisted by Dorothy P. Miller, searched the entire American files of the Frick Art Reference Library. My own trip to Europe rounded out the field trips made by staff members.

The planning and organizing of AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL fell in my province. But at every stage of endeavor, and none less valuably than in the crucial early period, I have had enthusiastic interest and support from all members of the Gallery's staff and of our temporary organization. Especially to be noted are: John Palmer Leeper, Eleanor B. Swenson, Charles Buckley, Russell Thornton, and Elizabeth McCausland.

In historical research, Russell Thornton and Eleanor Cameron Frandsen, with Nancy M. Wagner, have been of great assistance. Ned A. Cornish is to be thanked for compiling our photographic archive. Elizabeth McCausland, Charles Buckley, and I are responsible for the final scholarship, and Charles Buckley also gave constant editorial cooperation in the preparation of this book. They and John Leeper, who has been in charge of installation, have all contributed imaginatively to this important aspect of the whole. Especial thanks are due Mrs. George L. Alliston of Paducah, Kentucky, who has kindly lent us two standing almost life-sized figures in zinc, representing the boys in blue and the boys in gray of the Civil War. These fine examples of American folk sculpture have been used most effectively in the installation of our exhibition. Thanks are due Edith G. Halpert for the loan of two ship's figureheads, two weathervanes, and two American eagles, as well as standing figures of Henry Clay and General John Adams Dix, all fine examples of American folk art which enhance the exhibition.

Eleanor B. Swenson, ably assisted by Clytie Salisbury, has indefatigably handled the complicated arrangements for all loans, including transportation, insurance, and customs clearance.

The first full-time employee of the Sesquicentennial staff was Blanche Magurn Leeper, who with utmost efficiency, tact and thoroughness has acted as my deputy in all administrative matters and in addition has been in charge of the office staff. Her devotion has vastly facilitated the orderly progress of all phases of the undertaking.

I wish here to express profound thanks to Elizabeth McCausland. From the first she has rendered all-embracing assistance in the organization of the exhibition. To her goes full credit for editing and writing AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL, a publication which we believe will be in demand long after the exhibition has closed.

HERMANN WARNER WILLIAMS, JR.

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THE BATTLE OF PUEBLO OA-QUIMA, about 1545, by JAN MOSTAERT, in the Frans Hals Museum, Haarlem, The Netherlands.

HERMANN WARNER WILLIAMS, JR.

Eyes on America

This exhibition tells the story of America. That story is an epic to whose richness, drama, and infinite variety the assembled pictorial documents bear never-failing witness. In some three hundred pictures we trace the development of the United States from thirteen scattered colonies into one of the most powerful of modern nations, seeking to encompass the events of nearly four centuries and to keep a just proportion between the procession of names and dates and the chronicling of our often interrupted but always constant progress toward new goals of enlightenment, liberty, and freedom. We have sought to tell our story truly; for we know full well that from our earliest beginnings our people have been aware of a special destiny, that America for all its generations has been a source of hope to man.

Vision of empire, riches and renown swept Europe as the news of the discovery of the New World became general. The wonder which then kindled the imagination of the civilized world is in dramatic contrast to the apprehensive bewilderment of our atomic age. What strange wonders lay on the other side of uncharted seas? Who peopled those far-away shores? What lay there for the taking? What great opportunities awaited? Words and pictures answered as expedition after expedition sailed to the Indies *ad majorem gloriam Dei.* Charts and maps were the first graphic records, but the demand for more intimate knowledge soon resulted in detailed views of the New World. Thus the story of America was early chronicled in pictures and in words.

Apparently the earliest surviving landscape on an American theme is that painted by Jan Mostaert, about 1545. The work was commissioned by Marguerite, the sister of Philip I of Spain. This handsome but unfinished panel, which is now in the Frans Hals Museum in Haarlem, was seen and recorded about 1600 by Carel van Mander, a Dutch art historian. The painting is believed to represent *The Battle of Pueblo Oa-Quima,* one of the engagements of Coronado's 1540-1542 expedition to our Southwest, news of which was soon spread over Europe by means of his report to the emperor, Charles V. Presumably Mostaert based his picture on the data supplied by Coronado's report, which may have been illustrated. Yet essentially his is an imaginary landscape, compact of folksay and fantasy. Nonetheless it reflects contemporary interest in the wilderness the *conquistadores* were exploring.

Mostaert was but the first of a long line of painters of many nationalities, talents and points of view who for many reasons have depicted the American scene. Over the centuries since his time a corpus of pictorial records of great diversity and historical significance has evolved. When we think of historical painting, we visualize imposing canvases painted by famous artists to immortalize great moments in history. Important for the record as are such works as John Trumbull's series of the Revolutionary War in the rotunda of the Capitol, and they are classic examples of historical painting in the grand tradition, pictures of this type are representative of but one aspect of the large body of pictorial records which exists.

The masters of the past, with their grandiose historical canvases, nevertheless form a foundation for our exhibition. Benjamin West's *Penn's Treaty* (*see* p. 44) and *The Death of Wolfe* (*see* p. 54), John Trumbull's *The Battle of Bunker Hill* (*see* p. 69) and *The Surrender of Cornwallis* (*see* p. 79), and Robert Edge Pine's and Edward Savage's *The Congress Voting Independence* (*see* p. 70) are eighteenth-century historical paintings in the exhibition. In the nineteenth century, the tradition, modified by changing concepts, is represented by such documents as Samuel F. B. Morse's *The Old House of Representatives,* (*see* frontispiece), George Catlin's *The Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829-1830* (*see* p. 115), G. P. A. Healy's *The Peace Makers* (*see* p. 189), Edward Moran's *Unveiling The Statue of Liberty* (*see* p. 217), and Thomas Eakins' *The Agnew Clinic* (*see* p. 220).

It would be a mistake, however, to limit our vision of the past to the version of professional historical painters; for their point of view is usually roseate, their compositions tend to be over-dramatized, and, in addition, artists of the past have sometimes sacrificed literal historical accuracy on the altar of aesthetic effect.

Since subject matter and factual validity have been a primary concern in organizing the exhibition, the identity of the artists represented has been incidental. Thus, as it will appear, in addition to the great figures in American art, masters such as Smibert, Greenwood, Hesselius, Copley, Pratt, Peale, Homer and Eakins, there are European artists of distinction in varying degree, ranging from Sebastiano del Piombo through Hubert Robert, Louis-Philippe Crépin, Samuel Scott, Augustin Dupré, Paul Kane, to Edgar Degas, to mention but a few. Supporting them are many other established genre, marine, landscape and figure painters whose works provide needed subjects. To these we have gladly added yet other men whose graphic records are essential to the coverage of our story—men whose activities, when they are recorded, are found not in the biographical dictionaries of artists, but in genealogies, in muster rolls, ships' papers, and other similar records.

In gathering and examining the thousands of pictures relating to America from

which AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL has been assembled, we could not but be impressed by the variety of occasions as well as the accidents of fate which brought these pictures into being. Perhaps even more interesting are the diverse vocations of the men who produced these remarkable records.

The roster of those who have added significant passages to the American story is essentially democratic. Indeed, were it not for many ordinary people—ordinary, that is, in that they were not trained artists—much of the American story would remain untold. Their work is characterized by a vital, refreshing, and spontaneous realism. And, since in this exhibition, subject matter has been an essential, it is a minor matter that sometimes their manual skill and aesthetic sense were uncultivated, for these lacks are more than compensated for by freshness of approach, sincerity and vitality. These pictures, for the most part, were made on the spot by eyewitnesses of the events depicted, and the history of our country is thus the richer, for often these visual images were the only ones made. We who come later are fortunate that so often someone with an instinct for history and a knack for drawing or painting was present at the right time and place.

Who are these artists? They are the early explorers and colonists. They are the sailors who drew strange, new harbors. They are the soldiers who sketched encampments and battles. They are distinguished foreign visitors and diplomats. They are sign painters, farmers, silversmiths, young girls in finishing school, Indians, secret agents, topographical draftsmen, refugees, and plain citizens. Rather than examine the contributions to the American story of the famous portrait and historical painters whose pictures are already well known, let us single out a few of those unfamiliar men whose contributions to our pictorial inheritance are so little known and appreciated.

About twenty years after Coronado's expedition, which was mentioned earlier, Charles IX of France dispatched a relief expedition under René de Laudonnière to the French colony in Florida. On this voyage we find one Jacques le Moyne de Morgues, a young artist who, to quote his own words, was selected by the king "to map the seacoast and harbors, indicate the position of towns, plot the depth and course of the rivers. In addition, I was to portray the dwellings of the natives and anything else in the land that was worthy of observation." Le Moyne painted over forty scenes of the ill-fated Huguenot colony; after his death these were engraved by the publisher, Theodore de Bry (*see* p. 33). One of these water colors showing de Laudonnière and Indians is in the collection of James H. Hyde, New York; the rest have been lost from sight.

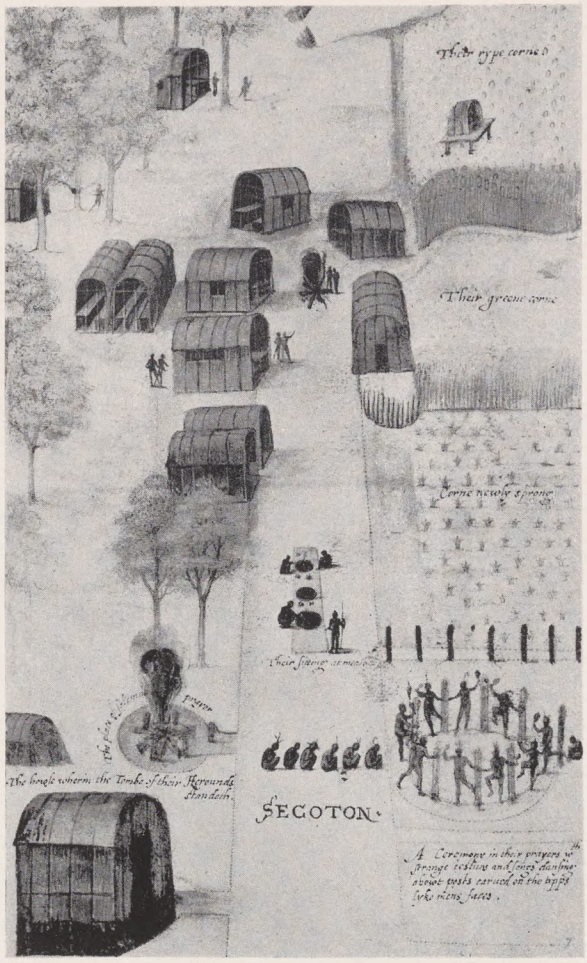
The next episode comes from the brush of a gifted amateur. The gentleman-artist is John White, the grandfather of Virginia Dare, the first white child born on these

A Scene On De Laudonniere's Voyage To Florida, 1564, painted on vellum, 1566-1586, by Jacques Le Moyne De Morgues, collection of James H. Hyde.

shores. He appears on the American scene in 1585, shipping in one of the five vessels which set out on April 9 from England. This expedition, outfitted by Sir Walter Raleigh, brought 107 settlers to Virginia. At the end of a year, White went back to England with Sir Francis Drake, but only to return twelve months later, this time as governor of a new group of 150 colonists. It appears that he would have lived out the balance of his days in Virginia had not the plight of the colony forced him to sail to England for badly needed supplies. He went regretfully; and, when he returned in 1590, after many vicissitudes, White found Roanoke in ruins. Only the word CROATOAN carved in a tree remained as a clue to the mystery of the colony's disappearance. During White's year-long sojourn at Roanoke he painted sixty-three delightful water colors of Indian life, the countryside, and its flora and fauna. These are now in the collections of the British Museum. They are unique on-the-spot records of life in the first English settlement on our coast. White, who came, not as a visitor but as a colonist, may be called the earliest resident American artist.

The soldier, to take another example, does not appear to be a likely source of pictorial records, yet we owe to his often undeveloped skill many exceedingly important eyewitness pictures. Artistically crude though it may be, Samuel Blodget's *A Prospective Plan of the Battle Fought Near Lake George* has much the same charm as the handsome engraved powder horns of the period. This engraving (*see* p. 51) has the further distinction of being the first historical battle print actually known to have been engraved in America. Blodget, as a sutler, was present at the battle, which took place on September 8, 1755.

It is to a British officer, Captain Thomas Davies of the Royal Regiment of Artil-



THE TOWN OF SECOTA, 1585-1586, by JOHN WHITE, in the British Museum, London.

Those of their towns which are not fenced in are usually more beautiful, . . . The houses are farther apart and have gardens . . . in which they grow tobacco, called by the natives uppowoc. *They also have groves of trees where they hunt deer, and fields where they sow their corn. . . . They also have a large plot . . . where they meet with neighbors to celebrate solemn feasts, . . . These people live happily together without envy or greed. They hold their feasts at night, when they make large fires to light them and to show their joy.*

lery, that we owe two water colors of British activities near New York during the Revolutionary War. The one shows the attack on Fort Washington on the northern tip of Manhattan Island, the other shows the movement of the forces under the command of Lieutenant General Cornwallis across the Hudson from Yonkers. Such straightforward and unpretentious records are the professional appraisal of a crucial tactical operation seen through the trained eyes of an artilleryman.

The documentation of the Revolutionary War was not confined to the British; for we find that Lieutenant Henry Gray of the Second South Carolina Regiment when it defended Fort Moultrie off Charleston harbor on June 28, 1776, sketched that fiercely contested action [Catalogue 54]. His view of the attack by the fleet under

Sir Peter Parker preserves valuable testimony of this artillery duel, which, by forcing the fleet to retire, prevented the British from gaining control of the South.

Ever since its founding in 1802, the United States Military Academy had provided instruction in topographical and mechanical drawing. The later addition of courses in freehand drawing under Charles Leslie and Robert W. Weir encouraged the cadets to draw with greater facility and freedom, and occasionally to make an avocation of painting. Aside from Whistler, the cadet who seems to have profited most from this training was Seth Eastman, who was graduated in 1829 and who became a regular army officer on the frontier during the period of rapid westward expansion. His pictures of frontier and Indian life are so competent as to entitle him to rank as an artist and not only as a soldier who also painted (*see* p. 141).

One of the latest soldier-artists included in this survey is Private Hermann Stieffel, who served twenty-five uninterrupted years from 1857 to 1882 in Company K, Fifth United States Infantry. His brisk, "no-nonsense about art" water colors of incidents in the Indian wars on the western plains are valuable documents. Typical of his work is the *Attack on General Marcy's Train* [Catalogue 262].

The Indians themselves shared the white man's interest in mementos of martial glory, and their formalized paintings provide a colorful contrast to prosaic recordings of the plains wars. Certainly White Bird's *The Battle of the Little Big Horn*, which took place in the Montana territory on June 25, 1876, gives us a vivid account of the famous massacre of General George A. Custer and a detachment of the Seventh Cavalry by the Sioux under Chief Sitting Bull [Catalogue 278]. As no white man survived this bloody encounter, this Indian testimony is the only eyewitness pictorial document which is known.

Turning now from our soldiers to our mariners, we find that seagoing amateur artists have also added to the record of American history. The tedium of long voyages at sea gave sailors an opportunity to develop among their many other skills scrimshaw work and drawing. The recording of ships and of strange harbors was, of course, primary. One of the most talented of the seamen-artists is George Davidson, who had signed on the ship "Columbia" as ship's painter. Sailing from Boston in 1787, she was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the globe and the first from any nation to enter the Columbia river in our Northwest. This discovery later aided our claims to the Oregon territory. When not busy painting spars and deck houses, Davidson recorded the highlights of the voyage in water colors. His view of the "Columbia" warding off an attack by the Indians in war canoes is one of the first scenes of the Northwest.

In line of duty, William H. Meyers, gunner of the U. S. sloop of war "Dale," was

present during the brief campaign of 1847 which led to the annexation of California. His sketchbook, filled with lively water colors of the hostilities, provides the only graphic records of the war in California known to have survived. In one of these drawings we see the Americans, drawn up in a hollow square, being attacked by Mexican lancers (*see* p. 137).

In the days when vast areas of the country still remained to be explored, the government organized numerous expeditions to investigate not only routes of travel but also to report on the geological and other resources of the unmapped wilderness. These survey parties almost invariably included a topographical draftsman or "artist"—official recognition of the value of pictorial reports. Henry Cheevers Pratt, for example, was the artist member of the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission which in 1854 conducted extensive surveys of the Southwest. His view of the expedition laboriously traversing the Gila River Valley (*see* p. 149) indicates the conditions under which these hardy men worked.

Somewhat later occurred one of the most curious experiments in the history of American exploration. This was the expedition which by the order of Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, set out in 1857 to survey a wagon route from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to the Colorado River. Led by Edward Fitzgerald Beale, the expedition was also directed to test at the same time the fitness of camels to serve as beasts of burden in the deserts of the Southwest. Thus it is that a U. S. Army camel brigade marched from San Antonio, Texas, to Bakersfield, California. The early California painter, Erneste E. de F. Narjot, depicted the event (*see* p. 160).

Not all expeditions were under government sponsorship. Twenty years earlier, a veteran of the battle of Waterloo, Sir William Drummond Stewart, seventh baronet of Grandtully had employed Alfred James Miller to accompany him as his personal artist on an extended sojourn in the Green River country of Wyoming. Preceded into this country by a mere handful of mountain men, trappers for the American Fur Company, Miller drew a fascinating account of all he saw (*see* p. 129).

The procession of foreign visitors who came to this country for many diverse reasons has helped to round out the story of our country. America was host to refugees from the French Revolution, such as C. B. J. Févret de Saint-Mémin, who specialized in portrait heads, while the Baroness Hyde de Neuville, a later French visitor, drew charming views of New York and Washington in a sprightly manner. Then there were other foreigners, such as the wealthy and well-read Russian diplomat Pavel Petrovich Svin'in who visited this country about 1811 and made a series of water color drawings of our social customs which especially caught his eye (*see* p. 97) as they have that of so many other Europeans from Mrs. Trollope to Charles

Dickens. Texas, briefly, provided a romantic asylum for some of Napoleon's officers after the debacle of "The Hundred Days." Aubry's water color of their encampment is a record of this attempt to establish a settlement in Texas [Catalogue 111].

The interest of foreigners in America has continued and has resulted in paintings of some subjects which American artists unaccountably had neglected. For instance, just before the Civil War, when the distinguished British novelist, William M. Thackeray, toured the United States, he was accompanied by his secretary Eyre Crowe. Crowe, it appears, had artistic ability, for he painted the *Slave Market, Richmond* (*see* p. 156), an important subject but a rarely painted one. Another rare subject is the Degas *Cotton Merchants* (*see* p. 209). This was the result of the great French painter's visit to relatives in New Orleans in 1876, where he painted the interior of a cotton broker's office—one of the very few contemporary paintings which preserves the image of the mercantile aspects of the cotton kingdom.

These then are some of the types of artists who have recorded America in time past. They have sprung from many nations and races, from many walks of life and many callings. They have possessed ability in varying degrees. They deserve our respect and our gratitude, for each has contributed to our common heritage.

The eyes on America have been sharp, and their vision all-embracing. They have seen the tragic aspect of our national existence as well as the happy. From this exhibition it will be apparent that we have faced many problems, racial, economic, and political. True to the American experience that facts must be faced, we have not sought to leave unrecorded those unsmiling hours of life when the sun does not shine. It has been one source of our strength as a people that we have never been satisfied so long as further horizons beckoned nor complacent when new issues of liberty called. Each fresh challenge to ingenuity of body, mind, and spirit has found us standing with our ancestors, the pioneers.

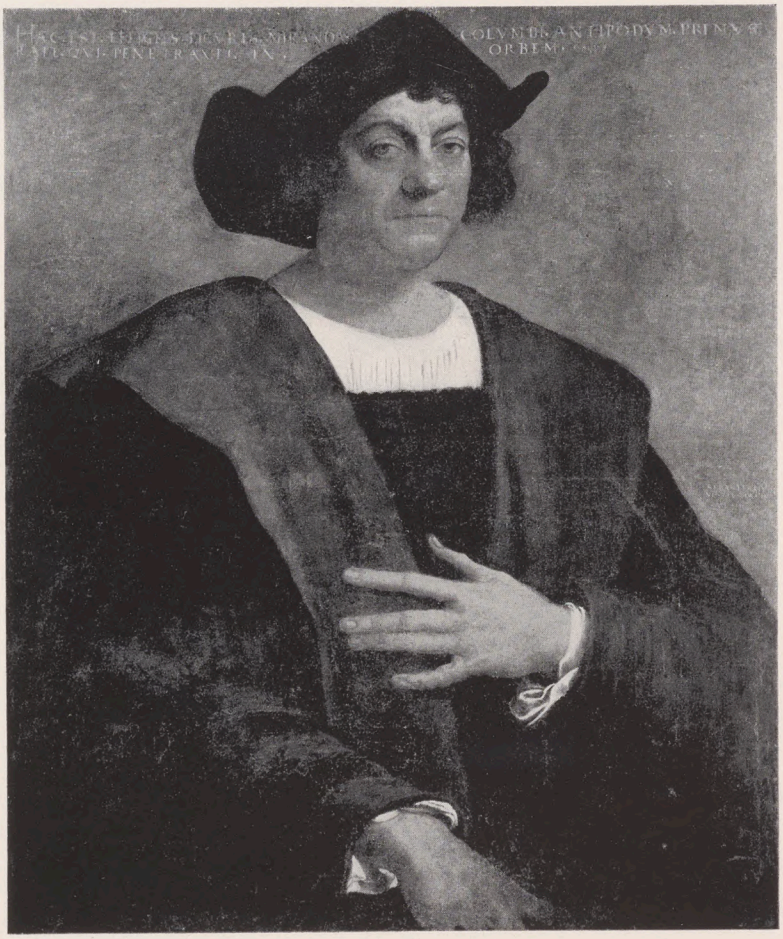
We leave the story of our country and its people at the dawn of the twentieth century when these challenges were acute. We open our exhibition at the dawn of a new age, the unharnessed and unmeasured power of atomic fission confronting us with problems Americans of other times did not have to meet. To the end that a proper respect for the American past will enable us creatively and hopefully to build the American future we dedicate this exhibition and this book. May it inspire in our fellow-countrymen the love of America we believe to be the best lesson history has taught us.

AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL

1492-1774

Planting the Colonies

The seed blows over the ocean



Christopher Columbus by Sebastiano Del Piombo, painted in 1519, probably after a life portrait. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Catalogue 1]

"THE ETERNAL AND ALMIGHTY GOD, OUR LORD, IT IS WHO GIVES TO ALL WHO walk in His way, victory over things apparently impossible, and in this case signally so, because although these lands had been imagined and talked of before they were seen, most men listened incredulously to what was thought to be but an idle tale. But our Redeemer has given victory to our most illustrious King and Queen, and to their kingdoms rendered famous by this glorious event." For on October 12, land was sighted from the Nina. "Thus I record what has happened," wrote Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean Seas, to Luis de Sant Angel, Treasurer of Aragon, "in a brief note written on board the Caravel, off the Canary Islands, on the 15th of February, 1493." Thus was America discovered. Thus was a glorious event recorded. Thus was begun a glorious century of exploration.

Call the names of all who sought passage to India. From Spain they came, from Portugal, from England, Holland, Italy, France. The names were: *Cristoforo Colombo, Cristóbal Colón, Christophe Colomb,* or shall we say, simply, Columbus. Cabot. Vasco da Gama. Ponce de Leon. Balboa. Cortez. Magellan. Verrazano. Pizzaro. Cartier. Coronado. De Soto. And Sir Francis Drake. The dates were: 1492. 1493. 1497. 1513. 1519. 1524. 1531-1535. 1534-1535. 1540. 1541-1542. And 1579. They left an old world. Seeking the East, they sailed west. So they found a new world, so America was discovered. To the West Indies, to Canada, to India, to Florida, to Darien, to Mexico, around the world, to New England and New York, to Peru, to Canada again, to El Dorado's fabled cities in the West, to the great Mississippi, to California—they sailed. With magic names and places the century began. Thus began our country. Thus began the American story. It has been not an idle tale, but a tale of glorious events. Ill-starred with war and disaster, it yet has been ennobled by the rooting and flowering of a dream. Through the centuries that dream has rooted itself anew and flowered anew, but not without cost.

In disgrace and failure, chains and death, the explorers paid their price. Yet the New World was not inhospitable. "Upon our arrival in New France we found the seashore crowded with native men and women, who kept up large fires. First we thought it necessary to be on guard against them, but very soon we realized that the last thing in their minds was to harm us. On the contrary, they gave numerous proofs of their friendly intentions. . . . The gifts we received from them were the things

they valued most, being useful either for the preservation of their lives or for the protection of their bodies. They brought us grains of roasted maize, ground into flour, or whole ears of it, smoked lizards or other wild animals which they considered great delicacies, and various kinds of food, others for medicine. And when they discovered that we were more interested in metals and minerals, they gave us some of these as well." In this manner Jacques le Moyne de Morgues wrote in *Brevis Narratio Eorum Quæ in Florida Americæ Provicia* of the year 1564. So early was the American story pictured.

The Indians in Florida welcomed the French with gifts of garments made of skins, a large pelt decorated with pictures of wild animals, and baskets of maize and red and white mulberries. In its turn Europe brought gifts to the western hemisphere. The new world's hospitable inhabitants gave freely of goods and knowledge: seven-tenths of the United States' total crop production today is of native crops which Indians taught the colonists to cultivate. The European legacy to America was otherwise. In 1562 Sir John Hawkins sold three hundred Negroes into slavery in Haiti and returned to England with ginger, sugar, and pearls: his profit was sixty per cent.

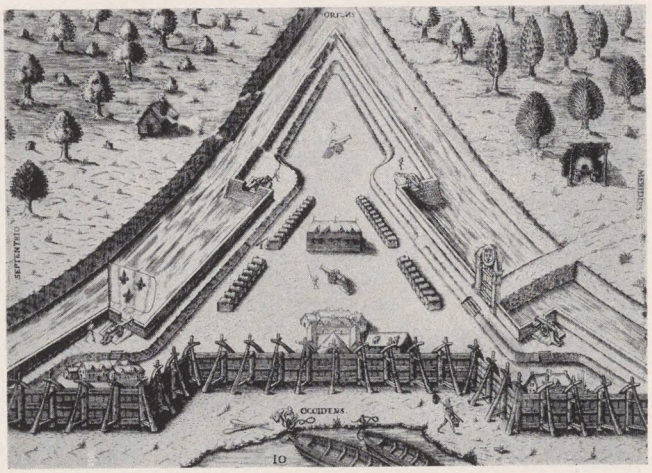
In 1562 and 1564, the French had steered for the Fortunate Isles. In America they found the land Ponce de Leon had named Florida. The old world's war of empires quickened as France and Spain, Catherine de' Medici and Philip II, strove for supremacy. A new empire was rising, that of England and Elizabeth. Whose flag would fly over the new world? Who would rule? In Florida France's claim was soon lost; there the Spanish stood. But soon the new power challenged, and Saint Augustine, founded in 1564, shortly knew the impact of national rivalries. Authorized by Elizabeth, English mariners sailed the seas, and Drake claimed California for the Virgin Queen. In 1586 he stormed Saint Augustine, as his chronicler recounts, and Britain's long war for North America began. Two years later the Armada went down in defeat; the seas were England's. Thus ended Spain's expansion in North America.

How Sir Francis Drake came to Saint Augustine, his historian set down in *A Summarie and True Discourse of Sir Francis Drakes West-Indian Voyage.* "The Fort thus won, which they called S. John Fort, and the day opened, we assayed to goe to the Towne, but could not by reason of some Rivers and broken ground which was betweene the two places; and therefore enforced to imbarke againe into our Pinnaces, we went thither upon the great maine River, which is called, as also the Towne, by the name of S. Augustine.

"At our approaching to land, there was some that began to show themselves, & to bestow some few shot upon us, but presently withdrew themselves. And in their running thus away, the Serjeant Major finding one of their Horses ready sadled & bri-

THE FRENCH ARRIVE IN FLORIDA

The French landed on the shore of this river and were met by a number of Indians, who received them with kindness and in the friendliest spirit.



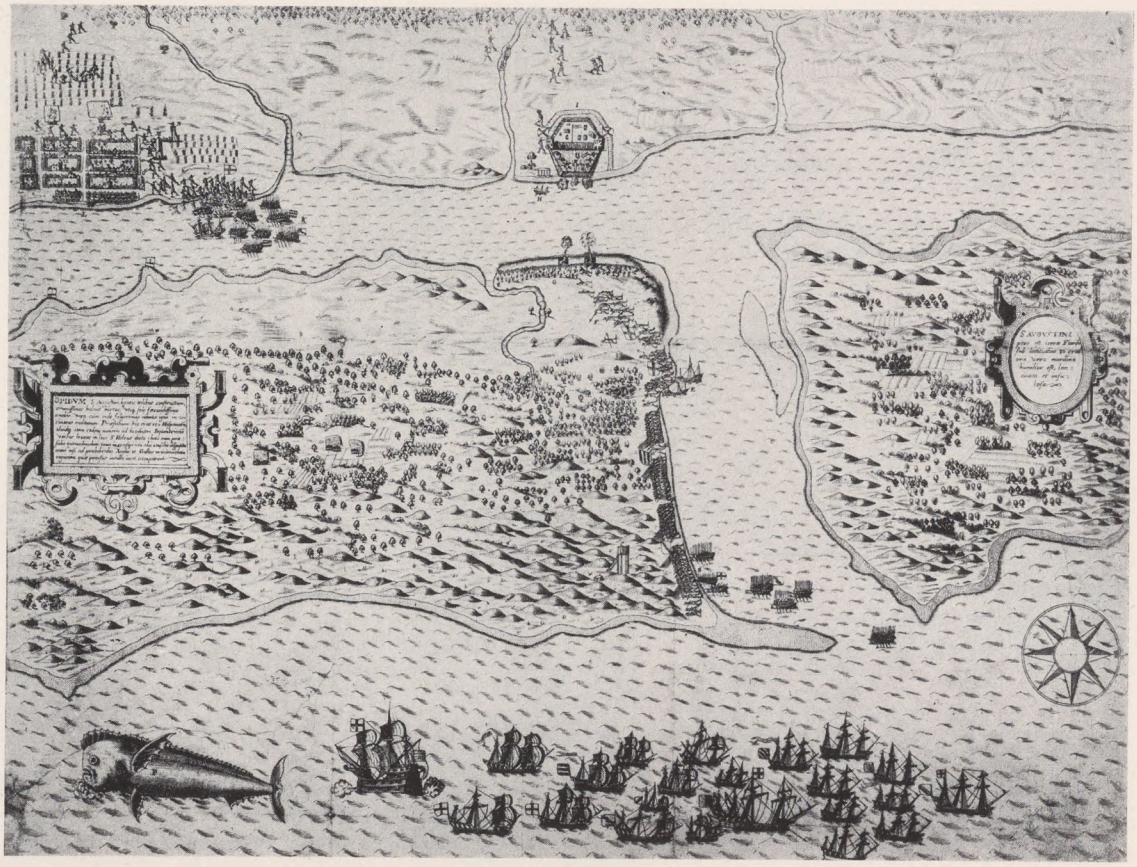
FORT CAROLINE

Inside the fort was an open space eighteen yards long and as many wide. Here were the soldiers' quarters.

TROPHIES AFTER A VICTORY

Here they bring the legs, arms, and scalps of the fallen adversaries and with great solemnities attach them to tall poles.

Three engravings by Theodore de Bry after Le Moyne's lost drawings. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer Leeper. [Catalogue 2, 4, 5]



SAINT AUGUSTINE, 1586, by an unknown artist, from *Expeditio Francisci Draki*, published in Leyden in 1588. The New York Public Library. [Catalogue 6]

dled, took the same to follow the chase, and so overgoing all his Company, was (by one layed behinde a Bush) shot through the head, and falling downe therewith, was by the same and two or three more, stabbed in three or foure places of his body with Swords and Daggers, before any could neere to his reskue." So European warred with European, and the conquest of a continent continued.

In 1568 there had come to power Elizabeth, "by the Grace of God of England, Fraunce and Ireland Queene." Then thirty-three, she reigned thirty-five years. In twenty years her navies had swept the seas. "At this day," wrote Thomas Cavendish to his queen a few weeks after the Armada's destruction, "she is the most famous and Victorious Prince that liveth in the world." American gold from plundered Span-

QUEEN ELIZABETH by NICHOLAS HILLIARD (about 1537-1619). Collection of Mr. and Mrs. C. Douglass Buck. [Catalogue 7]

All which services, with myself, I humbly prostrate at her Majesty's feet, desiring the Almighty long to continue her reign among us.

ish shipping now swelled England's treasury, and luxurious costume mirrored the age's riches. In the train of inflation followed economic dislocation, and soon many Englishmen would seek new homes and hope abroad. A century of colonization was about to be born. But before Jamestown and Plymouth could be, the English flag had to fly over North American soil. In 1584 evangels of empire urged that England establish "twoo or three strong fortes upon some goodd havens . . . between Florida and Cape Briton," and this year Elizabeth granted Sir Walter Raleigh a charter "for the discovering and planting of new lands and Countries." In her name the lands from Newfoundland to St. Augustine were known as Virginia.

Then set forth the "Tyger," the "Roebucke," the "Lyon," the "Elizabeth," and the "Dorothy." On this expedition sailed John White. Later, in 1607, George Percy wrote

of Virginia's luxuriance of game, of wild turkey and strawberries, of native flora, as earlier Jean Ribaut had told of Florida's "faire medowes . . . . full of herons, corleux, bitters, mallardes, egertes, woodkockes, and of all other kinde of smale birdes, with hartes, hyndes, buckes, wild swyne, and other wild beastes. . . . Also there be cunys, hares, guynia cockes in mervelous numbre, a great dele fairer and better than be oures." In 1587, White wrote of disaster: "At sunset we went ashore on Roanoke island, where the fifteen Englishmen had been left the year before. We found none of them, nor any sign that they had been there. We discovered, however, the bones of one of the colonists, who had long before been slain by the savages." Yet the painter-writer also records: "They embraced us and entertained us in the friendliest manner. They begged us not to gather or destroy any of their grain, because they had only a little. We promised them we would not touch their corn or any of their possessions and that we had come only to renew our old friendship and to live among them as brothers." Thus the chronicle reads.

In 1582 Hakluyt had written in his *Divers Voyages Touching The Discoverie of America* that he marveled not a little "that we of Englande could never have the grace to set fast footing in such fertill and temperate places, as are left as yet unpossessed." In 1583 "The Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant adventurers for the discoveries of Regions, Dominions, Islands and places unknown" had been chartered, first of the joint stock companies. The names of others were: Muscovy, for trade between England and Russia; Turkey, for trade with the Great Turk; Venice; Levant; East India; and Virginia. So we come to 1607 and Jamestown, a tale of suffering and disaster, starred with defeat and triumph, with effort and achievement, and the complex motives of men. The Virginia Company was chartered by James, "King of *England, Scotland, France,* and *Ireland,*" in the hope that it might "by the Providence of Almighty God, hereafter tend to the Glory of his Divine Majesty, in propagating *Christian* Religion to such People, as yet live in Darkness and miserable Ignorance of the true Knowledge and Worship of God, and may in time bring the Infidels and Savages, living in those Parts, to human Civility, and to a settled and quiet Government." The Virginia colony became the first to import Negroes into North America. Thence issued slavery and the irrepressible conflict of civil war.

One "savage" was brought to human civility. "For the Good of this plantation, for the honour of our countrie, for the glory of God, for my owne salvation, and for the converting to the true knowledge of God and Jesue Christ," John Rolfe in 1614 married "an unbeleeving creature, namely Pokahuntas." In 1612 he had promoted the cultivation and sale of tobacco in the colony and laid foundations for the South's agricultural economy. The conversion of Pocahontas is recorded in *A True Dis-*

POCAHONTAS, 1616, by an unknown artist. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. [Catalogue 8]

Matoaks ãls Rebecka daughter to the mighty Prince / Powhatan Emperour of Attanoughkomouck ãls Virginia / converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and / Wife to the worll Mr Tho: Rolff. So the inscription reads.

course of the Present Estate of Virginia, published in 1615, a year before the Indian princess accompanied her English husband to England.

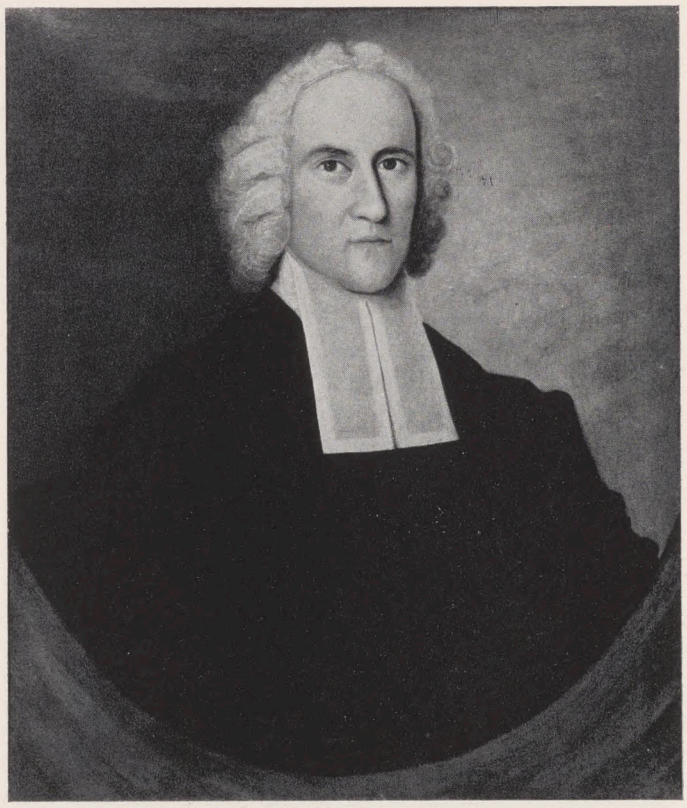
"The colony here [in Jamestown] is much better," wrote its author to his "verie derre loving cosen" in London. "Sir Thomas Dale our religious and Valiant Governour, hath now brought that to passe, which never before could be effected. For by warre upon our enemies, and kind usage of our friends, he hath brought them to seeke for peace of us, which is made, and they dare not breake. But that which is best, one Pocahuntas or Matoa the daughter of Powhatan, is married to an honest and discreet English Gentleman Maister Rolfe, and that after she had openly renounced her country Idolatry, confessed the faith of Jesus Christ, and was baptised; which thing Sir Thomas Dale had laboured along time to ground her."

Silks of the East, spices of Araby, gold of Montezuma and Peru, all had lured farfaring mariners. Now the explorers sought furs and timber in the New World. So commerce changed, and history changed. In 1608 Samuel de Champlain founded

A Mapp Of New Jersey In America, about 1677, by John Seller and William Fisher. The John Work Garrett Library, Baltimore. [Catalogue 11]

the Quebec colony, and another arena was set for the American drama. The land was rich with beaver, muskrat, martin, otter, fox, seals, rabbits, wild boars, and deer, while whales and leaping salmon played in the waters upon the earth: this may be read in "Carte Geographique de la Nouvelle Franse" drawn for *Les Voyages du Sieur de Champlain*. Thereafter the theme was repeated in many maps, as above. By 1500, fishermen from Brittany had come to fish our northern shores. Now a pictorial prospectus of a continent allured colonizers and enterprisers with promises of inexhaustible resources. Gold, ever gold, had been the goal of conquerors and explorers. Goods, more goods, was the merchant mariners' cry. Yet in that duality which marks the American dream faith was mingled with the motive of economic gain.

"In the name of God, Amen," wrote the Pilgrim fathers at Cape Cod on November 11, 1620, "We, . . . the Loyal Subjects of our dread Sovereign, Lord King James . . . Do by these Presents, solemnly and mutually in the Presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil Body Politick, for our better Ordering and Preservation, and Furtherance of the Ends aforesaid." Their church covenant remained the colony's constitution. So early did the theocratic principle root itself in New England. Thenceforth it persisted and in the eighteenth century throve in a mighty champion, Jonathan Edwards, "the last and greatest of the royal line of Puritan mystics." In Edwards' day the church-state was waning as

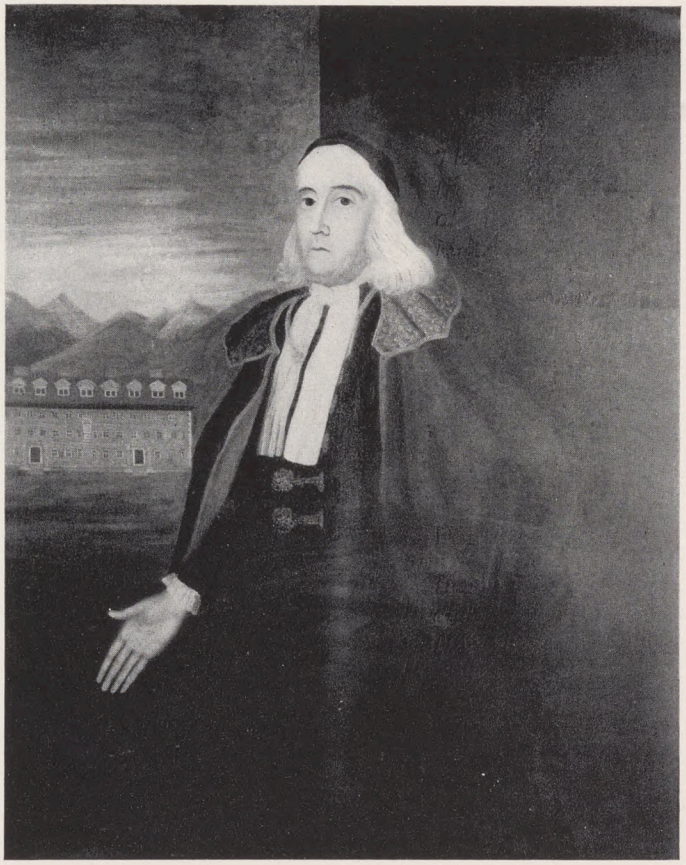


JONATHAN EDWARDS, about 1750, by JOSEPH BADGER. Jonathan Edwards College, Yale University, New Haven. [Catalogue 29]

. . . the last and greatest of the royal line of Puritan mystics . . .

new political forms evolved. Theology turned inward, from temporal to moral power, toward "the infinitely exact, precise, Divine Idea, together with the answerable, perfectly exact, precise, and stable will." Jonathan Edwards was not only the end of a line but also the beginning of a line—that noble line of men of conscience, of whom America has been blessed with a multitude.

The theocracy was based on educated ministers of the Gospel. Education was, therefore, a necessity, and Harvard University was founded in 1636. Formal education at first was only for the elect. Typical was William Stoughton. A graduate in 1650, he became a member of the governor's council and lieutenant-governor. "God sifted a whole nation," wrote a contemporary, "that he might send choice Grain over into this wilderness." This loyal alumnus gave his alma mater Stoughton College, no longer standing. In 1692 he served as chief justice and prosecutor in the New England trials of "witches." He was, a later commentator writes, "one of the most prominent, wealthy and unpopular of Harvard alumni [and he] died an unrepentant witch-hanger." As his portrait shows, the contemporary description was apt—



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM STOUGHTON, about 1700, by an unknown artist. Harvard University, Cambridge. [Catalogue 13]

Graduated from Harvard in 1650, William Stoughton presented his alma mater with Stoughton Hall, seen in the background of his portrait, and with the Stoughton Cup, designed by Boston silversmith John Coney.

"pudding-faced, sanctimonious and unfeeling." Was it thus that he appeared to the "witches" of New England?

Education was not, however, confined to the ministry. The first grammar school in the colonies came into being in 1635, the Boston Latin School, and in 1642 the Massachusetts Bay Colony passed the first school law in the colonies. In 1647 a second law was passed requiring every town of fifty householders to furnish a teacher of reading and writing and every town of one hundred householders a grammar school preparing for college. Classical secondary schools spread through the colonies, though Harvard [Catalogue 17] was the only institution of higher learning in the early seventeenth century. By the Revolution, there had been established: by the Church of England in 1693, William and Mary [Catalogue 24]; by the Congregationalists in 1701, Yale [Catalogue 28]; by the Presbyterians of New Jersey in 1746, Princeton [Catalogue 36]; by the Anglicans of New York in 1754, King's Col-

lege, now Columbia University [Catalogue 37]; by the Baptists of Rhode Island in 1764, Brown University; by the Dutch Reformed of New Jersey in 1766, Rutgers; and by the Congregationalists of New Hampshire in 1769, Dartmouth.

Colonial education did not always develop humane men. The cases of Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, as well as the witch hunts, introduced into American life that intolerance of minority opinion which later persecuted religious and racial minorities. Then, as since, justice and mercy found champions. Such a one was Major Thomas Savage, who exiled himself in support of Anne Hutchinson, only to return to Massachusetts later to press the colonies' cause against the mother country's early repressive economic measures. At Newport, a century afterwards, the Baptist minister, John Callender, preached the virtues of tolerance, denouncing "The unjust, unnatural, and absurd attempt to force all to be of one opinion, or to feign and dissemble that they are; or the cruel and impious punishing those, who cannot change their opinions without light or reason, and will not dissemble against all reason and conscience."

South of Boston, the lure of fortune had brought the Dutch to New Amsterdam about the time Jamestown was founded. Now cities began to rise in the wilderness. With Penn's coming the trinity of Boston, New York and Philadelphia would be complete, and the urban progress which has marked western civilization for the past thousand years would have gotten under way on the North American continent. By the Revolution Philadelphia was the British Empire's second largest city. But America's cities had small beginnings. The Dutch set up trading posts for furs on Manhattan Island and at Albany, to which the Hudson gave access. So the great rivers of our country began to play their part in the American story. Once more the European visitors found themselves welcomed kindly by the aborigines.

"Their ship," wrote Emanuel Van Meteran in 1610, describing Hudson's voyage, "finally sailed up the river as far as 42° 40′. But their boat went higher up. In the lower part of the river they found a strong and warlike people; but in the upper part they found friendly and polite people, who had an abundance of provisions, skins and furs, of martens and foxes and many other commodities . . . and they traded amicably with the people." Others also reported on the amity of relations between the Indians and the Dutch: "The people of the Countrie came flocking aboord, and brought us Grapes and Pompions, which wee bought for trifles. And many brought us Bevers skinnes and Otter skinnes, which wee bought for Beades, knives, and Hatchets," recites Robert Jutt, an officer on the "Half Moon." Finally, in 1624, the Dutch bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for sixty guilders or about $24; three and a quarter centuries later the assessed valuation of land and

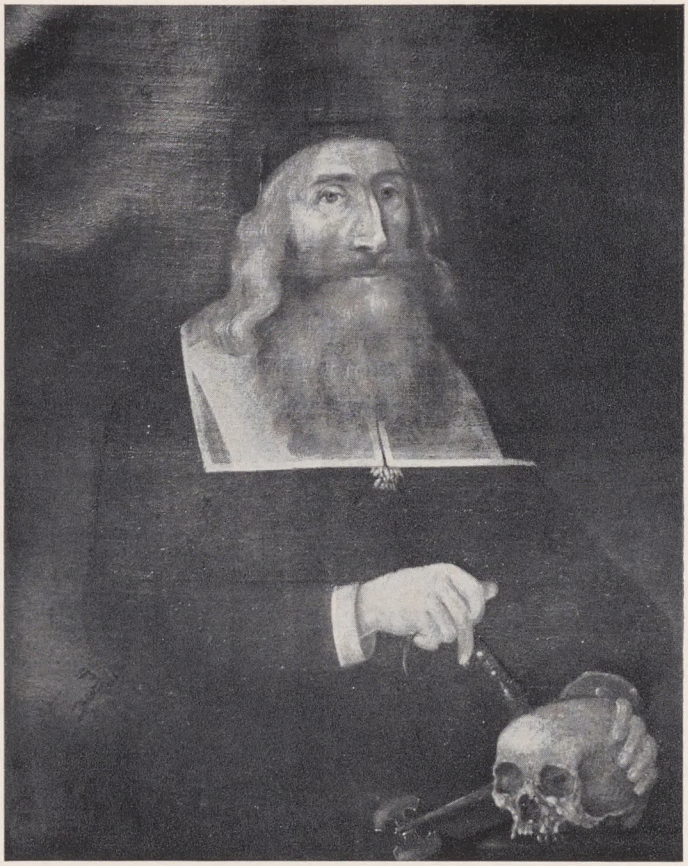
A VIEW OF NEW AMSTERDAM, about 1650, attributed to J. VINCKEBOONS. Algemeen Rijksarchief, The Hague, The Netherlands. [Catalogue 9]

buildings would be almost eight billions of dollars, according to the New York *Times* of May 18, 1948.

In 1643 New York was not thriving. Father Isaac Joques describes it as follows: "This fort, which is at the point of the island, about five or six leagues from the mouth, is called Fort Amsterdam; it has four regular bastions mounted with several pieces of artillery. All those bastions and the curtains were . . . mounds, most of which had crumbled away, so that they entered the fort on all sides. There were no ditches . . . They were beginning to face the gates and bastions with stone. Within the fort there was a pretty large stone church, the house of the Governor, whom they called Director General, quite neatly built of brick, the storehouses, and barracks."

Elsewhere knowledge was advancing. To Boston about this time came Dr. John Clark, who is credited with being "the first physician in this country who performed the surgical operation of trepanning the skull." Two hundred years later, in 1869, an eminent medical man, Oliver Wendell Holmes the elder, wrote that in the colonial surgeon's hand "is a *trephine*, a surgical instrument for cutting round pieces out of broken skulls, so as to get at the fragments which have been driven in, and lift them up. It has a handle like that of a gimlet, with a claw like a hammer, to lift with." He noted also, "a Hey's saw, so called in England, lying on the table by him, and painted . . . more than a hundred years before Hey was born. This saw is an old invention, perhaps as old as Hippocrates, and may be seen figured in the 'Armentarium Chirurgicum' of Scultetus, or in the Works of Ambroise Paré." On which sceptical note the autocrat of the breakfast table ended.

There was nothing suspect about another branch of the age's science. Navigation had aided sixteenth century explorers in an empirical manner. Now experimental



DR. JOHN CLARK, about 1664, by an unknown artist. Boston Medical Library. [Catalogue 10]

He "received his diploma in England, and was the first physician in this country who performed the surgical operation of trepanning the skull."

science made it possible for seventeenth century merchants to carry their cargoes across the Atlantic. As maps were advertising lures to obtain capital and colonists, charts were tools by which the passage could be made safely and swiftly. Now, also, there came into being navigation laws to control commerce between North America and England. Thus began a century of legislation based on the mercantilist theory that, as a latter-day historian has written, "the function of colonies was to produce raw materials for the use of the mother country, to consume its manufactures and to foster its shipping; . . . This implied, as mercantilists readily admitted, that the colonies were to remain dependent agricultural regions, closely tied to the economy of an industrialized mother country. No mercantilist saw any impropriety in consigning the Western Hemisphere to a position of perpetual economic inferiority." So, in a chain increasingly repressive laws were passed in 1651, 1660, 1663, and 1673, to lead up to the Stamp Act and the Boston Tea Party.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS, 1682, by BENJAMIN WEST. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 12]

Beneficent, however, were the announced policies of William Penn when he came to found the colony of Pennsylvania. He had issued the 1677 Seller-Fisher *Mapp of New Jersey in America* (*see* p. 38) four years before he received his grant. Even as that was a promotion tract for the province of West-Jersey, gain lay behind Penn's colony. Nonetheless he valued humane virtues, such as he found among the Indians. "'Tis admirable to consider," he wrote to the London committee of the Free Society of Traders of the Province, "how *Powerful* the *Kings* are, and yet how they move by the *Breath* of their *People*. I have had occasion to be in *Council* with them upon *Treaties* for *Land*, and to adjust the terms of *Trade*; . . . Having consulted and resolved their business, the *King* ordered one of them to speak to me; he stood up, came to me, and in the Name of his *King* saluted me, then took me by the hand, . . . Having thus introduced his matter, he fell to the Bounds of the Land they had agreed to dispose of, and the Price (which now is little and dear, that which would have bought *twenty Miles*, not buying now *two*.) . . . . When the Purchase was agreed, great Promises past between us *of Kindness and good Neighbourhood, and that the* Indians *and* English *must live in Love, as long as the Sun gave light*."

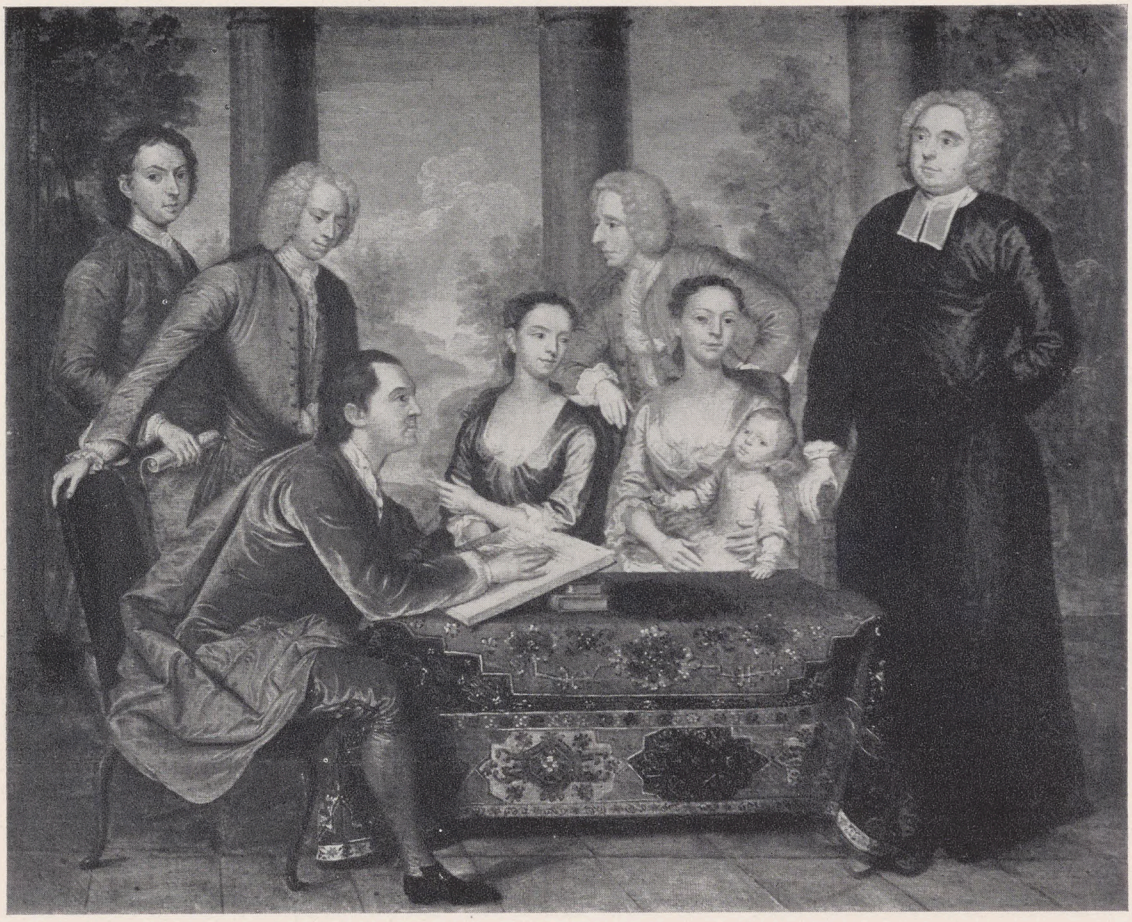
Now cities began to rise in the wilderness. At the same time the concept of the splendid savage and the noble red man persisted into Jean-Jacques Rousseau's day and the writings of James Fenimore Cooper. Except rarely, the Indian would be the colonist's friend until the intense rivalries of European empires made him into the savage helper, first, of the French against the English, and, then, of the English in Canada against that new man, the *American*. Early travelers here, therefore, found the native inhabitants a cause for wonder and recorded them in such sketches and

THE SOUTHEAST PROSPECT OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, about 1720, by PETER COOPER. The Library Company of Philadelphia. [Catalogue 16] *See above* ↑

A SOUTH EAST VIEW OF THE GREAT TOWN OF BOSTON IN AMERICA, about 1731-1736, engraving by I. CARWITHAM. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Catalogue 21]

water color drawings as *An Indian in Gray Costume* [Catalogue 14], *A Nipissing Aborigine* (*see* p. 47), and *A Warrior of the Fox Tribe* [Catalogue 19].

Before this slavery had been established on the continent. It burst forth as a moral issue, flaming and irreconcilable, two centuries later; but already by 1672 Virginia had known a slave revolt, for which the slave masters received at public expense a gift of 4,500 pounds of tobacco for each slave they had killed in suppressing the revolt. From 1663 to 1863—the year of Gettysburg—Negro slaves attempted some two hundred and fifty revolts and conspiracies, involving each at least ten persons and reaching from Georgia to Massachusetts Bay. In 1676, Bacon's Rebellion, occasioned by economic depression, was supported not only by white planters but also by run-away slaves and indentured servants. Yet such manifestations of unrest were not led by irresponsible adventurers. Nathaniel Bacon was described by a contemporary as "A person indued with great natural parts; which . . . he had adorned with many elaborate acquisitions and by the learning and study Knew how to manage them; it being the general vogue of all that knew him that he usually spoke as much good sense in a few words . . . as any he kept company with."



George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, His Wife and Friends, about 1729, by John Smibert. National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin. [Catalogue 18]

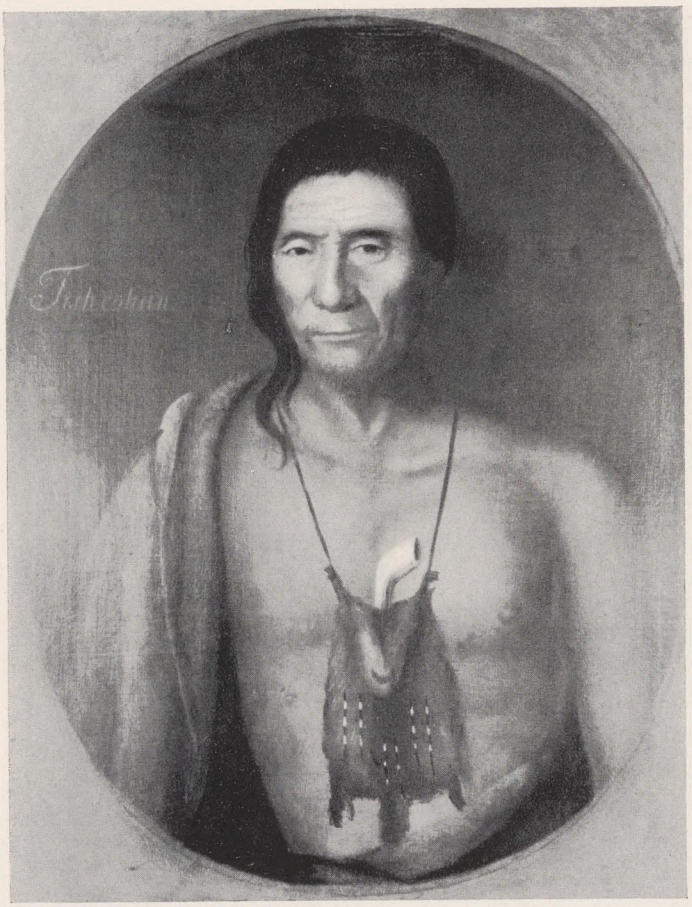
The first explorers and discoverers had steered for the Fortunate Isles. For long years after, peoples in many lands dreamed that they might find the blessed isles in America. In 1729 there came to Newport, seeking not an asylum but utopia, Dean (later Bishop) Berkeley and his entourage. In 1725 he had drawn up *A Proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations, and for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, By a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.* He never, however, reached the Summer Islands but remained in Newport four years and then returned to Ireland, where he became Bishop of Cloyne. Thus ended one dream of utopia. It was not the last: the

A Nipissing Aborigine, 1717, by an unknown artist. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. [Catalogue 15]

Inscribed Sauvage Nepisingue en Canada 1717, *this early drawing records a member of the tribe of Algonquian Indians which formerly lived in the vicinity of Lake Nipissing in Ontario, Canada.*

Shakers, New Harmony and Brook Farm testify to the ever-recurring aspiration which, with many other forces, has made our land.

A few years later, in 1732, James Edward Oglethorpe erected, by royal charter, the separate province of Georgia, to relieve the suffering England experienced as a result of the revolution of 1688. In granting the Oglethorpe charter, "George the Second, by the Grace of GOD of Great Britain, France and Ireland, KING, Defender of the Faith," proclaimed "That many of Our poor Subjects are, through Misfortunes and Want of Employment, reduced to great Necessity, insomuch as by their Labour they are not able to provide a Maintenance for themselves and Families; and if they had Means to defray their Charges of Passage, and other Expences incident to new Settlements, they would be glad to settle in any of Our Provinces in America; where, by cultivating the Lands at present waste and desolate, they might not only gain a comfortable Subsistence for themselves and Families; but



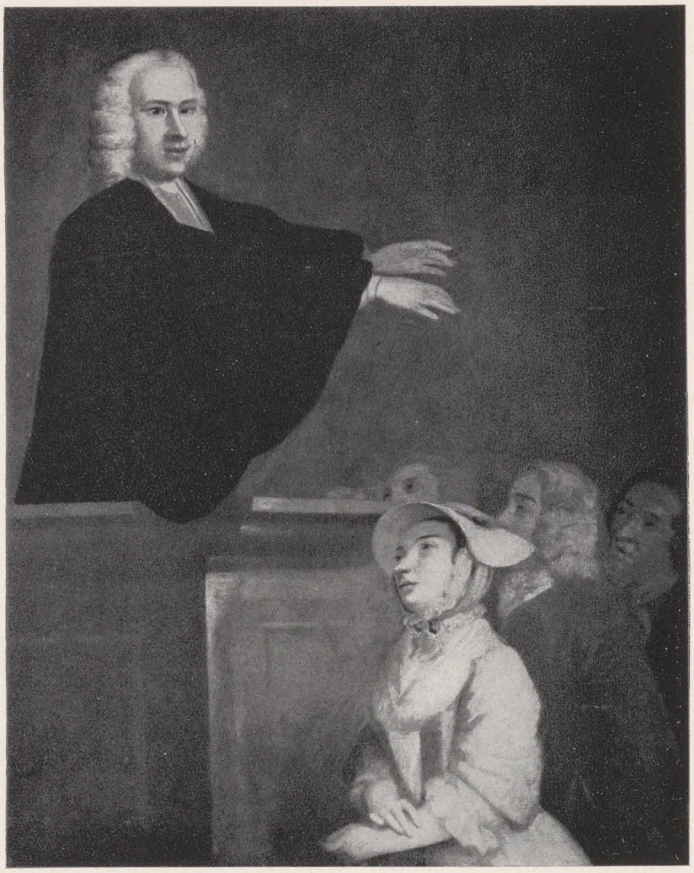
CHIEF TISHCOHAN, 1735, by GUSTAVUS HESSELIUS. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 23]

One of the Indian chiefs with whom Penn signed a treaty, relinquishing their lands to the newcomers, Tishcohan never painted himself, according to the translation of his name, Tash-suk-amen, *literally, "he who never blackens himself."*

also strengthen Our Colonies, and increase the Trade, Navigation and Wealth of these Our Realms."

Again hope was not enough. The colony underwent privations and only slowly became well rooted. How meager were its beginnings may be read in the 1734 *View of Savannah in Georgia* [Catalogue 22]. The initial failure was understandable, according to Benjamin Franklin, who wrote: "The settlement of that province [Georgia] had lately been begun, but, instead of being made with hardy, industrious husbandmen, accustomed to labor, the only people fit for such an enterprise, it was with families of broken shop-keepers and other insolvent debtors, many of indolent and idle habits, taken out of the jails, who, being set down in the woods, unqualified for clearing land, and unable to endure the hardships of a new settlement, perished in numbers, leaving many helpless children unprovided for."

At this time occurred the historic Peter Zenger trial. Arrested in 1734 for criticiz-



GEORGE WHITEFIELD PREACHING, 1742, by JOHN WOLLASTON. National Portrait Gallery, London. [Catalogue 25]

In 1739 arrived among us from England the Reverend Mr. Whitefield, who had made himself remarkable there as an itinerant preacher. He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy, taking a dislike to him, soon refus'd him their pulpits, and he was oblig'd to preach in the fields.

ing the governor of New York in the first issue of his *New York Weekly Journal*, this early newspaper publisher fought his case with the aid of a Philadelphia lawyer, Andrew Hamilton. The issue was free press—the right and the duty of the press to practice public criticism of public officials. Free press won, and on this principle our government has operated since. About this time, too, Franklin founded the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. So American society was early provided with organs of opinion by which the cause of inter-colonial cooperation and unity was promoted and the Revolution assisted to ultimate victory.

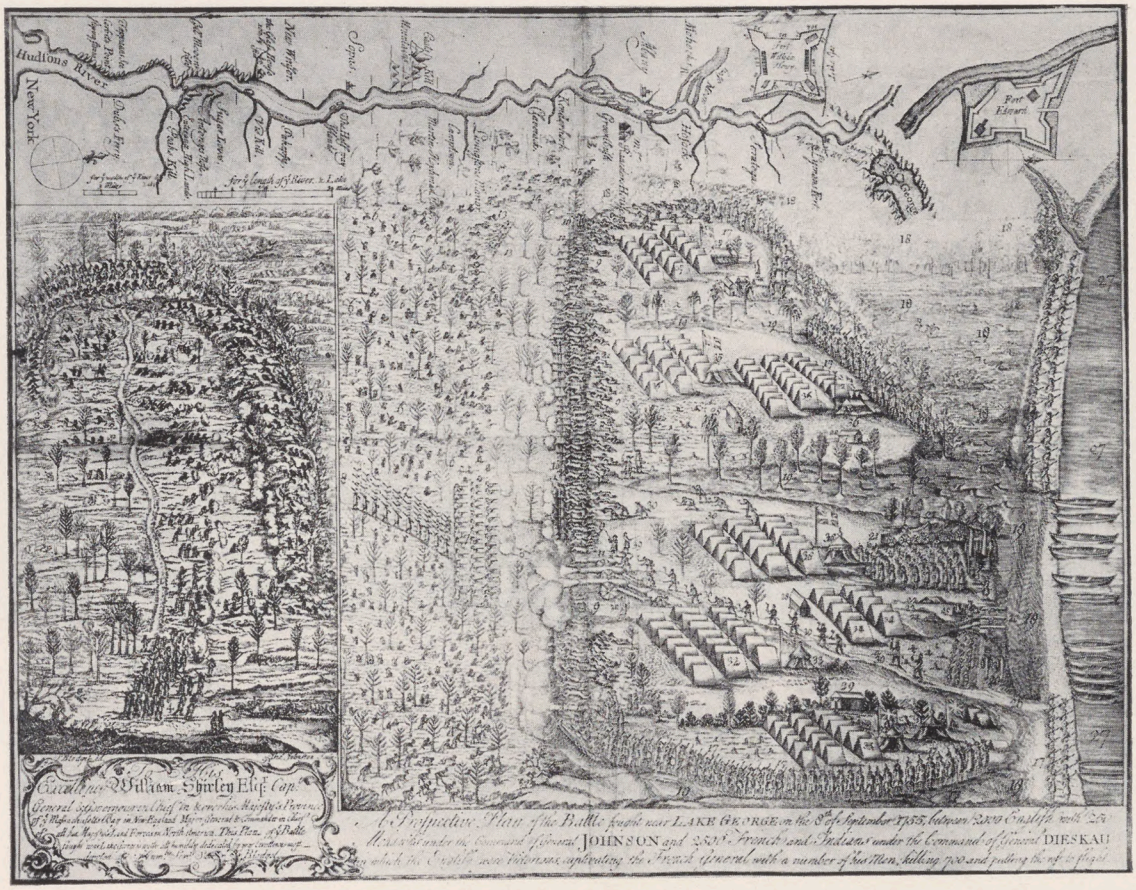
"He never blackens himself" runs the translation of *Tishcohan*. Soon Indians would paint themselves for warlike display as the French and Indian wars began. But other forces were helping weld the colonies into a confederation and the confederation into a nation. To and fro across the Atlantic journeyed George Whitefield, the awakener. "I love those that thunder out the word. The Christian World is in a dead

LETTER OF MARQUE SHIP BETHEL OF BOSTON, about 1748, by an unknown artist. Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston. [Catalogue 27]

sleep. Nothing but a loud voice can awaken them out of it," he thundered. Often denied the freedom of the churches,whether in England or America, the evangelist spoke in the open air—without benefit of public address system—before crowds of ten, twenty and thirty thousand people, making himself perfectly heard. In his many trips to the colonies he traveled from Boston to Savannah, and in Philadelphia his sermons were printed by Franklin.

As the church-state of the New England theocracy had given impetus to education for a special group, the sermons of the mid-eighteenth century stimulated popular education and encouraged literacy. When the time came, Americans could "read and understand" not only "the principles of religion and the capitall lawes" but also the political pamphlets of Tom Paine. Through polemical writings the colonies drew closer to the idea of the nation. "Join, or Die" thundered Franklin in his turn, and at the Albany Convention the American story took one more step forward: soon the idea of the *united states* could be translated into fact. The electrical impact of this thought was echoed by one of its chief protagonists, Franklin, who in 1752 had made world-shaking experiments in electricity. As he advanced the principles of republicanism, his great contributions to science and knowledge made him the spokesman of the new world's advance, acceptable to France and its diplomats by reason of intellectual achievement as well as of revolutionary political thought.

"From Florida to Cape Briton" the war of empires continued. To the north, in Canada, the French held power, but the British Empire, crescent, sought ever greater dominion. Thus, in 1745, at Louisburg [Catalogue 26] British and French



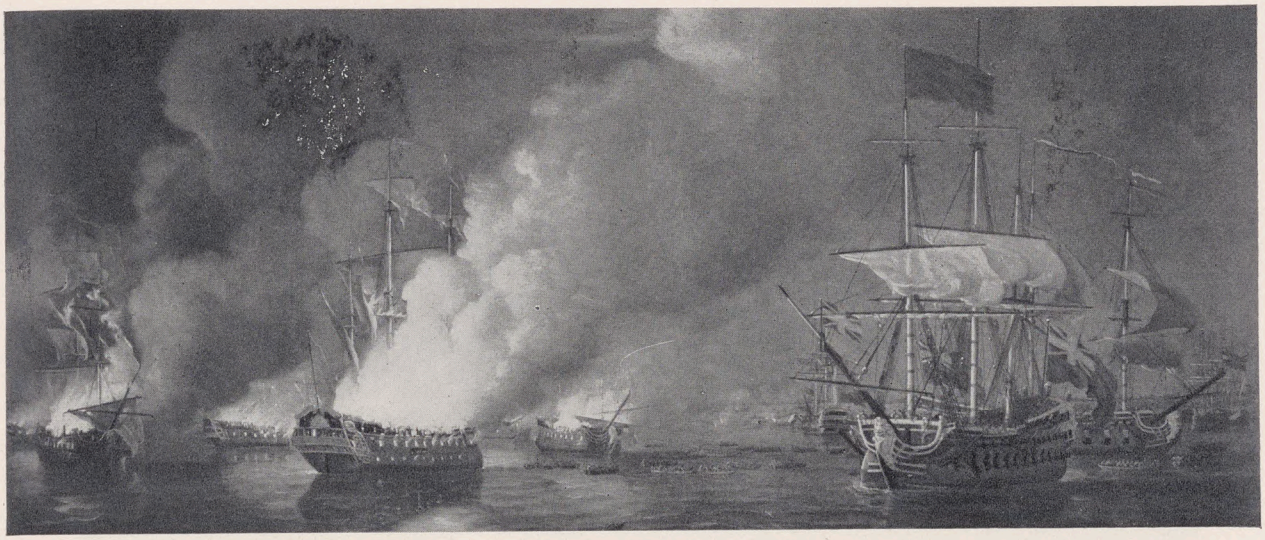
A Prospective Plan of the Battle Fought Near Lake George, September 8, 1755, by Thomas Johnston after Samuel Blodget. The New York Public Library. [Catalogue 30]

forces met in decisive struggle for "the Key of Canada, and North America." England won, and would win again, till in 1759 its empire stood supreme in North America. The preparations of history went forward, oftentime mysterious and veiled, but inevitable, and New England's timber played its part. Shipping had been essential from the beginning. As early as 1624 the first ship had been built in the colonies, and in half a century Massachusetts had built 730 vessels. By 1775, 75 per cent of colonial commerce was carried by colonial shipping. When tensions heightened and the struggle between France and England approached its decisive hour, the Americans aided the English victory. Now letter of marque ships began to ply up and down the Atlantic coast, armed with legal papers empowering them to seize

SEA CAPTAINS CAROUSING IN SURINAM, about 1758, by JOHN GREENWOOD. City Art Museum of St. Louis. [Catalogue 32]

the shipping of other nations. Such was the "Bethel" of Boston, Isaac Freeman captain. On June 19, 1748, he wrote in the ship's log: "At six o'clock in the evening we espied a sail to which we gave chase, as we were standing partly towards each other, soon found her to be large ship." It was the Spanish merchantman, the "Jesus, Maria, and Joseph," which at first pretended to be from Surinam in Dutch Guiana. This prize was taken, with a cargo valued at $300,000, consisting of tobacco, sugar, hides, and 171,000 milled silver dollars.

So to 1755, and the battle of Lake George. "Never had we opportunity before of gaining so gloriously a conquest over so great an army!" wrote Charles Chauncey to a friend. September 8 he described thus: "And now came on the second battle; perhaps the most furious and resolute, on both sides, that ever was fought in North America. It opened between 11 and 12 o'clock—with the fire of the French regulars; but in a few minutes, the fire became general, and nothing was heard but the noise of guns." Triumphantly a popular poet celebrated the victory in a ballad: "Oh! Bless the God that gives Success unto our English Nation, / Who granted us a Victory beyond our Expectation." At Lake George was Samuel Blodget, a sutler, whose print (*see* p. 51) is one of the earliest examples of American graphic art.



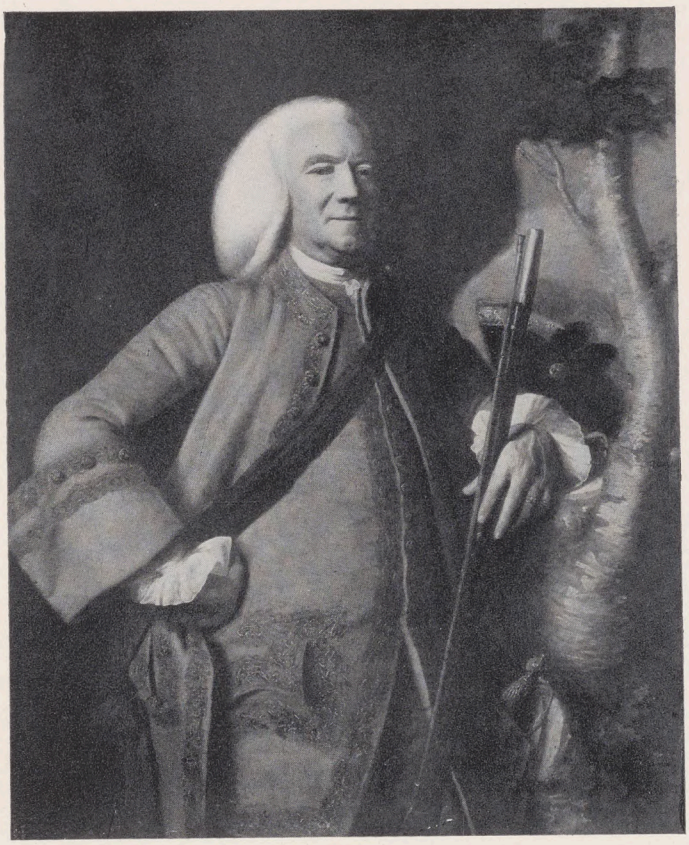
THE DEFEAT OF MONTCALM BY ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, June 28, 1759, by SAMUEL SCOTT. The Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Toronto. [Catalogue 33]

At Surinam, in Dutch Guiana, an American painter John Greenwood stopped briefly on his way from America to Europe. There he painted 117 portraits, all of which are lost, though one canvas of his survives, the first American genre painting, *Sea Captains Carousing*. At this time the "trade . . . with Surinam, Cayenne, and other South-American ports, was carried on," while that "with the Feejee Islands, Madagascar, and Zanzibar, was opened later." Americans were reaching out into the world, for commerce and for art, for gain, for adventure, for knowledge, for proselytizing. So, a century later, Perry would carry "the 'Gospel of God' to the Heathen" in Japan. In his day Greenwood chronicled the manners and customs of an age perhaps no less uncouth in Dutch Guiana than in Georgian England. History does not, however, wait on commerce or art. To the north, at Louisburg [Catalogue 31], events developed rapidly. On this continent the clash between France and England was moving to an end. At Quebec British forces, aided by American, would win the day. On the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe (for England) and Montcalm (for France) gave their lives, but the empire stood. From France England took Canada, and from Spain Florida. The continent was England's, though briefly. Britain's defeat of the French in Canada established the British Empire in North America, yet at the same time its victory paved the way for the empire's destruction. Said the French minister Choiseul, the colonies "will not fail to shake off their dependence the mo-

THE DEATH OF WOLFE, September 13, 1759, by BENJAMIN WEST. The National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. [Catalogue 34]

ment Canada is ceded." Sixteen years later the thirteen colonies declared themselves free and independent.

Already the Americans had learned that Europe's formal military array was ill suited to the American terrain. This lesson they had had at great price through Braddock's defeat in 1755 on the Virginia frontier. There a new character had come on the American stage, the militia colonel, George Washington. In the grip of colonial dependence on the past, our artists learned slowly. According to the pattern of art of the time, they recorded in the full panoply of dress parade the death of Wolfe on September 13, 1759. So war would be chronicled in the American story till Mathew B. Brady in the Civil War and other photographers in later wars would set down the inescapable and agonizing reality of death. But now pomp and circumstance prevailed. Wrote James Pringle in London in 1760: "Oh! Wolfe; what a melancholy Fall

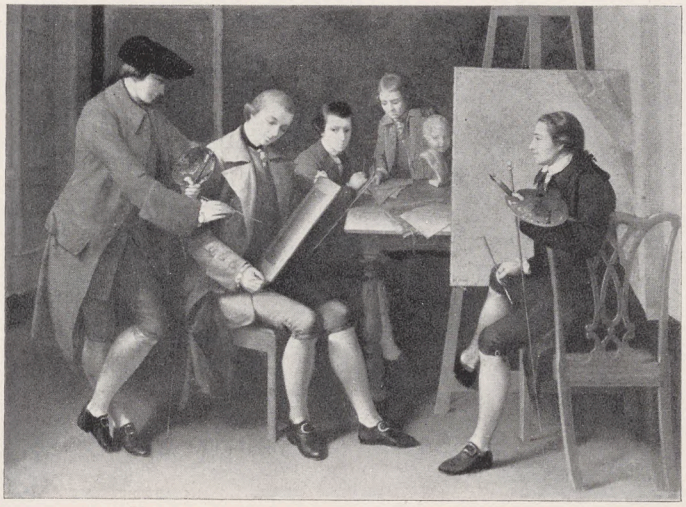


JACOB FOWLE, about 1763, by JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY. The Corcoran Gallery of Art. [Catalogue 35]

"In 1755 Colonel Jacob Fowle, one of the town's [Marblehead's] *six most prominent merchants, served on a committee to protest the high excise duty that the British were putting on spirits." He served in the local militia, but died, in 1778, before the Revolution was well advanced.*

was this for thy Country, yet, glorious and honorable to thee, and still more glorious and honorable by the Circumstances that attended it! . . . Thou didst ask, with all the Eagerness of Strong Perturbation, *Who run?* and receiving the joyous Answer, that the Enemy were routed, with a complete and decisive Overthrow, thou didst reply in tender Emotions and for thy Country's Success, *Then, I Thank God, I die contented.* Peace and Composure, with these Words, sealed thy Eyelids, and thy Head gently reclining, willingly resigned thy mortal Life." So ends the rhetoric.

Time marched rapidly, and the years were ripe with drama. The British Empire stood supreme in North America, though England would not be the dominant world power till after Napoleon's fall. Two revolutions would first take place, the American and the French, and a new nation, the United States, would be born. Meanwhile the storm was rising. Stresses grew greater and ties of inherited ways and customs binding colonies to mother country grew taut. The moment these must inevitably break could not be foretold to the day and hour; but prophets knew the



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL, 1765, by MATTHEW PRATT. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Catalogue 38]

break could not forever be averted. Men of moderate mind, Americans and Englishmen, sought to reconcile the irreconcilable. Franklin, at the English court, pled his country's cause; Pitt, in Parliament, urged a colonial policy recognizing America's nascent industrialism. The era of mercantilism was ending, but its desperate adherents clung to that outmoded system. Increasingly repressive economic measures were enacted, culminating in the Stamp Act of 1765. A decade of harassment followed, troops were landed in Boston, Bostonians refused to pay the nuisance tax on tea, and the Boston Tea Party ensued. In Edenton, North Carolina, patriotic ladies joined the embargo on tea-drinking [Catalogue 45]. In Boston John Singleton Copley portrayed Samuel Adams, declaiming against the Boston Massacre. The American story was approaching a grand climax.

Tensions mounted and the stage was set for revolution. In the colonies life went on, seemingly much as usual. The iron manufactories of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts were thriving. The embryonic nation boasted almost two million inhabitants. Schools, colleges, libraries, and hospitals had been founded; and cities had organized police, fire, sanitation, and water supply departments for their proper functioning. The flowering of a new society, also, was evident. From early colonial times America had had artists and writers, educators and scientists, merchants and politicians. Copley, best known historian of the colonial period, painted a national portrait gallery for the age—patriot and Tory, craftsman and merchant, revolutionary and malcontent. He himself fled to Europe in 1774, not for political reasons, but for cultural. In 1766 he had written Benjamin West: "In this Country as You rightly observe there is no examples of Art, except what is to [be] met with in a few prints in-

diferently exicuted, from which it is not possable to learn much, and must greatly inhanch the Value of free and unreserved Criticism made with judgment and Candor."

Copley was not the first American, though he was the best known, to express the colonial's attitude of dependence on the past. Cultural colonialism has been a facet of American life from the beginning, which continues even to the present. Benjamin West, Charles Willson Peale, Copley, are but a few of the Americans who went to Europe for a better education than they believed could be had at home. Ultimately, the expatriates—from colonial days to now—learn that happiness is not there where they are not, but at home, and American roots were sunk slowly but surely. For the time being, however, students of art, law, and medicine went abroad.

On such an apparently peaceful scene the Stamp Act broke like a thunderclap. Repressive and unjust, this law yet promoted colonial unity. In October, 1765, twenty-seven delegates from nine colonies met in New York to make a united protest to George III. As English citizens, the colonials claimed the rights and liberties of Englishmen. Wrote Jared Ingersoll in 1765: "What shal I Answer to your queries relative to the proposed internal taxation of America? You say America can & ought to Contribute to its own defence; we one & all say y^{e} same on this Side y^{e} water—we only differ about the means; we perhaps should first of all Rescind great part of the present Expence & what remains should difray by the Application of our Force & Strength; but the Subject is large & the principles of it nice & delicate. I will only remind you that our people dont yet believe that the British Parliament really mean to impose internal taxes upon us without our Consent."

1715. 1745. 1765. So the unpopular laws ran. Popular opposition mounted till in 1766 the Stamp Act was repealed. Exultingly the Americans celebrated their victory and even found an artist to document their joy in *The Repeal. Or the Funeral Procession, of Miss Americ-Stamp* [Catalogue 39] which invoked epithet, epitaph, and graphic skill to inter "Within this Family Vault . . . The Star Chamber Court—Ship Money—Excise Money & all Imposts without Parliament." The inscription added that "Miss Americ-Stamp, who was born in 1765, . . . died hard in 1766."

Meanwhile the course of empire took its way. Westward the new population surged, led by Daniel Boone through the Cumberland Gap. The frontier, too, was an actor on the American stage, challenging and vigorous, perhaps costumed in bombast, but mighty in its youthful strength. At this time, also, the shapes of American life took sharper form when the Mason-Dixon line was surveyed between Pennsylvania and Maryland. In pre-Civil War days this became synonymous with the boundary between slave and free states. For the moment such conflicts waited while the battle for political freedom was waged.

A View of Part of the Town of Boston in New England and British Ships of War Landing Their Troops, 1768, by Paul Revere. The New York Public Library. [Catalogue 41]

The years marched ever more rapidly. In 1768 British troops were landed at Boston: repression was becoming acute and overt. Paul Revere and Christian Remick [Catalogue 41 and 42] reported that event for the colonial cause. Britain's point of view was chronicled in a letter written by Anne Hulton, sister of the English commissioner of customs at Boston. This "loyalist lady" wrote, in part: "I wou'd gratify your Curiosity . . . about this Country, where your friends Lot is cast. I am not thoroughly acquainted with the Town of Boston. It is in short like a large Seaport Town in England, & the People speak as good English as anywhere, it is built on a Peninsula & about two mile Long, . . . the publick buildgs are the Exchange, the Town House, & Fennil Hall, there are 2 Episcopal churches, besides the Kings Chaple, but one Presbyterian (properly calld) and about 12 Independant Congregationalists, Some of these Ministers are very flaming Preachers, that is they take occasion to inflame the People, both by their Sermons & Prayers against Governmt."

The patriots were not Tories. Representation in their own governing seemed to them to be a right of free men. Economic and social forces surged beneath the sur-

THE BOSTON MASSACRE, March 5, 1770, by PAUL REVERE. Worcester Art Museum. [Catalogue 43]

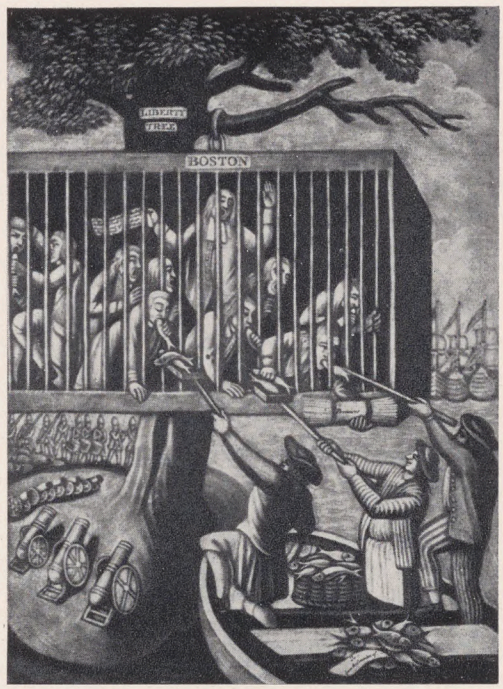
face of life, and suddenly it was March 5, 1770. Four men lay dead on Boston's King Street, and many wounded. "I saw four men lay dead in the snow," deposed Robert Goddard in a sworn statement, "the snow being at that time near a foot deep. Then I went and Help'd the molatto man who was shot, into Mr. Stone's house. After we got him in there, I saw him give one gasp. I then open'd his breast, and saw two holes, one in each breast where the Balls had enter'd." The Boston Massacre's roll of honor reads: Crispus Attucks, James Caldwell, Patrick Carr, Samuel Gray, Sam-

THE WILLIAM DENNING FAMILY, 1772, by WILLIAM WILLIAMS. Collection of the Misses Shippen. [Catalogue 44]

uel Maverick, the first to die in America's war for liberty. When British troops fired on Americans, they wrote a page in history: thus began the Revolution.

Confronting the royal governor the following day, Samuel Adams thundered in his turn. Later he wrote: "It was then, if fancy deceived me not, I saw his knees to tremble. I thought I saw his face grow pale (and I enjoyed the sight) at the appearance of the determined citizens peremptorily demanding the redress of grievances."

A year later Adams again affirmed the will to liberty: "The liberties of our country, the freedom of our civil constitution, are worth defending at all hazards; and it is our duty to defend them against all attacks . . . It will be an everlasting mark of infamy on the present generation, enlightened as it is, if we should suffer them to be wrested from us by violence without a struggle, or be cheated out of them by the artifices of false and designing men. . . . Let us contemplate our forefathers and posterity, and resolve to maintain the rights bequeathed us from the former, for the sake of the latter.—Instead of sitting down satisfied with the efforts



THE BOSTONIANS PAYING THE EXCISE-MAN (left) and THE BOSTONIANS IN DISTRESS (right), 1774, by an unknown artist. Chicago Historical Society. [Catalogue 46, 47]

we have already made, *which is the wish of our enemies*, the necessity of the times, more than ever, calls for our utmost circumspection, deliberation, fortitude, and perseverance. Let us remember that 'if we suffer tamely a lawless attack upon our liberty, we encourage it, and involve others in our doom.' It is a very serious consideration, which should deeply impress our minds, that *millions yet unborn may be the miserable sharers in the event.*"

The "foulest, subtlest, and most venomous serpent ever issued from the egg of sedition" the revolutionists were called. Name-calling cannot, however, hold back mankind's onward march. In New York, pleasant idylls might be observed in wealthy merchants' gardens, where "The nodding Cedars spread their happy Plumes, / And cast an awful pleasing Shade." To the south, in Virginia, the will to freedom flamed in Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty, or give me death." Let some cry "Treason," the vaster numbers cried "Liberty!" In Boston another day and date was written in our history. December 16, 1773, the populace's growing discontent reached its climax when 342 chests of tea were thrown into Boston Harbor. Samuel Adams had de-

clared that the meeting of popular leaders and royal officials could do "nothing more to save the country." The country would save itself, history proves.

Inevitably the American story moved toward the valley of decision. The country stood at the threshold of its existence as a free and independent nation. European friends had foreseen that the day would come, believing, as Abbé Raynal wrote, "The new hemisphere must be detached one day from the old." That time was on America. The irrevocable clash would not come, however, until both Americans and Englishmen had sought to heal the breach, but in vain. Pitt, now the Earl of Chatham, speaking in the House of Lords on January 20, 1775, pled: "I wish not, my Lords, to lose a day in this urgent pressing crisis. One hour now lost in allaying the ferment in America may produce years of calamity. I contend not for indulgence, but justice to America. I shall ever contend that the Americans justly owe obedience to the Legislature of Great Britain, *in a limited degree*. They owe us obedience to our ordinary trade and navigation, but let the line be skilfully drawn between the subjects of these ordinances, and their private *internal* property. Let the sacredness of their property remain inviolate. . . . Every motive of justice, and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your Acts of Parliament, and by demonstrations of an amicable disposition toward your Colonies."

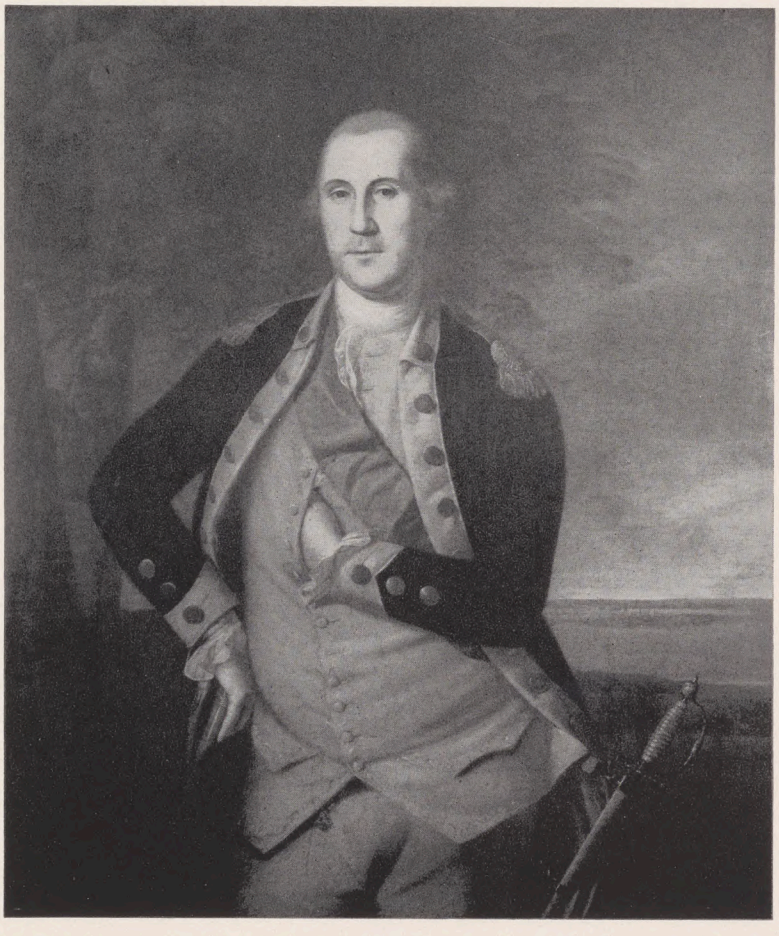
Prophetically, George Washington had written, urging the utmost efforts toward reconciliation: ". . . and again give me leave to add as my opinion, that more blood will be spilt on this occasion if the ministry are determined to push matters to extremity, than history has ever yet furnished instances of in the annals of North America, and such a vital wound given to the peace of this great country as time itself cannot cure, or eradicate the remembrance of." Counsels of justice and policy, of dignity and prudence, of humanity, were of no avail.

Let Abbé Raynal end the chapter: "This grand scissure is prepared in Europe, by the collision and fermentation of our opinions; by our being deprived of our rights, which constituted our courage; by the hatred, the endless hatred, between men without heart, honor, or vigour, who possess all else, and robust men, and even virtuous men, who have nothing but life to lose. It is prepared in America, by the increase of population, of cultivation, of industry and of knowledge, everything forwards the rupture, as well the progress of evil in the old world, as in the new the progress of good." Thus stood America on the eve of revolution.

1775-1799

A New Nation

The sun never shined on a cause of greater worth

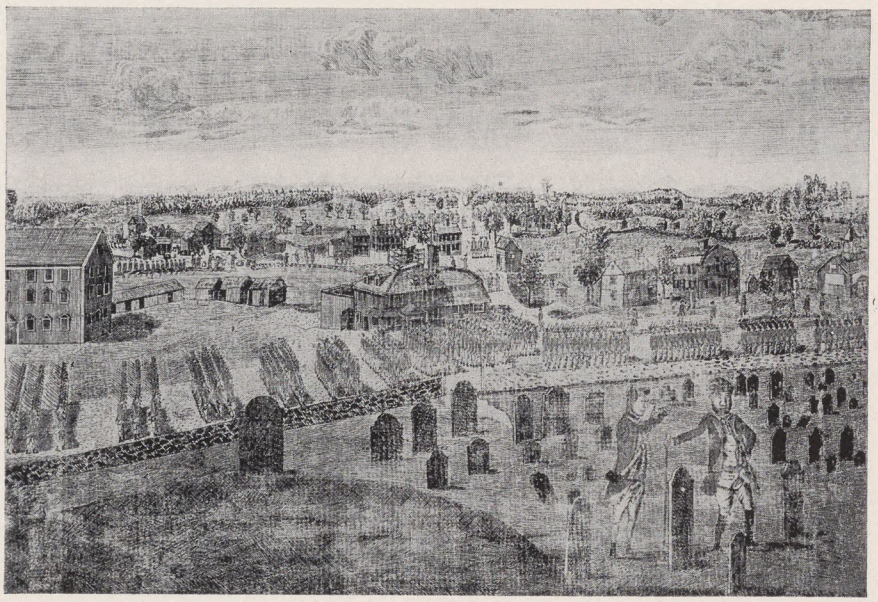


GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1776, by CHARLES WILLSON PEALE. The Brooklyn Museum. [Catalogue 53]

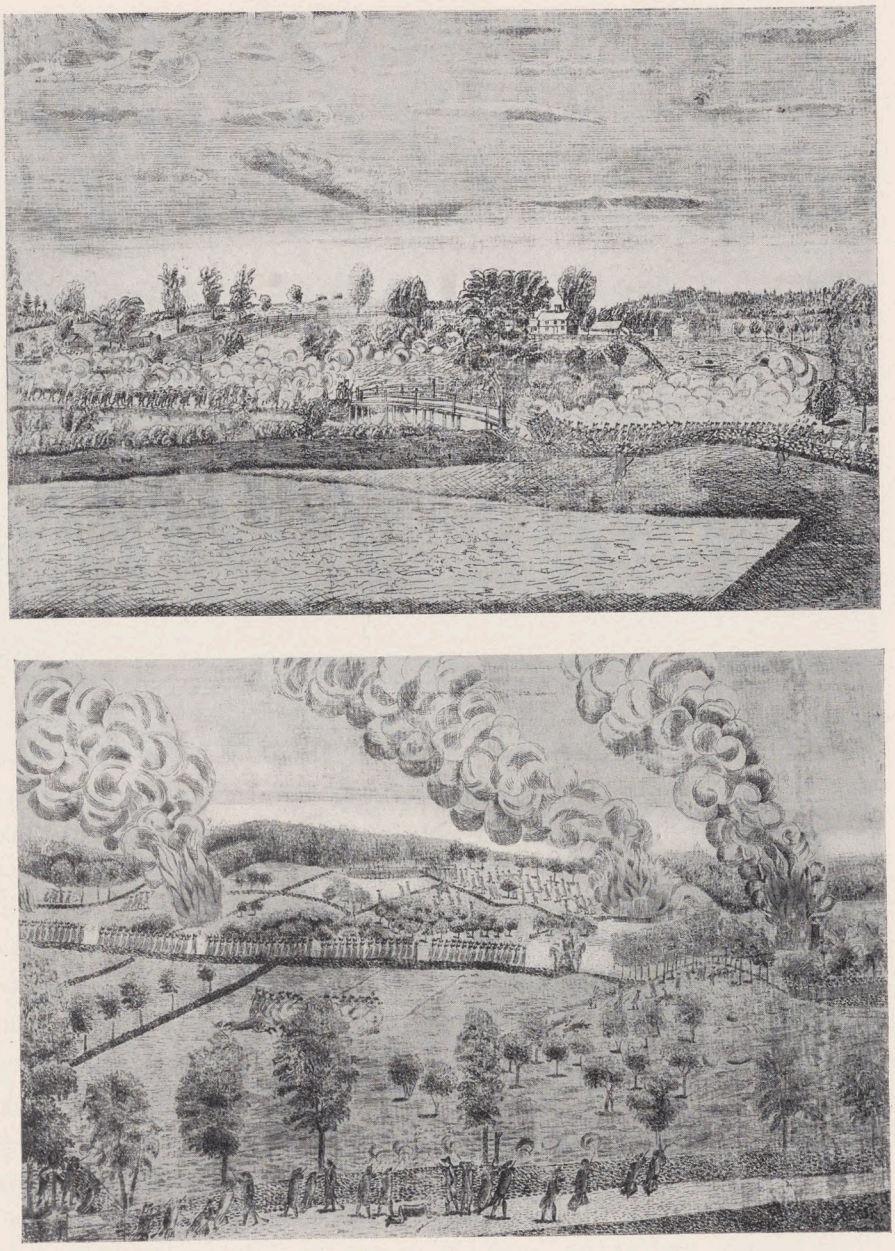
"WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF-EVIDENT, THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED equal." This was *the shot heard round the world.* On April 19, 1775, at Lexington and Concord the issue was joined, the die of revolution cast. "In obedience to your Excellency's commands," wrote a British officer to Governor Gage, "I marched on the evening of 18th inst. with corps of grenadiers and light infantry for Concord, to execute your Excellency's orders with respect to destroying all ammunition, artillery, tents, &c, collected there, which was effected, . . . Notwithstanding we marched with the utmost expedition and secrecy, we found the country had intelligence or strong suspicion of our coming, and fired many signal guns, and rung the alarm bells repeatedly." So the Revolution began.

Let an American report the event: "This Day Hostilities were commenced against This Province by the Regular Troops quartered in Boston," wrote Dr. Samuel Adams in his diary for April 19. A doctor who served with the Continental Army through most of the Revolution, he continued: "A Party of them of 800 mustered out last evening, came by this morning, fired on a party of Americans at Lexington. Killed 8 of them and wounded several others—then proceeded on their March to Concord where a Battle ensued—the Regulars returned tho reinforced at Lexington with 1000." Amos Doolittle told the story in four engravings published on December 13 of the same year. It remained for Tom Paine to cry out in ringing words: "The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'TIS TIME TO PART." With the dead and dying on Concord Green, the Revolution began. Thereafter it marched to a victorious close, often with bleeding feet, sometimes retreating, but never falling from the cause of liberty.

Now George Washington comes again upon the American stage. Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, he has abandoned the gorget of a British colonial colonel and wears the light blue ribbon of his office. "When we assumed the Soldier," he addressed the New York legislature soon after Bunker Hill, "we did not put aside the Citizen." The rank and file of the Continental Army were without uniforms, but they too wore vari-colored ribbons for identification. Citizen Washington, pleading the cause of American independence, wrote of those who believed that reconciliation was still feasible: "I would tell them, that we had borne much, that we had long and ardently sought for reconciliation upon honorable terms, that



THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON (upper), and A VIEW OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD (lower), April 19, 1775, by AMOS DOOLITTLE after RALPH EARL. Albany Institute of History and Art. [Catalogue 48, 49]



THE ENGAGEMENT AT THE NORTH BRIDGE IN CONCORD (upper), and A VIEW OF THE SOUTH PART OF LEXINGTON (lower), April 19, 1775, by AMOS DOOLITTLE after RALPH EARL. Albany Institute of History and Art. [Catalogue 50, 51]

it had been denied us, that all our attempts after peace had proved abortive, and had been grossly misrepresented, that we had done everything which could be expected from the best of subjects, that the spirit of freedom beat too high in us to submit to slavery and that, if nothing else could satisfy a tyrant and his diabolical ministry, we are determined to shake off all connexions with a state so unjust and unnatural. This I would tell them, not under cover, but in words as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness."

At Bunker Hill, Major General Joseph Warren had "rushed into the battle foremost in danger . . . and encouraged the soldiers by his example, till near the close of the battle, when he received a fatal shot and immediately expired." He had gone to death, shouting: *"Stand! the ground's your own, my braves! / Will ye give it up to slaves? / Will ye look for greener graves?"* He found an ever-green grave in the remembrance of his countrymen. Less venerated was Washington by the British. For the forces occupying Boston—when they had set fire to Charlestown—brought forth a burlesque figure of "General Washington . . . dressed in an uncouth style, with a large wig and a long rusty sword, [and] attended by his orderly sergeant in his country dress, having on his shoulder an old rusty gun seven or eight feet long."

Undaunted by ridicule, the Commander-in-Chief fought his battles stubbornly, though lacking trained troops, ammunition, and (too often) civilian support. From Boston to New York he maneuvered. From Jamaica to lower Manhattan the continentals gave ground, but as slowly as might be. Here—where today skyscrapers adorn Wall Street—Nathan Hale was captured by the British, and here gave his one life for his country. North the Americans were driven by superior numbers and armament; they yielded pace by pace. Washington Heights was lost. They retreated further, across the Hudson to the Jersey palisades. There Thomas Paine joined the American forces. So began the epic of defeat which ended in victory. "I was with the troops at Fort Lee," he wrote, "and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania . . . Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being on a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one fourth so great as Howe could bring against us."

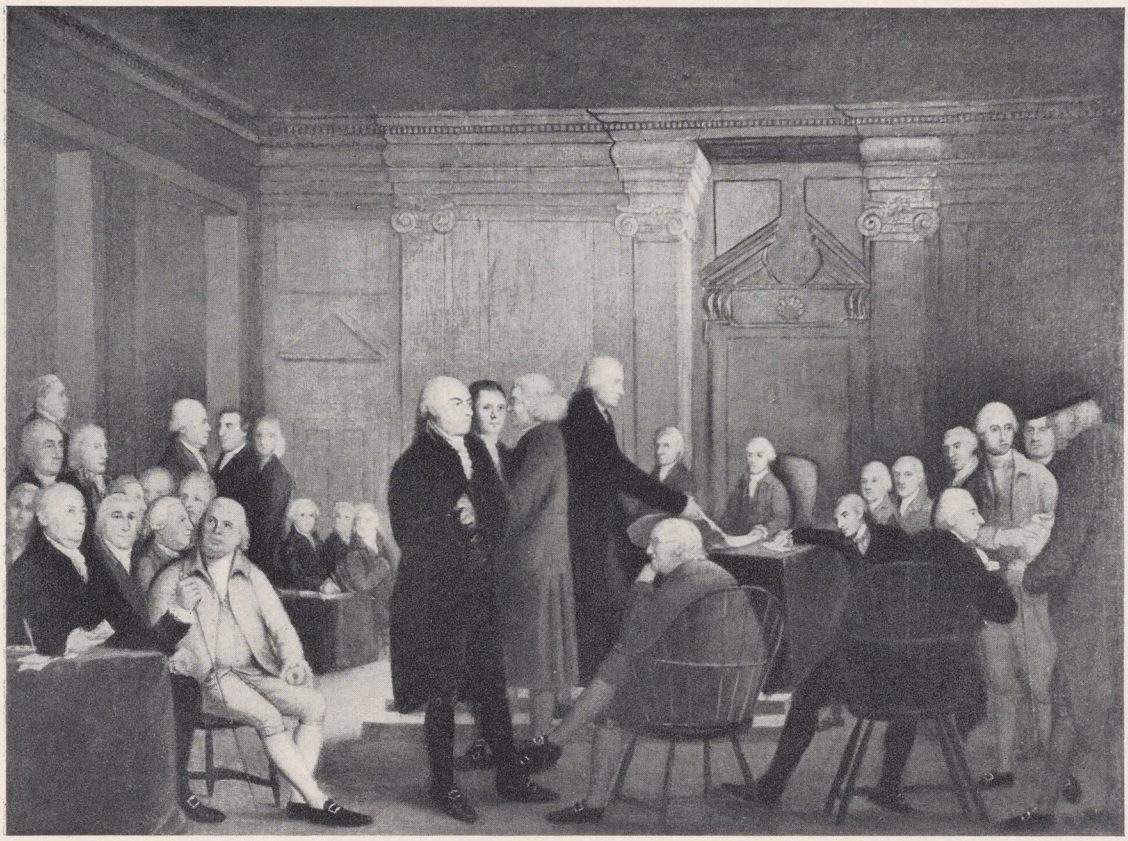
The greater force opposing the Americans was, however, composed of Tories. As the Revolutionary army fell back, "in Boston, Long Island, New York, the Jerseys, Philadelphia, and in the Southern provinces, there rallied about [the British troops] Tories both seeking protection, and ready to perform all kinds of military duties as allies," writes a latter-day chronicler. "By all the estimates, probably below the mark, there were during the war at least twenty-five thousand organized loyalist forces. In an address made to the King by the refugees in England in 1779, they say

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, June 17, 1775, by JOHN TRUMBULL. Collection of Howland S. Warren. [Catalogue 52]

that their countrymen then in arms for his Majesty 'exceeded in number the troops enlisted to oppose them.' "

Thus Joseph Galloway, a notorious Tory of Philadelphia, who joined the British army in 1776, only to flee to England two years later, was writing: "It is a truth, confessed by every man of sense and candour, of all parties, that not only the manufactures, commerce, and naval strength, but the independence and existence of the empire, depend on the recovery of our Colonies; and it will appear equally obvious, that should we lose our post at New York and Charlestown, the infallible consequence must be, the loss of all North-America, the West Indies, and every other foreign dominion."

In condemnation Paine thundered "I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, . . . but it will not do to sacrifice a world either to their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived, in which either they or we . . . must fall. And what is a Tory? Good God! what is he? . . . Every Tory is a coward, for a servile,



THE CONGRESS VOTING INDEPENDENCE, July 4, 1776, by ROBERT EDGE PINE and EDWARD SAVAGE. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 55]

slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of Toryism; and a man under such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave."

Paine wrote, remembering the dead and dying, the bleeding feet of men who watched him as he wrote on a drum-head by a campfire or listened as he read aloud the flaming words of *Common Sense*. Washington, remembering all this and more—the suffering of fifteen hundred dispossessed Bostonians, soldiers equipped with but nine cartridges for a man, the failure of the Continental Congress to supply funds or men for the war—remembering his oath of office and his duty to his country, Washington wrote on July 2, 1776: "The time is now near at hand which must probably determine, whether Americans are to be Freemen or Slaves; . . . The Fate of unborn millions will now depend under God, on the Courage and conduct of this

Army . . . . We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or die: . . . Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a Freeman contending for LIBERTY on his own grounds is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth."

On July 4 the final step toward liberty was taken. Two days earlier the Congress had voted a resolution declaring that independence was adopted. Now the formal Declaration of Independence was agreed to, engrossed, signed by John Hancock, and sent to the legislatures of the states. On August 2 the engrossed copy would be signed by all but one signer. "The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America," wrote John Adams to Abigail. "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore." Forevermore has the Fourth of July been thus celebrated. "THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA" had been inspired by that "decent respect to the opinions of mankind [which] requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." Now the declaration had been made for all the world to hear. Thence issued the charter of American liberties.

Words, however, do not make a revolution. Defeat followed defeat. On the Hudson, the British "Phoenix," "Roebuck," and "Tartar" forced the passage between Fort Washington and Fort Lee [Catalogue 57], while Thomas Davies, a captain in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, chronicled with on-the-spot water colors the Americans' withdrawal from Washington Heights [Catalogue 59] to the Jerseys [Catalogue 60]. To the South, Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker attacked Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island [Catalogue 54], but unsuccessfully. From Milford Haven, England's largest port of embarkation [Catalogue 56], English fleets sailed to reinforce British troops in America. Perhaps only the failure of Britain's military leaders to press an aggressive campaign saved the Americans. So they won time, slowly they built an army from America's untrained farmers and tradesmen, gradually they accumulated arms and ammunition, tardily they came by food supplies and clothing. Suddenly it was 1777. The tide had been turning, first at Trenton on December 25, 1776, and then at Princeton on January 3. Valley Forge was yet to be endured and surmounted, but for the moment victory was ours.

At Princeton "the whole army halted," recites Joseph White, "an Orderly Sergeant, in the Regiment of Artillery," as his published memoirs described him. He

A Naval Engagement On Lake Champlain, October 11, 1776, by H. Gilder. Lent by His Majesty, King George VI, Windsor Castle. [Catalogue 58]

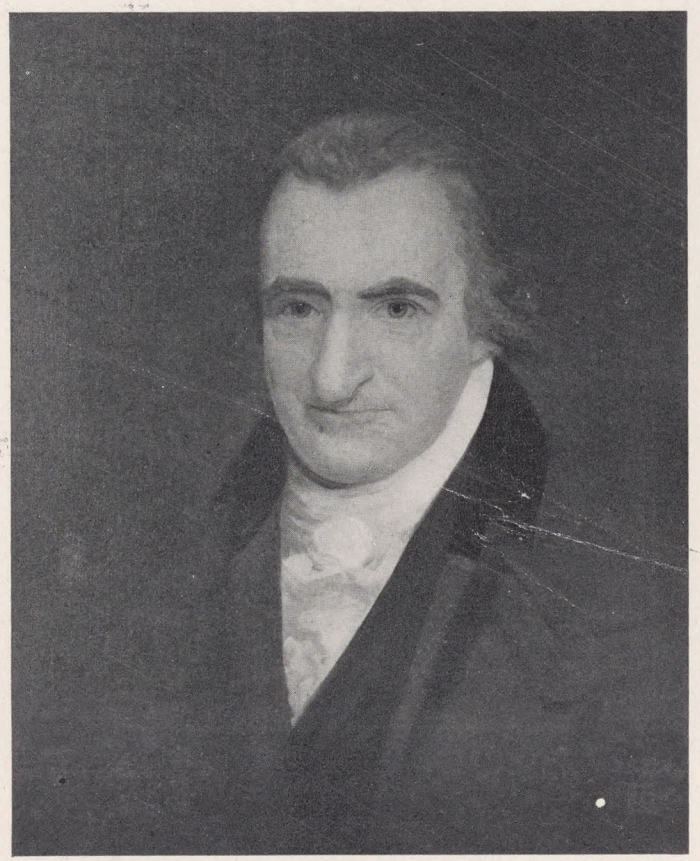
continued: "The captain sent me a sergeant with a bucket full of powder and rum, every man must drink a half gill. He came to me to know if I had drank any, I told him no; drink some, said he, I have, so I took a little." War then was, by contemporary mechanized measure, a crude display. "We marched on a short distance, we see them all formed in a line, and ready to receive us," the orderly sergeant went on. "We marched forward so did they. . . . The sun shone upon them, and their arms glistened very bright, it seemed to strike with awe upon us."

Awe did not hold the Americans back: "The Captain: said to me, are we not nigh enough to give them a shot? I replied yes, I think so. You fire, and I will follow suit. I told the sergeant to get a strong man to take the spung. I took aim and said fire! Then he did the same. Then the enemy began;—both armies advancing towards each other, firing as fast as possible,—We then loaded with canister shot, they made a terrible squeaking noise. Both armies kept marching towards one another, until

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON, January 3, 1777, by WILLIAM MERCER. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 61]

the infantry came to use the bayonets. Our Company being on the extreme left, had to face the enemy's right; consisting of granadiers, highlanders, etc., their best troops." Momentarily the American "left line gave way—but before I moved, saw the second come up and General Merser, who was killed, leading them. I never saw men looked as furious as they did, when running by us with their bayonets charged. The British lines were broken, and our troops followed them so close, that they could not form again. A party of them ran into the college, which is built of stone. After firing some cannon they surrendered."

No artists were present to report Valley Forge, only pock-marked Tom Paine, whose country was everywhere where freedom is not. His words were written in the blood which stained the snow: "These are the times that try men's souls: The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it NOW deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we ob-



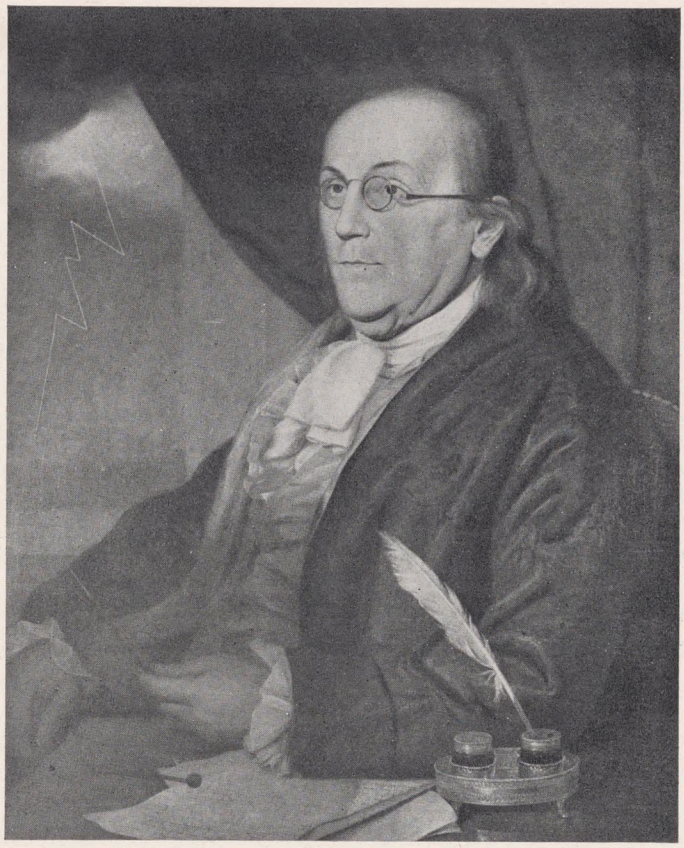
THOMAS PAINE, about 1805, by JOHN WESLEY JARVIS, the only known life portrait. Collection of Marian Bridge Maurice. [Catalogue 93]

The sun never shined on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a City, a Country, a Province or a Kingdom; but of a Continent . . . 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, . . . Now is the seed time of Continental union, faith, and honor.

tain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'Tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated."

This English-born spokesman of the American Revolution had come to America in 1774, bearing a letter of introduction from Benjamin Franklin, then the colonies' agent in London. Like the elder printer, Paine found history a splendid teacher. Franklin, less militant and long an advocate of reconciliation, also played his part as America's spokesman, but at the French court. Universal man of the eighteenth century, this poor boy from Boston "was famous in Europe before he knew it in America." Honors from the academies of Europe were showered on him for his discoveries in electricity. In 1772, he had been elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences. The Great Awakening and the Enlightenment went hand in hand.

By the end of the Revolution, Franklin was a member of learned societies in Philadelphia, London, Edinburgh, Göttingen, Rotterdam, and Paris. In 1781 he



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1789, by CHARLES WILLSON PEALE. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 77]

Like an eagle bold, he
With his kite and his key
From heav'n its thunder he stole;
Of the lightning took toll
Mid fright'ning din.
Clever, our Benjamin.

"was made a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in Boston . . . ; a foreign member of the Academy of Science, Letters and Arts of Padua in 1782, and of that of Turin in 1783." After the successful negotiation of peace terms, Franklin received more honors—election to membership in the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, in academies of sciences and arts at Orléans and Lyons, and in the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. In addition, "the British admiralty through Lord Howe had sent Franklin a copy of Captain Cook's *Voyage to the Pacific Ocean* [Catalogue 68] and the Royal Society of London one of the medals which had been struck to commemorate the navigator." When Franklin left France in 1785 to return to his native land, he made a triumphal progress, to which the Academy of Rouen sent a deputation. Thus rationalism's dawning philosophy served the American cause through its chief American exemplar. Henceforth American society would depend to an important degree on science applied to the problems of existence: technology would become the handmaiden of the American dream.

PORTSMOUTH ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER, 1778, by PIERRE OZANNE. Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt. [Catalogue 67]

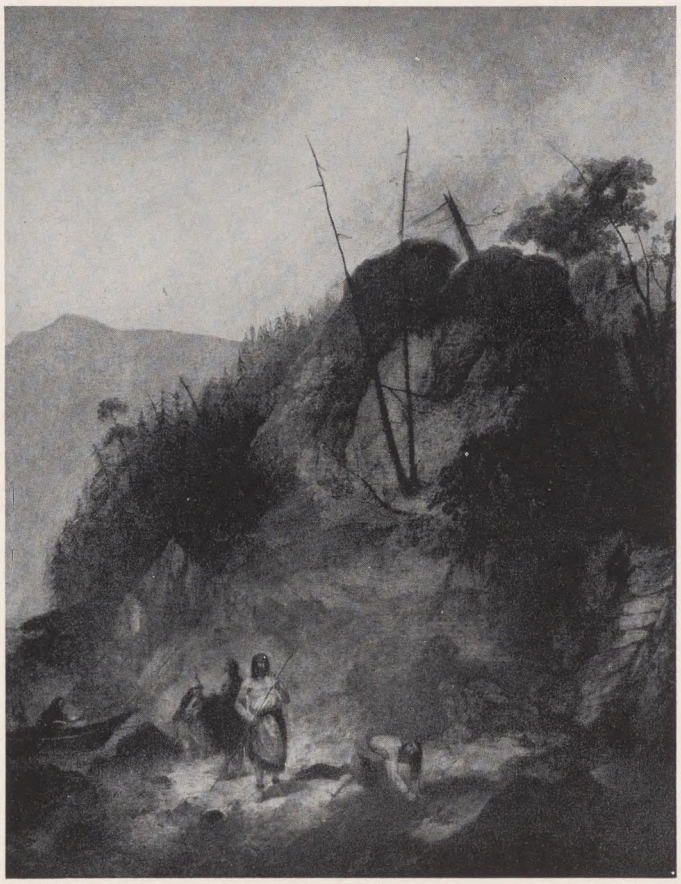
Other men were present to serve the cause of freedom: Eleven-year-old Andrew Jackson, who took part in a drive of cattle to Charlestown for Washington, who at twelve acted as "a mounted orderly or messenger for which [he] was well fitted, being a good rider and knowing the roads well," and who was then captured by the British and held prisoner in Camden. Charles Willson Peale, artist of the Revolution, who made a priceless portrait gallery of the leaders of our republic (*see* p. 64, 75, and 90). And many, unnamed and nameless, those who died at Valley Forge and elsewhere, boys from farm and shop, married men who left wife and child so all might have liberty. They fought the battles, slowly they won the battles. Not alone venerable Franklin at Passy obtained for the American cause the sorely needed assistance of the French, but American victories on the field of action. The years went on: negotiations faltered. Then to Paris, on December 4, 1777, came the news of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, and French support was assured. On April 13, 1778, the French fleet, under Comte d'Estaing, sailed from Toulon for New York [Catalogue 63, 64, 65, 66, 67]. Thence the fleet sailed to Rhode Island, pursuing the English, only to be caught in a terrific gale. Needing repairs, the fleet retired to Boston. Already, in 1777, there had sailed "across the broad Atlantic's wave" that French friend who came to stand in the American mind as the symbol

THE QUEBEC ENGAGING THE SURVEILLANT, October 6, 1779, by ROBERT DODD. National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England. [Catalogue 70]

of French aid—the marquis, Marie Joseph Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier de Lafayette [Catalogue 62].

Not only men were present to win the Revolution, but women also. No less patriotic than the ladies of Edenton were the ladies of Philadelphia who raised almost $300,000 to make shirts for the fighting men. Wrote an American officer in camp in 1780, "the patriotism of the women of Philadelphia is a subject of conversation with the army. Had I poetic genius I would sit down and write an ode in praise of it . . . . Nothing has been more discouraging for some time past, than to believe we were neglected, or almost lost from the remembrance of our fellow citizens." Thanking them, in 1781, General Washington wrote: "The contributions of the association you represent have exceeded what could have been expected, and the spirit that animated the members of it entitles them to an equal place with any, who have preceded them in the work of female patriotism . . . . It embellishes the American character with a new trait; by proving that the love of country is blended with those softer domestic virtues, which have always been allowed to be more peculiarly *your own.*"

Though the Tories had flocked to the British cause, there were devoted patriots, as the ladies of Philadelphia prove, and as does the case of Haym Salomon. Associated with Kosciusko and Pulaski in their fight for a free Poland, in 1772 he had come to New York, where he set up as a broker and commission merchant. He early allied himself with the Sons of Liberty and barely escaped execution by the British as an American spy. To the superintendent of finance of the revolutionary government, Robert Morris, he advanced—as is documented by original checks and vouchers—"various sums to the amount of $211,678." When the Continental Con-



A View In Nootka Sound, 1778, by John Webber. Yale University Library, New Haven. [Catalogue 68]

On my arrival in this inlet, I had honoured it with the name of King George's Sound; but I afterwards found, that it is called Nootka by the natives. So wrote Captain James Cook of his voyage to the Northwest.

gress' credit was weak, James Madison said of Haym Salomon: "he obstinately rejects all recompense . . . . To a necessitous delegate he gratuitously spares a supply out of his private stock."

So the Revolution proceeded to its victorious conclusion, the common hope of men and women from all walks of life and of many races, creeds, and political beliefs. The goal was victory, the road unity. But not without price was victory won. Bitterness and rancor played their part, also, as Major-General Charles Lee proves. In a rage he wrote General Washington, "the temporary power of office, and the tinsel dignity attending it, will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to offiscate the bright rays of truth." Throughout his life, Washington knew such abuse.

Now the day of glory approached. Victorious at Cowpens [Catalogue 71], the Americans, with the French, marched to Yorktown [Catalogue 72 and 73]. For the British empire-builders "all the world would be upside down," as a popular song

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, October 19, 1781, by JOHN TRUMBULL. Collection of William Appleton Aiken. [Catalogue 72]

THE MEETING OF THE GENERALS AT YORKTOWN AFTER THE SURRENDER, October 19, 1781, by JAMES PEALE. Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore. [Catalogue 73]

recited, "If boats were on land, churches on sea, / If ponies rode men and if grass ate cows, / And cats should be chased into holes by the mouse." Cornwallis surrendered, the mouse had chased the cat into the hole: colonials long dependent were now independent. But peace, as well as war, brings problems: a treaty to be negotiated, a constitution to be drafted, a government to bring into being.

1783. 1787. The years marched to the moment of finality. Thirteen colonies had been born. Call the names again: Virginia. New York. Massachusetts. New Hampshire. Maryland. Connecticut. Rhode Island. Delaware. North Carolina. New Jersey. South Carolina. Pennsylvania. Georgia. One by one they were founded, by varied

faiths and peoples. The dates were: 1607. 1614. 1620. 1623. 1634. 1635. 1636. 1638. 1650. 1664. 1670. 1682. 1733. The colonies had been planted, taken root, flowered. Now they burst into one living, glowing bloom, the United States of America.

In France a revolution was under way. "The Revolution was effected before the war commenced," John Adams wrote of the American Revolution; his words describe France. "The Revolution was in the minds and hearts of the people." In the minds and hearts of the people was the dream of a government they would create and use for human well-being. Like all dreams, the American dream was cherished at great cost. Tom Paine, seeking another country where freedom was not, wrote the French bill of rights. In America, the founding fathers struggled, torn between the old and the new. Slowly the Constitution was written, slowly rival claims and points of view came to agree on a common plan of government, slowly basic guarantees were incorporated into the law of the land. By 1787 the document was completed, and by 1789 all except two states of the thirteen had ratified the Constitution. The American dream had been implemented by the political system of Hobbes and Locke, fed by European libertarian thought and the Roussellian concept of the social contract, and made articulate by Paine and Jefferson. It remained for the American Bill of Rights to be written in the first ten amendments. Thereafter the struggle for democracy continued in clashes between federalists and republicans.

Even before Washington would be unanimously elected and inaugurated in Federal Hall, New York [Catalogue 76], the new nation had begun to sink new roots and to put forth new tendrils. By the last years of the Revolution, American industry had gone ahead to develop at home the ship-building long held in check by British restrictions on colonial enterprise. In 1780, the Americans "built upwards of one hundred vessels of war from ten to forty guns." By 1800 the American merchant marine [Catalogue 86] was well established and ready to play a decisive part in the War of 1812, as well as in future peaceful growth. Even before war had ended, American ships were faring to far-away lands, and in 1784 the China trade began. Shut off from British markets, there American merchants found richer fields. In February the "Empress of China" sailed from New York for China, by way of the Cape of Good Hope and Java, to return with teas and silks, on which the owners made a profit of twenty-five per cent. So began a trade which laid the foundations of American foreign policy in the Far East.

Throughout Europe the yeast was working, also. The old hunger to girdle the world and bind it into one by the free interchange of goods and knowledge spurred French and English to follow in Captain Cook's track. To California and Alaska sailed the brothers de Laborde, there to meet shipwreck and death. To the west

The Shipwreck And The Death Of The Brothers De Laborde On The Coast Of Alaska, July 13, 1786, by Louis-Philippe Crepin. Collection of Madame la Marquise de Laborde, Paris. [Catalogue 75]

coast there sailed also George Davidson, a ship's painter on the "Columbia," the first American ship to sail around the globe and the first under any flag to ascend the Columbia River. Davidson [Catalogue 81 and 82] chronicled a sailor's day-to-day life, then as now a hard life. A little later Louis Choris [Catalogue 110] would visit Hawaii and report the islands in a number of drawings. So western civilization moved toward the nineteenth century—that century of material and territorial expansion, of scientific and technological progress, of deepening conflicts.

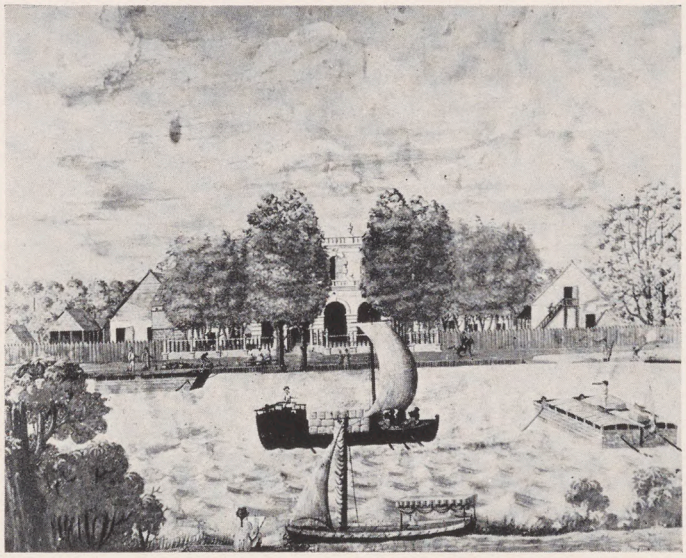
"Yesterday," wrote the *New York Daily Advertiser* of April 24, 1789, "arrived the illustrious George Washington, President of the United States, amidst the joyful acclamations of every party and every description of citizens." Washington had been met at Elizabeth-town, New Jersey, by three senators and five representatives

of the Congress of the United States, and others, "with whom he embarked in the barge, built for the purpose of wafting his excellency across the bay, and rowed by thirteen pilots of the harbour, dressed in white uniforms, Thomas Randall Esq. acting as cockswain." Seventy-six years later "thirty-six young ladies in white" would place wreaths on the martyred Lincoln's coffin as his funeral cortege took its way through the streets of Chicago. So the American story makes a full circle.

The acclaim given our first President was but a symbol of the truth that history creates its heroes, as heroes in turn make history. "Again your Country demands your care," declaimed Colonel Dennis Ranney, mayor of Alexandria, as the President-elect made his way from Mount Vernon to New York. "Not to admire the patriotism which directs your conduct,—Do your neighbors and Friends now address you. Themes less splendid, but more endearing, impress our minds. The first and best of citizens must leave us. Our Aged must lose Their ornament. Our Youth their Model. Our agriculture its improver.Our Commerce its friend. Our infant Academy its patron. Our Poor their Benefactor. And the interior navigation of the Potomack, an event replete with the most extensive utility, already, by your unremitted exertions, brought into partial use—its Institutor and Promoter."

Accepting the call to public office as a trust, Washington addressed his countrymen on April 30 with sober self-questioning. "On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years—. . . On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm one who (inheriting inferior endowments from nature and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration) ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies." Thus once more, as at the outset of the Revolution, Washington embarked on public service with no egoistic grasping after power. Nonetheless, he would be attacked and pilloried in the war of ideas into which the new nation was soon plunged.

Meanwhile American life took its course, neither tranquil nor catastrophic, but not uneventful. In the train of military victories followed economic problems. The country was faced with inflation and the task of rebuilding its productive plant. Mustered-out soldiers had to begin their lives anew, too often on the ruins of the old. Paid in scrip of little value, they faced the ubiquitous crisis of a currency without stability. Shays' Rebellion, in 1786, was but one of many manifestations of popular discontent and unrest which have marked American life. The issue of slavery,



WHITE HALL PLANTATION, LOUISIANA, about 1790, by CHRISTOPHE COLOMB. Collection of Suzanne Bringier McConnell. [Catalogue 79]

also, began to assume urgent proportions. There had been a strong opinion among members of the constitutional convention that the new constitution should outlaw the institution; but slave-holding won out. At his death Washington would manumit his slaves. But for the present the United States continued to build its economy on agrarianism and cheap labor. Soon after Washington's inauguration the first cotton mill had been established in New England; for in 1789 there had come to this country Samuel Slater, bringing with him news of the latest inventions in textile machinery. Eli Whitney's cotton gin would soon follow, and Whitney (*see* p. 109) would later provide modern technology with one of its indispensable concepts, that of interchangeable parts for guns and so by adaptation for every kind of machine. In the steam engine James Watt had fired the shot heard round the world. It remained for the United States to provide industrialism's grand demonstration.

Political history moved as rapidly as economic. In 1790 the national capital was moved to Philadelphia, in pursuance of the plan that the year 1800 would see the permanent seat of government established in the new city, Washington, on the banks of Washington's beloved Potomac. Ten years would be needed to carry out L'Enfant's city plan. Meanwhile the Athens of mankind would provide a temporary home for executive, legislative and judicial arms of the government. John Adams' Abigail, indefatigable chronicler of men and manners that she was, has recorded the interim capital for us. On November 21, 1790, she wrote relatives that she is "much better off than Mrs. Washington will be when she arrives, for that their

Liberty Displaying The Arts And Sciences, 1792, by Samuel Jennings. The Library Company of Philadelphia. [Catalogue 83]

house is not likely to be completed this year. And, when all is done, it will not be Broadway. If New York wanted any revenge for the removal, the citizens might be glutted if they would come here, where every article has become almost double in price, and where it is not possible for Congress, and the appendages, to be half as well accommodated for a long time."

The new nation was born with a dream, the dream that knowledge sets men free. As early as 1734 Franklin had proposed an academy of sciences for Philadelphia, and in 1749 the Pennsylvania Academy was organized. In 1755 the Pennsylvania Hospital came into existence, because of the insistence of Dr. Thomas Bond, one of

General Washington And His Staff Reviewing The American Troops At Fort Cumberland, Maryland, October 18, 1794, by F. Kemmelmeyer. Collection of Colonel and Mrs. Edgar W. Garbisch. [Catalogue 84]

the first ten members of the American Philosophical Society. "The Arts have always travelled westward," wrote Franklin in 1771 to Charles Willson Peale, "and there is no doubt of their flourishing hereafter on our side of the Atlantic." Toward the end of the Revolution, Franklin wrote Washington: "I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over: like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discoloured, and which, in that weak state, by a thunder-gust of violent wind, hail, and rain seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigour, and delights the eye not of its owner only but of every observing traveller."

Meanwhile history did not stand still. Events developed in an accelerating tempo. The struggle between federalists and republicans grew ever more tense as Jefferson and Hamilton battled for those who believe in equal opportunity and those who believe in special privilege. Washington, above the battle, became their objec-

THE INDIAN TREATY OF GREENVILLE, August 3, 1795, by an unknown artist. Chicago Historical Society. [Catalogue 85]

tive. Who would capture the father of his country for partisan ends? The federalists had the better chance. Would Washington become King George the First of the United States of America? His political foes believed that he was seeking his own aggrandizement. Wrote Benjamin Franklin Bache in 1797: "One of the usurpations which at one period was meditated . . . was that of rearing up again the fragments of the British Throne in America, and placing upon it Mr. George Washington. This personage indeed began to assume the tone of a king in his public speeches." On the contrary, Washington deplored the machinations of those who had assured him he could count on the army's support if he would set himself up as a king.

In the upsurge of democratic ideas, the popular will won victories. The Whiskey Rebellion broke out as a protest against onerous excise taxes which bore heavily on low income groups. Washington once again headed American troops, having called out 15,000 militia from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. On October 16, 1794, he reviewed them at Cumberland, Maryland, the first time in American history that American troops were used to enforce an unpopular law. Yet not all governmental actions were against the will of the people. The following year, at Greenville, in the heart of the Ohio wilderness, General Anthony Wayne made a treaty with the Indians which opened the Ohio territory for settlement. Meeting the Indian signatories, Wayne addressed them as follows: "BROTHERS, all nations now present: You have all smoked out of this calumet, when we first opened council at this place, except the Shawanese. . . .

"Listen, all you sachems, chiefs, and warriors: Lift up your eyes, and behold

High Street, From The Country Market-Place: With The Procession In Commemoration Of The Death Of General George Washington, December 26, 1799, by William Birch and Thomas Birch. Atwater Kent Museum, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 87]

these instruments of writing to which the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanese, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pattawatamies, Miamies, Eel Rivers, Weas, Kickapoos, Piankeshaws, and Kaskaskias, have set their hands and seals, that they may be handed down to your children's children, as a memorial of the happy peace thereby established. When your posterity shall hereafter view these records, they will be informed that you were the great people who accomplished this blessed work, to ensure to them peace and happines forever."

The eighteenth century moved toward its close. Rivalries of the old world impinged on the new, and the young nation found itself hard put to avoid war with its ally, France. Tensions increased between the United States and Great Britain. The

Revolution had been won, but not wholly. By 1775 the value of the colonies' foreign commerce "was about one-seventh of that of all the trade of the British empire," a latter-day historian has written. "This trade was carried on with the British Isles, Holland, and other European countries, the Azores, Canary, and Madeira Islands, the West coast of Africa, and the British and foreign West Indies." The rapid expansion of American commerce after Yorktown proves how justified were Britain's fears of unrestricted colonial economic growth. Our merchant marine continued to grow, and in 1799 the frigate "Philadelphia" was built in Joshua Humphreys' shipyard, which a few years later would become the first government shipyard.

On December 14, 1799, Washington died. Heroes are not immortal, but in the hearts of their people they seem to be so. As always, death was a cruel bereavement. The memorial procession moved through the streets of Philadelphia while crowds of mourners watched. "The founder of our federal republic—our bulwark in war, our guide in peace—is no more!" lamented Major General Henry Lee. "Mourn, COLUMBIA, mourn!" exhorted a Philadelphia newspaper, "Thy Father and Protector is no more!—Mourn, Reader, of whatever kindred, tongue, or clime thou be, thy Friend, the Friend of Man and of Liberty is gone!—The Hero, the Sage, the Patriot, this glorious emanation of the Deity, is carried back to the bosom of his God!—The recording ANGEL has enregistered his virtuous deeds in Heaven, and the name of WASHINGTON will live for ever!"

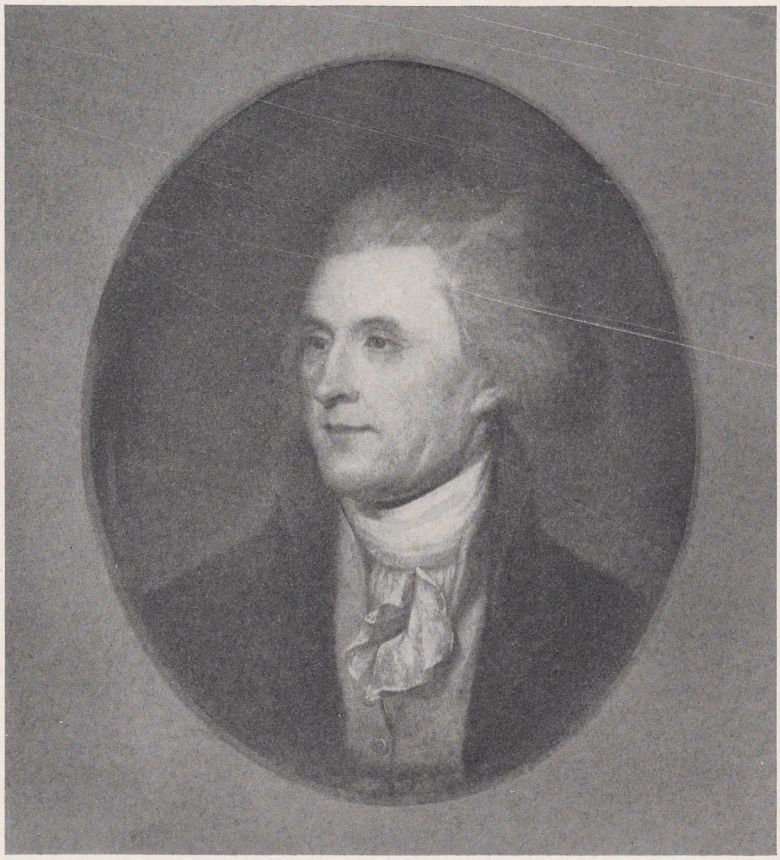
President John Adams paid tribute less rhetorically but not less eloquently: "I have seen him in the days of adversity, in some of the scenes of his deepest distress and most trying perplexities; I have also attended him in his highest elevation and most properous felicity; with uniform admiration of his wisdom, moderation, and constancy. . . . Malice could never blast his honour, and envy made him a singular exception to the universal rule. For himself he had lived enough, to life and to glory. For his fellow-citizens, if their prayers could have been answered, he would have been immortal."

Washington served his country well, in war and in peace. His native reserve became a superb dignity, and his gift of moderating between polarities of political right and political left was felicitous. He was fortunate, as our country was fortunate, to leave national figures to follow him, who also would mold the American tradition into its classical shapes of freedom and equality. After him came Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, then Lincoln, who attained greatness because they grew with the demands of the times in which they lived. All are a part of the American story, all have enhanced the American dream. For Washington there was, also, his monument—the city which bears his name.

1800-1828

A Pacific Republic

The Arts have always travelled westward



THOMAS JEFFERSON, about 1791, by CHARLES WILLSON PEALE. Independence Hall, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 80]

"WE HAVE THE SAME OBJECT, THE SUCCESS OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT." SO opened the nineteenth century—century of Pasteur and Roentgen, of Edison and Tesla, of Byron dying for Greece and Pushkin declaiming liberty on the Caucasian heights, of Beethoven hymning Napoleon and Chopin pleading Poland's cause, of Bolivar and Juarez, of Lincoln and Walt Whitman. The nineteenth century was devoted to the conquest of nature and the physical universe: progress would be its word, science its method. It began on the crest of the democratic faith Jefferson championed. "We have the same object," he stated, "the success of representative government. Nor are we acting for ourselves alone, but for the whole human race." His goals were the perfectibility of man and human betterment. For, in that time, moral aspiration was real; degradation had not yet overtaken the democratic dogma. Paine had written, "Yet let but a nation conceive rightly of its character, and it will be chastely just in protecting it. None ever began with a fairer than America, and none can be under a greater obligation to preserve it." In this spirit the United States entered the nineteenth century. Could the friends of democracy have foreseen the bitter conflicts to come, would they have spoken so? The century began on a note of triumph. Would it close on a melancholy, long, withdrawing roar?

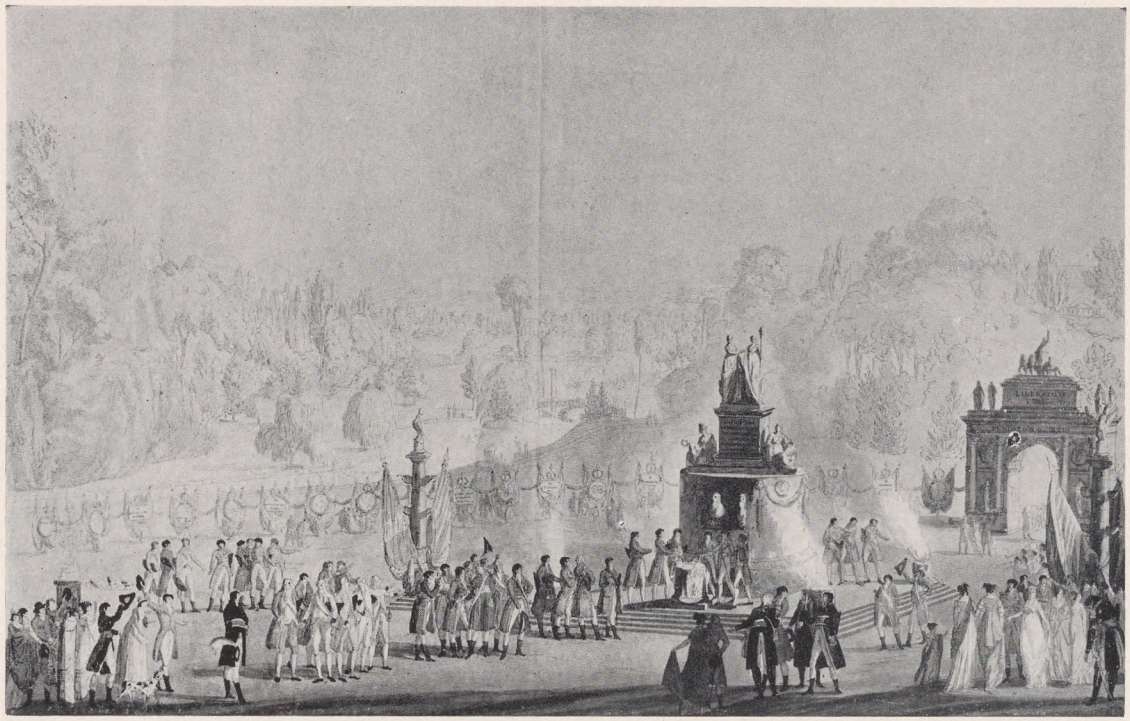
So opened the nineteenth century. Republics took the place of empires, and constitutional monarchs replaced despots. Throughout the western hemisphere colonial countries would seek the right of self-determination won by the North Americans in their revolution. At the dawn of this century dedicated to progress and parliaments, Jefferson spoke for the rights of man. Unlike Hamilton, he did not espouse the few and despise the many. Hamilton had said at the Federal Convention of 1787: "All communities divide themselves into the few and the many. The first are the rich and well-born, the other the mass of the people. . . . The people are turbulent and changing. They seldom judge or determine right. Give therefore to the first class, a distinct, permanent share in the government. They will check the unsteadiness of the second." Jefferson had written while he was secretary of state in Washington's first cabinet, "I consider the people who constitute a society or nation as the source of all authority in that nation." A quarter of a century later he wrote: "I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of the society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their

control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education."

In 1800 the democratic ideal was in the ascendant. "The Federalists are down at last," ran a popular song sung after Jefferson's election, "The Monarchists completely downcast, / The Aristocrats are stripped of power; / . . . Soon we Republicans shall see / Columbia's sons from bondage free." Henceforth American society was built by the many. Its history for the past century and a half is that of a people constantly striving to attain the goals Jefferson envisioned. Yet the many have not gone unchallenged by the few, and the American story tells of democracy's defeats as well as triumphs.

Now the United States began its vast territorial and technological expansion. In waves the Americans moved west, and west to the banks of the Potomac moved the national capital. Abigail Adams recorded the occasion. Washington was a bosky dell, leafy and peaceful beside the curving river. But Abigail was not amused by nature. She commented: "Woods are all you see, from Baltimore till you reach the *city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them." She added, "If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government, had been improved, as they would have been in New England, very much of the present inconveniences would have been removed." Yet, she concluded, "It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and, the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it." So stood the seat of government in 1800. A quarter of a century later Washington still preserved its rural air, and even at the end of Jackson's administration it had the appearance of a verdant garden.

Building a capital was not the only task confronting America. The eighteenth-century revolutions had shaken Europe to its depths. Alliances between nations changed rapidly, and the balance of power was shifting. The new nation had not fully cast off its dependence on England; and now it was caught up in the European rivalries of the Napoleonic wars. British shipping preyed on American, and our commerce was crippled. A quasi-war broke out with France, lately our ally. Fortunately, a convention of amity and commerce between the United States and France was negotiated and signed on September 30, 1800, pledging that "There shall be a firm, inviolable, and universal peace, and a true and sincere friendship between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns, and people, without exception of



The Pact Between The French Republic And The United States Of America, Signed At Mortefontaine, September 30, 1800, by Francesco Piranesi after J. Barbieri. Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt. [Catalogue 88]

person or places." Thus an international incident was averted, and the nation was free to take its next step forward. This was to be, if fortune smiled, the building of that pacific republic for which all hearts yearned. Washington was dead. Federalist John Adams had served his one term as President. Thomas Jefferson was about to be inaugurated as the third President of the United States. Nothing stood between America and its dream except the too often cruel exigencies of history.

It was 1801. Again Jefferson spoke for the rights of man. In 1798 the Alien and Sedition Acts had been passed, with an equally repressive naturalization law. Jefferson pled for opportunity for all: "Shall we refuse the unhappy fugitives from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our fathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe?" A half century later the nation would be the richer for fugitives from distress arriving in this country after the German 1848 revolution. Yet fear of "foreigners" has continued to harry American life, and throughout American history there has been a

THE EXHUMATION OF THE MASTODON, 1801, by CHARLES WILLSON PEALE. The Peale Museum, Baltimore. [Catalogue 89]

duality in the hospitable welcome proffered by the many and the restrictive laws favored by the few, though precisely in our multifarious legacy of races and creeds has resided the strength of our country and our people. Jefferson pled for that ideal, as he pled for education as democracy's best tool.

Artist-scientist Charles Willson Peale now provided one of the many chapters which testify to the new country's hunger for knowledge. Home from the Revolution, Peale added to his work as a painter an enthusiastic curiosity about matters scientific. His *Exhumation of the Mastodon* was painted in 1806 and 1807 to record the search which Peale organized for the bones of an "*incognitum*" skeleton, par-

tially exhumed on the John Masten farm near Newburgh, N. Y. For $200 Peale purchased the remains and for another $100 the right to dig further. In all, three searches were made in three different locations. "This noteworthy expedition," Peale's biographer recites, had taken five months of work in the field and cost more than a thousand dollars.

Peale wrote Benjamin West, whom he had known in London, and described the painting. He "introduced upwards to fifty figures" into the composition, "yet the number of spectators in fine weather amounted to hundreds. Eighteen of my figures are portraits, having taken advantage of taking most of this number of my family. I have introduced my painting this picture in order to state to you that I still doubted my ability of making a tolerable picture, and at the commencement of it I made use of a temporary easel . . . ; however, as I advanced in the work it seemed to engross my whole attention, and I really took pleasure in painting from morn till night and even to use lamplight. I then ordered the cabinet-maker to make me a commodious mahogany easel, etc.; so instead of burning my pencils and totally quitting the art, as I thought very probably would be the case, I found it much less difficult than I imagined and have ever since regretted that I had not taken a larger canvas and devoted more time to give a higher finish to the piece. I often say that the aged ought not to be discouraged from undertaking works of improvement."

Subsequently the mastodon bones were exhibited in New York, and $2,000 collected in admissions. Two of the sons, Rembrandt and Rubens, took the exhibit abroad, only to return home in debt. Even so, Americans had made one of the first exports of intellectual matter. In this century the transmission of commodities from the United States to Europe would not be confined to material goods: ideas, scientific news, inventions, patents, processes, would all travel eastward, and the impact of the new world on the old would be as great as the dependence of the new on the old. The Crystal Palace (*see* p. 152) illustrates how American technology influenced European thought. So the new country nurtured the arts and sciences, and native culture flourished. Of this company of artists and scientists, John James Audubon (*see* p. 118) was but one.

With enthusiasm the old world received word of the new world's natural wonders. None more than Niagara Falls [Catalogue 92] was marveled at, and none more often painted and described. Wrote T. Hamilton: "In attempting to convey to those who have never visited the Falls, any notion of the impression which they produce, I believe it impossible to escape the charge of exaggeration. The penalty is one which I am prepared to pay. But the objects presented by Niagara are undoubtedly among those which exercise a permanent influence on the imagination

BOMBARDMENT OF TRIPOLI, 1804, by MICHEL FELICE CORNE. Rhode Island Historical Society, Providence. [Catalogue 91]

of the spectator. The day—the hour—the minute—when his eye first rested on the Great Horseshoe Fall, is an epoch in the life of any man. He gazes on a scene of splendour and sublimity far greater than the unaided fancy of poet or painter ever pictured. He has received an impression which time cannot diminish, and death only can efface. The results of that single moment will extend through a lifetime, enlarge the sphere of thought and influence the whole tissue of his moral being."

The early years of Jefferson's administration were years of growth. Fifty thousand Americans had already emigrated into the Ohio and Tennessee Valleys, and in 1803, for the sum of $14,500,000, the United States added to its domain the 828,000 square miles of the Louisiana Territory. The next year Lewis and Clark traveled west and strengthened the American claim to Oregon. Land policy had been formulated in the Northwest Ordinance. Now with the acquisition of the vast lands lying west of the Mississippi, public land, purchasable at $1.25 an acre in blocks of eighty acres, became one of the inherent and inalienable rights of Americans. Thus the frontier appeared on the American stage in a leading role. "Hi-o, away we go," sang the emigrants, "Floating down the river on the O-hi-o."

The course of empire did not, however, take its way without hindrance. The Tripolitan War was a prelude to the serious injuries done commerce and national pride by British impressment of American seamen. In three years over six thousand Americans were taken from their ships and forced into the service of England. War with Great Britain would prove unavoidable. Meanwhile in the Mediterranean the growing American navy prepared for days to come. On August 3, 1804, Captain Edward Preble, on board the United States frigate "Constitution," recorded the war. "The Town of Tripoli, as well as the Shipping in the Harbor has suffered very

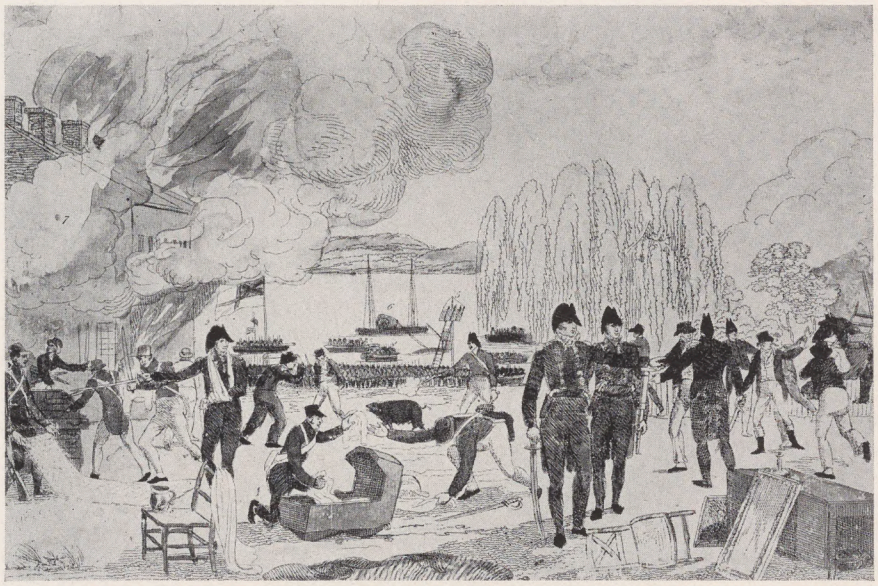
SUNDAY MORNING IN FRONT OF THE ARCH STREET MEETING HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, 1811-1813, by PAVEL PETROVICH SVIN'IN. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Catalogue 94]

The gray color of their bonnets lends their snowy languid faces a lovely conventual shadow, a kind of melancholy which heightens the seductive charm of their blue eyes and fair tresses. Generally speaking, the Quakeresses are distinguished by fine figures and small feet.

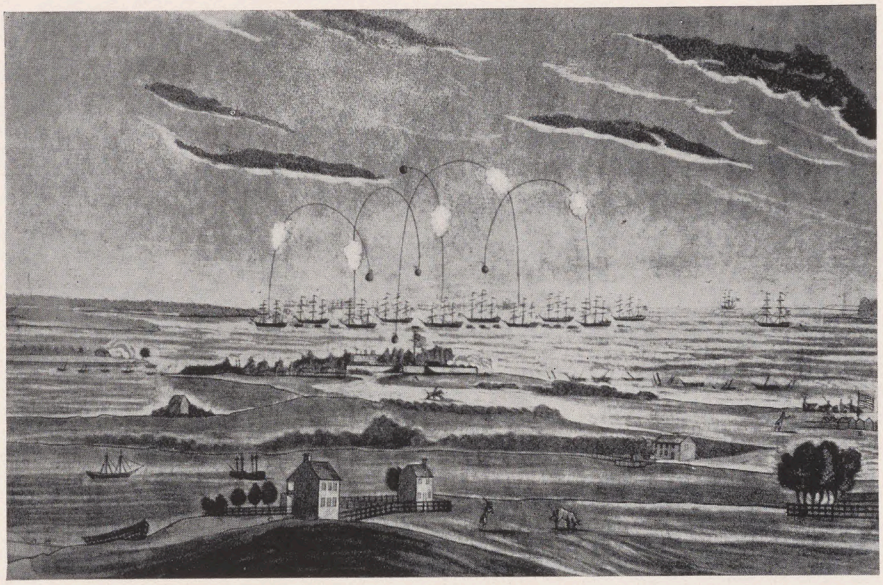
considerably—We lost one brave officer, . . . We have a few men wounded, and the Squadron suffered some trifling Damage in Masts, Spars, riggings &c. but nothing what we had reason to expect, from being two hours in action, within 500 Yards of the Enemies Batteries—Our Bombs threw several shells into the Town, with good effect."

At home American ingenuity was thriving. On the Hudson, Robert Fulton made his experiments with the steamboat "Clermont." Now our great rivers would open up as avenues of transportation. The Cumberland Road was completed and other turnpikes were begun. There was talk of canals (*see* p. 107 and 130) to augment the continent's riverways. The submarine [Catalogue 155] was conceived in Fulton's mind, not as an engine of destruction but as an instrument for good. So the inventor-painter called on the nations of the world to make mutual pacts of peace.

The years marched, and Jefferson left the White House to retire to Monticello. James Madison became our fourth President. In his administration the country



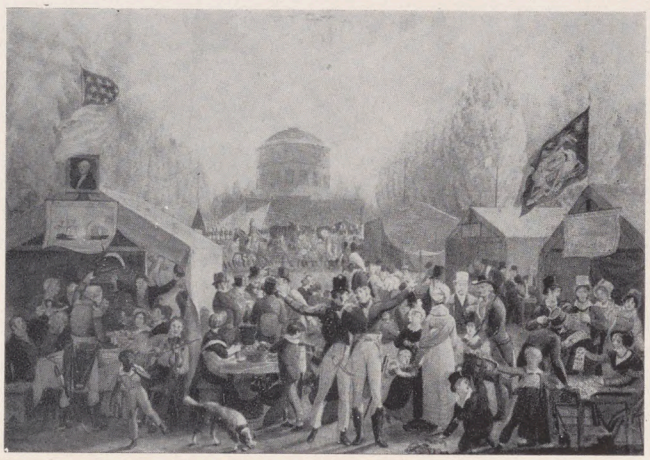
Admiral Cockburn Burning And Plundering Havre De Grace, May 3, 1813, (upper) by William Charles. Maryland Historical Society [Catalogue 102]. The Constitution And The Guerriere, August 19, 1812, (lower) by Thomas Birch. United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. [Catalogue 101]



A View Of The Bombardment Of Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814, (upper) by John Bower. Chicago Historical Society. [Catalogue 106]. The Battle Of Lake Erie, September 12, 1813, (lower) by Ambroise Louis Garneray. Chicago Historical Society. [Catalogue 103]

THE WATER COLOR CLASS, 1815-1820, by an unknown artist. Collection of Mrs. E. C. Chadbourne. [Catalogue 108]

A PARADE PASSING INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, about 1812, by JOHN LEWIS KRIMMEL. Springfield Art Museum, Springfield, Missouri. [Catalogue 100]

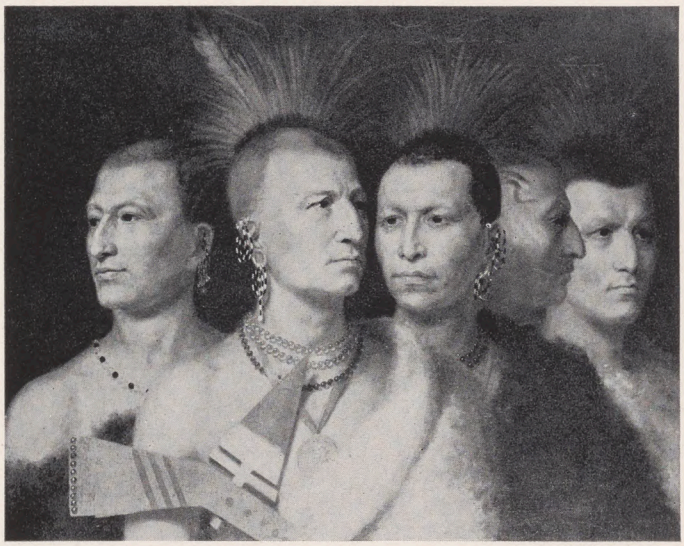


A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN CENTER SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, 1819, by JOHN LEWIS KRIMMEL. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 112]

once again would fight for independence, and the silver cord of dependence on the mother country be severed. Briefly came an episode of undeclared war [Catalogue 99]; and William Henry Harrison appeared at Tippecanoe. Then followed war, overt and declared. At first the Americans were unsuccessful. The campaign against Canada failed. The United States had been unprepared for hostilities, with an army of only 3,000 men. Soon, however, the victories of Perry on Lake Erie (*see* p. 99) and of MacDonough on Lake Champlain [Catalogue 104] changed the tide. British land forces marched on Washington and burned the Capitol. Previously at Havre de Grace (*see* p. 98) they "separated into hands of thirty or forty men, and [were] sent to plunder and burn such houses as were not already on fire . . . . Havre de Grace consisted of about sixty houses, and of these not more than forty were burnt. Many others were plundered and much injured, and scarcely one remained which was not perforated with balls or defaced by the explosion of shells." At Fort McHenry (*see* p. 99), however, the invaders gave way. Here the flag "was still there." The War of 1812 was ended with the American victory. Andrew Jackson did not hear the news of peace, though, until after he had fought and won the battle of New Orleans [Catalogue 107] early in 1815. His forces marched to battle, band playing "Hail, Columbia," composed in 1798 to inspirit Americans against the harrassments of British and French. The war won, henceforth the United States would be treated as an equal member of the family of nations.

Though the silver cord of political dependence had been cut, it would be a hundred years before the United States established itself as an independent economic entity. Not till after World War One did the world center of financial gravity shift from Threadneedle Street to Wall Street. In the meantime, war strengthened the spirit of national unity, encouraged the development of improved facilities for transportation, and promoted the rise of the West. The Cumberland Road ran to Wheeling on the Ohio, then still in the state of Virginia (*see* p. 130), the Wilderness Road went through the Cumberland Gap to the Kentucky Territory, the Lancaster Turnpike starting from Philadelphia reached the Ohio at Pittsburgh, and the Genessee Road ran from Albany to Buffalo. The favorable American physiography was reflected in these westward routes, paralleling each other, even as do today the great east-west motor highways—U. S. 20, 30, 40, 50, 60. In 1817 the state of New York began work on the Erie Canal, and Pennsylvania aided turnpike and canal promoters, as did New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia.

America was on the march. "Pioneers, O pioneers," exulted Walt Whitman a little later. By thousands and then by hundreds of thousands individual family groups moved west, seeking homesteads on cheap public lands, seeking homes. "We are



YOUNG OMAHAW, WAR EAGLE, LITTLE MISSOURI AND PAWNEES, 1821, by CHARLES BIRD KING. Smithsonian Institution, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. [Catalogue 115]

seldom out of sight, as we travel on this grand track towards the Ohio, of family groups, behind and before us, some with a view to a particular spot, close to a brother, perhaps, or a friend who has gone before and reported well of the country." Occasionally a picturesque community would arise like that of the French Napoleonic emigrés in Texas, nostalgically named "Champ d'Asile" [Catalogue 111]. In the main the western-bound emigrants came from the many, as opposed to Hamilton's few. The men of the new frontier believed that all men are created equal, even as had the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They hated financial monopoly, political privilege, and social distinctions. They stood for the common man whose spokesman Andrew Jackson was, and from them sprang that preeminent common man, Abraham Lincoln. "Its Congress," sang Walt Whitman, "is you and me." America is you and me, sang the pioneers.

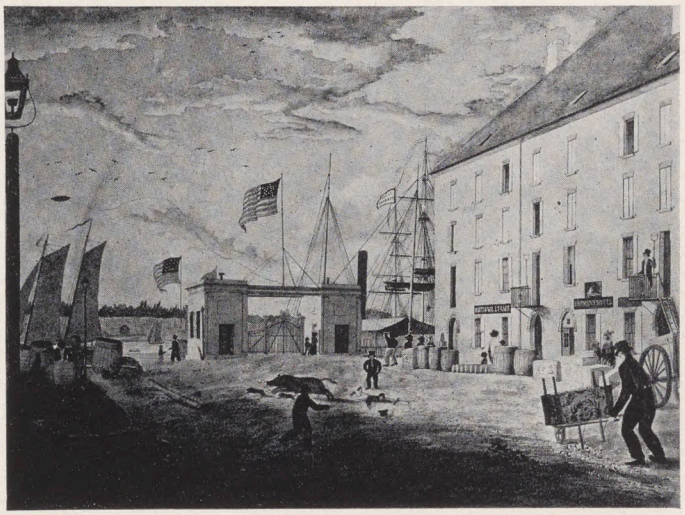
Life in America after the War of 1812 was not all song. The country faced grave economic problems of banking, inflation, protective tariffs, which were to bedevil the United States throughout the nineteenth century and did not cease to be problems in the twentieth. Indian affairs did not follow a smooth course: complex social and historic forces entered into relations between the native inhabitants and the European newcomers. Too many memories survived of the use of Indians against frontier settlements by British armed forces. Too many memories survived in the Indians' minds, also. For promises they had given up their lands; in payment they were driven ruthlessly westward, segregated in reservations, and reduced to the status of wards of the government. Even the acquisition of Florida by an amicable

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C., 1824, by CHARLES BURTON. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Catalogue 118]

settlement of $5,000,000, did not ameliorate our policy. The Indians were to be settled west of the Mississippi. There, they would live through years of subjugation.

Yet when they came to Washington to petition the government, a benevolent Great White Father in the White House had Charles Bird King paint their portraits. Frances Trollope saw and recorded this in 1832: "The bureau for Indian affairs contains a room of great interest; the walls are entirely covered with original portraits of all the chiefs who from time to time, have come to negociate with their great father, as they call the President. These portraits are by Mr. King, and, it cannot be doubted, are excellent likenesses, as are all the portraits I have ever seen from the hands of that gentleman." As Hesselius had portrayed Tishcohan (*see* p. 48) with dignity, so did the artist portray the visiting Indians. King was an American, born in Newport, who "went to reside at Washington, where for forty years he was engaged in painting portraits of the most eminent men of the day." Among these were Young Omahaw, War Eagle, and Little Missouri, shown in his group portrait of five of the delegation of sixteen leaders of the Pawnee, Omaha, Oto, Missouri and Kansa tribes who came to Washington in 1821. At this time they might be impressed by the majesty of the House of Representatives (*see* frontispiece), but they would find the Capitol still bearing marks of the War of 1812. A contemporary account reads, "The Capitol, of Corinthian order, its vast central rotundo [*sic*] and done yet being unbuilt between the wings, is an enormous block of massive freestone, scathed and smutched by the late war-fire, and scowling like desolation."

To offset the questions raised by Florida, there was the Oregon Territory, far-off and alluring, not yet inspiring the slogan, "Fifty-Four-Forty or Fight." The upsurge of the early century had been checked by the war; but after the Treaty of Ghent westward surged the pioneers again. Motives were many—lure of the wilder-



FULTON STREET, NEW YORK, 1821, by SARAH PIERSON. Collection of Mrs. Richard L. Kennedy, Jr., and Henry L. Pierson. [Catalogue 113]

ness, bargains in cheap land, a society relatively free from discrimination, and the goad of economic necessity, for the panic of 1819 was a compelling factor in the second wave of nineteenth-century emigration. By 1820 there was a "Western bloc" in Congress, with sixteen votes in a Senate totaling forty-four. New states had quickly been admitted to the Union: Kentucky in 1792, Tennessee in 1796, Ohio in 1803, Louisiana in 1812, Indiana in 1816, Mississippi in 1817, Illinois in 1818, Alabama in 1819. Public lands, Indian policies, and internal improvements began to bulk large in congressional deliberations. Now the issue of slavery became urgent. In 1820 the Missouri Compromise seemed to offer a solution: the nation would be half slave and half free. For the time being the question pended.

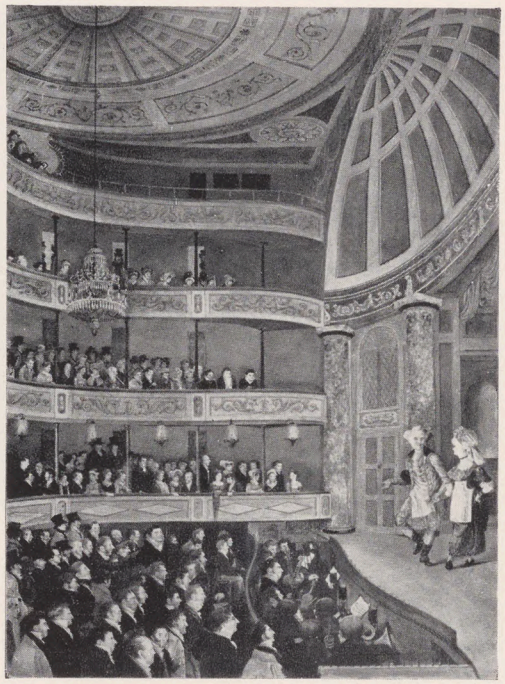
Established as a nation in its own right, the United States faced the issue of foreign relations. In 1823 Monroe, who in 1817 had succeeded Madison as President, made the pronouncement which has been the cornerstone of American foreign policy in the western hemisphere. "The American continents," he proclaimed, "are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers." Jefferson, now sage and venerable, declared that the question raised "is the most momentous . . . since that of Independence. That made us a nation, this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe,

THE FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS, 1821, by THOMAS BIRCH. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 114]

and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should surely be, to make our hemisphere that of freedom." Once again moral aspiration spoke. Perhaps once again our reach exceeded our grasp.

Frontier and foreign policy aside, there remained complex problems of urban society. Our cities were thriving. At their docks American vessels tied up, bringing home cargoes from foreign lands. No longer a colony, the United States could export manufactured goods as well as raw materials. Yet still infant industries had to be cherished with protective tariffs. Cities had to have fire and police protection, water supply and sanitation. Justifiable pride was felt in the measures taken to provide our cities with modern facilities for urban living. "Of the numerous public establishments by which Philadelphia is adorned or benefited, there is no one of which her citizens have better reason to be proud than the magnificent works by which the city is supplied, even in its most remote quarters, with pure and wholesome water," wrote a contemporary account. "It is believed that no city on the globe, of equal population, has undertaken and completed an operation so arduous and expensive as the introduction of the Schuylkill water." Further, "These noble works are highly attractive, both to citizens and strangers, and such is the number of visiters, that three stages have been established, which run daily from different parts of the city to Fair Mount, and average, each, about six trips a day." Urbanism, however, puts many loads on the social contract. Pigs could no longer run wild in the streets, nor could every householder deposit his waste in the gutter.

The eighteenth century had been the century of reason applied to political the-



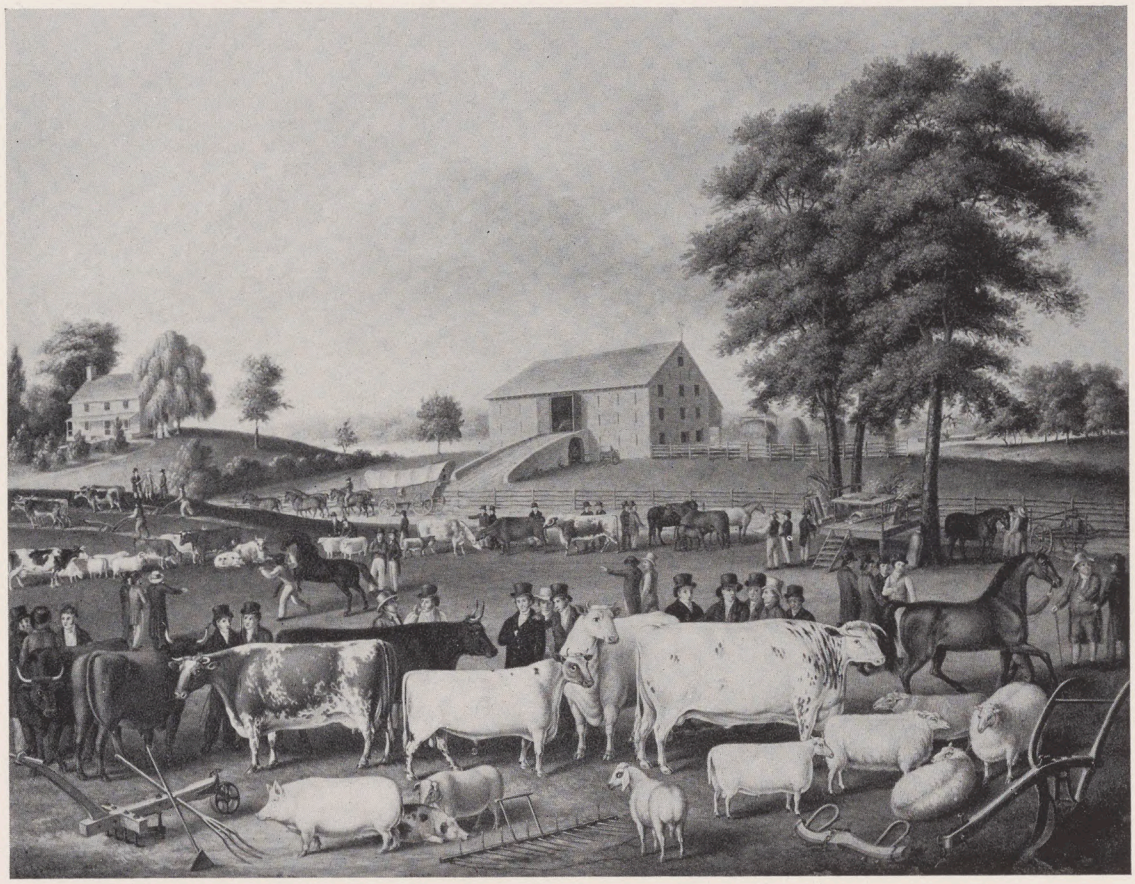
THE DINNER PARTY, about 1825 (left), by HENRY SARGENT. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. [Catalogue 120]. THE INTERIOR OF THE PARK THEATER, NEW YORK CITY, November, 1822 (right), by JOHN SEARLE. The New-York Historical Society [Catalogue 117].

ory, the nineteenth the century of rationalization applied to science and technology. The popular demand for schooling was great. Land grant colleges would come into being after the Civil War, and the democratic base for education would be widened. Meanwhile the nation's public schools were aided by federal grants of various types. Nearly 150,000,000 acres of public land were given to the states, the income from which was used for educational purposes. And in 1837 the Surplus Revenue Deposit Act distributed $28,000,000 among the states. Even before the War of 1812, a Russian visitor, Paul Petrovich Svin'in, had written as follows: "You should not look for profound philosophers and celebrated professors in America; but you will be astonished at the correct notions of the humblest citizen respecting the most abstract matters. The son of the first banker in the land goes to the same school with the son of the most destitute day laborer. Everyone studies the geography of his country, knows the rudiments of arithmetic and has a general idea about other sciences. That is why every peasant [*Svin'in is using the Russian word, "muzhik".*

THE ERIE CANAL CELEBRATION, NEW YORK, November 4, 1825, by ANTHONY IMBERT. Museum of the City of New York. [Catalogue 121]

Ed.] here not only would not be surprised by an eclipse of the moon or the appearance of a comet, but could discuss these phenomena with a fair degree of intelligence. Education at home is unknown here: all the children go to public schools, and this develops their ideas the sooner and teaches them, in a sense, to think concertedly and see things in the same light."

By this date the arts had traveled westward. They did not, however, always find either patron or audience on our side of the Atlantic. Only with difficulty did Samuel F. B. Morse, painter and inventor of the magnetic telegraph, find support for his large painting, *The Old House of Representatives, (see* frontispiece). A decade later, crotchety John Quincy Adams "doubted if four native artists could be found of eminence in the profession so transcendent as to ensure the performance of four masterpieces." Like other Americans, past and present, J. Q. Adams admired foreign but distrusted home-grown art. Lack of encouragement for American artists drove Morse to scientific pursuits for the last half of his life, though he was a leading spirit in the formation of the National Academy of Design and served as its president for many years. Of his master-work, Morse wrote in 1823:



THE COUNTRY FAIR, 1824, by JOHN A. WOODSIDE. Collection of Harry T. Peters, Jr. [Catalogue 119]

"The Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States is, without doubt, one of the most splendid Legislative Halls in the world.

"The *Dome* is ornamented by painted imitations of sunken panels, with a flower in the center of each.

"The *Eagle* upon the frieze over the Speaker's chair, is ten feet between the wings.

"The *Columns*, 28 feet in height, are of breccia, a concrete of various kinds of stones, of all sizes and colours.

"Between the columns and behind them are suspended *Curtains* of scarlet moreen, fringed with yellow drops.

"The *Time* chosen is at candle lighting while the members are assembling for an

THE ELI WHITNEY GUN FACTORY, about 1826, by WILLIAM GILES MUNSON. Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven. [Catalogue 122]

evening session. The *Portraits* were taken at Washington about a year ago, each person sat for his likeness, with the exception of the Hon. William Lowndes, whose portrait was sketched from the gallery.

"The primary design of the present picture is not so much to give a highly finished likeness of the individuals introduced, as to exhibit to the public a faithful representation of the National Hall, with its furniture and business during the session of Congress. If the individuals are simply recognized by their acquaintance as likenesses, the whole design of the painter will be answered."

This was the golden day. Theater and social life flourished, and the arts of peace throve. Into the Southwest, where Coronado had gone three centuries before, reached the Santa Fe Trail. In the East, transportation also made progress, as the Erie Canal opened in 1825. "Clinton's ditch" had not failed and would not fail till newer forms of transit developed. Two years later railroads made their bow on the American scene. Meanwhile popular acclaim of the canal was great. Sang the folk: "Then there's the State of New York, where some are very rich; / Themselves and a few others have dug a mighty ditch." Governor De Witt Clinton commingled the waters of the Great Lakes with the Atlantic by pouring a keg of Lake Erie water into New York Harbor. On Wednesday, October 26, "At twenty minutes past eleven o'clock this morning," wrote the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, "the joyful intelligence was proclaimed to our citizens, by the roar of artillery, that the great, the gigantic work, of uniting the upper Lakes with the ocean, was completed, and that

exactly an hour and twenty minutes before, the first boat from the Erie had entered the Canal, and commenced its voyage to New York." Cadwallader D. Colden wrote in the memoir prepared for the occasion that "never before was there such a fleet collected (*see* p. 107), and so superbly decorated."

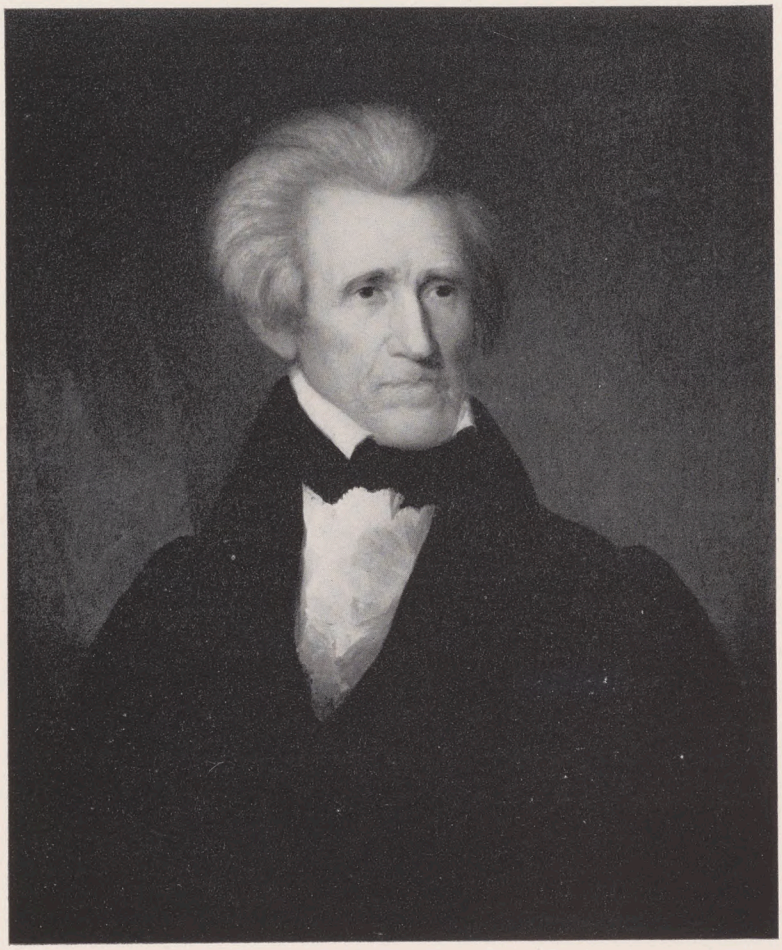
Agriculture flourished, no less than commerce. Farmlands in the interior brought forth abundant harvests; they would, it seemed, be forever fertile. The art of the husbandman was honored and the science of cultivating the soil encouraged. Fruits and flowers of the earth were bountiful. This was America's golden day—ripe with promise, rich with hope. At country fairs (*see* p. 108) gathered farmers, tophats and all, to discuss animal husbandry, compare notes on farm equipment, and work for the scientific improvement of farming. Early in the century a rich Albany merchant, Elkanah Watson, had become interested in such questions, and in the fall of 1810 he, together with twenty-six others, held the Berkshire Cattle Show. Later Lincoln stated, in a speech delivered before the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society in Milwaukee, that "Agricultural fairs are becoming an institution of the country . . . . They bring us together, and thereby make us better acquainted and better friends than we otherwise would be . . . and [they] aid in improving the great calling of agriculture in all its departments and minute divisions."

Andrew Jackson would have been President when the Erie Canal opened if the popular will had been carried out. The choice of the presidency had been thrown into the House of Representatives in 1824 when no candidate received a majority of the electoral votes. The hero of New Orleans had a plurality, but John Quincy Adams became our fifth President. Jackson was embittered, but his opponent suffered the more cruelly. His was a frustrated administration, for the Congress was controlled by the new party. Democrats, the followers of Jacksonianism called themselves in affirming Jeffersonian principles. So America faced the age of the common man. In four years Jackson would enter the White House, and again American democracy would be on the march, new frontiers to be conquered, horizons of American society to be extended. Such was the American dream in 1828.

1829-1860

New Frontiers

This land unsatisfied by little ways



ANDREW JACKSON, 1835, by ASHER B. DURAND. The New-York Historical Society. [Catalogue 130]

"THE PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO STIR, AND WHEN THEY DO THEY WILL BE HEARD." The people had been stirring in 1824, but they were not heard. In 1828 they spoke with a loud and commanding voice. Jackson had written in 1824: "If I am elected to fill the Presidential chair it must be by the people; and I will be the President of the nation, and not of a party." In 1828 he carried the western and southern states, as well as Pennsylvania and most of New York. Only that federalist stronghold, New England, held out against the victory of the common man. "We had but a melancholy evening of it when the news came that General Jackson had been elected to the presidency, and that John Quincy Adams was defeated," relates a contemporary. "My impression is that I cried, having arrived at the mature age of eight years, and understanding such things much better than I have since, or, for that matter, do now. I had a strong belief not only that the republic would go to ruin, but that general ignorance would prevail, that no new books would be printed, that public schools would be abolished, that universal poverty would ensue, and the whaling business especially would come to an end. Why should I not have been thus melancholy when my elders and betters made perfect hypochondriacs of themselves? I doubt if any public man was ever more thoroughly hated than General Jackson was then in Massachusetts."

Far otherwise felt the popular majority which had elected Jackson. For the first time a man of the people was President. On his way to Washington for his inauguration, Jackson passed through Cincinnati. That omnipresent observer, Mrs. Trollope, describes his reception there: "Upon receiving this information the silent crowd divided itself in a very orderly manner, leaving a space for him to walk through them. He did so, uncovered, though the distance was considerable, and the weather very cold; but he alone (with the exception of a few European gentlemen who were present) was without a hat. He wore his grey hair, carelessly, but not ungracefully arranged, and, spite of his harsh gaunt features, he looks like a gentleman and a soldier."

The people thronged to the national capital to celebrate its son's triumph. "No one who was at Washington at the time of General Jackson's inauguration is likely to forget that period," reads an eyewitness account. It continued: "It seemed as if half the nation had rushed at once into the Capital. . . . The West and the South

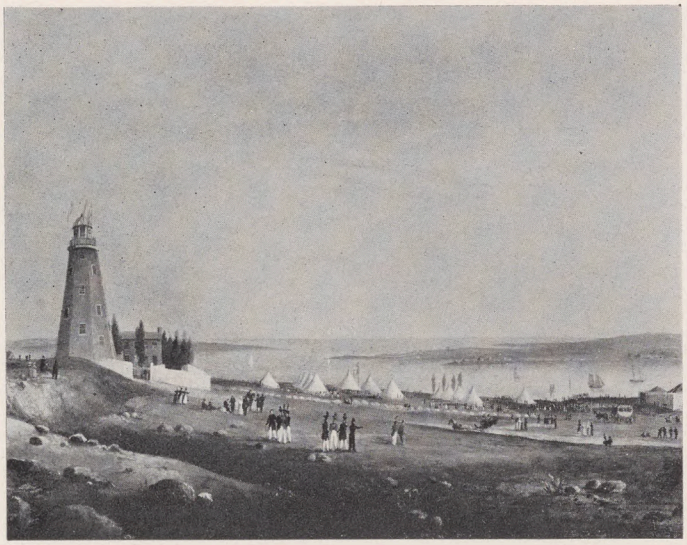
seemed to have precipitated themselves upon the North and overwhelmed it. On that memorable occasion you might tell a 'Jackson man' almost as far as you could see him. Their every motion seemed to cry out 'victory!' Strange faces filled every public place, and every face seemed to bear defiance in its brow. . . . On the morning of the inauguration, the vicinity of the Capitol was like a great agitated sea; every avenue to the fateful spot was blocked up with people, in so much that the legitimate procession which accompanied the President-elect could scarce make its way to the eastern portico, where the ceremony was to be performed. To repress the crowd in front, a ship's cable was stretched across about two-thirds of the way up the long flight of steps by which the Capitol is approached on that side, but it seemed, at times, as if even this would scarce prove sufficient to restrain the eagerness of the multitude, . . . Never can I forget the spectacle which presented itself on every side, nor the electrifying moment when the eager, expectant eyes of that vast and motley multitude caught sight of the tall and imposing form of their adored leader. As he came forth between the columns of the portico, the color of the whole mass changed, as if by miracle; all hats were off at once, and the dark tint which usually pervades a mixed map of men was turned, as if by a magic wand, into the bright hue of ten thousand upturned and exultant human faces, radiant with sudden joy. The peal of shouting that arose rent the air, and seemed to shake the very ground."

The popular jubilation was an echo of Jackson's own faith in man. His creed of government was constant. In 1825 he had written to James Buchanan from the Hermitage as follows: "The great constitutional corrective in the hands of the people against usurpation of power, or corruption by their agents is the right of suffrage; and this when used with calmness and deliberation will prove strong enough. It will perpetuate their liberties and rights, and will compel their representatives to discharge their duties with an eye single to the public interest, for whose security and advancement government is instituted." Again, in September, 1828, he wrote of the coming election: "The people having taken me up must determine the canvass themselves, without any agency of mine. If they succeed, then it can with truth be said, that virtue has triumphed over the corrupting influence of executive patronage and designing Demagogues. *The people must themselves Triumph*—a great principle is at stake, and if they do, then it can be said all power flows from them." In his inaugural address, he expressed the same faith: "As long as our Government is administered for the good of the people, and is regulated by their will; as long as it secures to us the rights of person and of property, liberty of conscience and of the press, it will be worth defending." Even at the close of his second term, when ill health and disappointment made him less than the buoyant figure he had

THE VIRGINIA CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1829-1830, by GEORGE CATLIN. The New-York Historical Society. [Catalogue 124]

been, Jackson never renounced democracy. In 1834 he wrote: "I have never despaired of our republic, my hopes rest upon the virtue of the people, the source of all sovereign power in republics." By his election the American dream was revivified, and again our country moved forward to new frontiers.

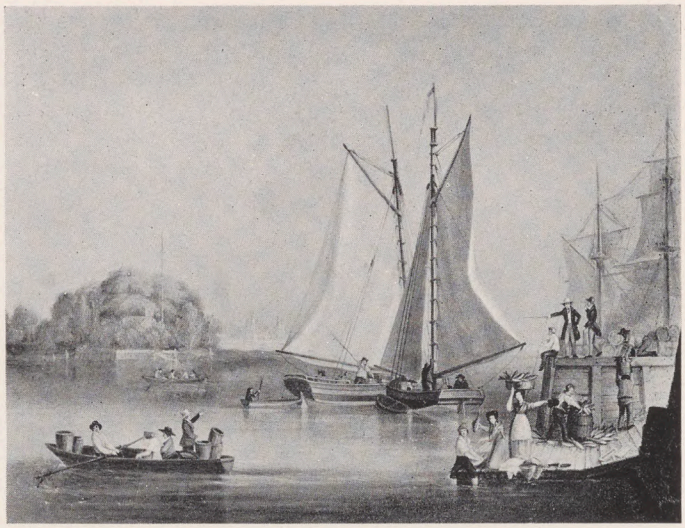
The dream needed revivification. The United States was growing in all areas—territorial, financial, political, technological, and cultural. So rapid had been the new nation's progress that Svin'in had written fifteen years earlier as follows: "The United American States present to the observer an example unprecedented in the annals of history. . . . The Americans have shown themselves fully worthy of enjoying those rights of true liberty and happiness, the first foundation of the spirit of their Government, which, to my mind, excels in this respect all the ancient and modern republics. The American laws seem to be established for a kind, wise people, able to keep within the limits of human and social rights. Thus were founded



THE ENCAMPMENT AND ENTERTAINMENT OF THE BOSTON RIFLE RANGERS BY THE PORTLAND RIFLE COMPANY, AUGUST, 1830, by CHARLES CODMAN. Victor Spark, New York. [Catalogue 125]

the first settlements of Northern America, and thus were they consolidated under the rule of the immortal Washington. Hence this incredibly rapid headway made by this country, an advance which seems more like a dream than a reality. Suddenly the silent wilderness and primeval forests vanished, and were replaced by cities which for size and magnificence are not inferior to the oldest capitals of Europe; the impassable swamps became rich fields and pastures, the crops of which feed half of the Old World, while the American rivers gave birth [*sic*] to vessels, which, having spread over the seven seas, have established America's claim to be the second commercial nation of the world."

Growth had, however, brought problems. The United States had by no means attained the goals of equality and opportunity promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Wealth was concentrated in the hands of the few, and the many had already faced one major depression in the nineteenth century, that of 1819. Suffrage had till recently been restricted by religious and property qualifications. Again it was the West which acted as a spur to democratize the nation. The new states adopted constitutions providing for universal manhood suffrage. The eastern and northern states had to follow suit. Prominent in the struggle for the rights of man was Martin Van Buren, who would succeed Jackson in 1836, to become our eighth President. Van Buren "pointed out the injustice of giving the ballot to the holders of the two hundred and fifty-six millions of real estate, and refusing it to men who paid taxes on one hundred and fifty millions of personal property." Massachusetts had widened the suffrage in 1820, and New York



A Harbor Scene With Fish Market Near Philadelphia, 1833, by William Carr. Victor Spark, New York. [Catalogue 128]

followed in 1821, abolishing the property qualification for white electors and granting the vote to any free Negro possessed of a freehold worth $250. In Massachusetts the fight against widening the suffrage had been led by Daniel Webster, and to an extent his views prevailed. By 1825 every northern state except Rhode Island had granted manhood suffrage, as would Delaware, Mississippi, and Georgia early in Jackson's administration. Finally, Maryland, in 1826, "after a struggle of more than twenty years, opened her public offices to the Jews." For fifty years "every man appointed to any office of profit or trust [had been required] before he entered on his duties, [to] 'subscribe a declaration of his belief in the Christian religion'." Virginia also had made no changes in its constitutional requirements for the suffrage since 1776. Thus after a half century of political democracy, "no free Negro, no mulatto, no man who refused to give assurance of fidelity to the constitution, could vote under any circumstances."

In 1829 and 1830 the Virginia Constitutional Convention met and was perhaps more noteworthy for aesthetic than political aspects. For the painter George Catlin, later to be known for his western and Indian subjects (*see* p. 119), was invited to attend and paint the official portrait group of the convention (*see* p. 115). His water color shows the moment when the convention originally opened, with James Madison addressing the chairman. In all there were present ninety-six delegates, a chaplain, editors of the two leading Richmond papers, a clerk and a stenographer. The delegates included former Presidents Monroe and Madison, Chief Justice John Marshall, Governor William B. Giles, John Randolph, and representatives of most

AUDUBON THE NATURALIST, about 1841, by JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON and VICTOR GIFFORD AUDUBON. The American Museum of Natural History, New York. [Catalogue 154]

of the first families of Virginia. The convention revised the Virginia constitution "and extended the franchise somewhat, but still restricted it by property qualifications as curious as they were elaborate." Nonetheless the ideal of political equality was promoted as far as male suffrage was concerned, though the nineteenth amendment to the Constitution, giving women the vote, would not be passed till 1920.

Proof that the ballot was valued may be read in the great increase in the vote. "In 1824 the aggregate vote cast in the presidential election was only 356,000," writes a latter-day historian, "in 1836 it rose to 1,500,000; and in 1840 the vote was 2,400,000 —seven times as much as only sixteen years earlier. While part of this increase resulted from the growth of population, most of it could be traced to the unshackling of the ballot and the mounting interest in politics." To some the fruits of political democracy were distasteful. Of Jackson's inauguration Justice Joseph Story wrote, "The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant." Those who shared Jackson's faith in the common man read events otherwise.

Again American life revealed the cleavage symbolized by Jefferson and Hamilton, and again the advances won by the many were at the price of bitterness and misunderstanding. "Jackson's main creed can be summed up in a few phrases," one source states, "faith in the common man; belief in political democracy; belief in equal economic opportunity; hatred of monopoly, special privilege, and the intricacies of capitalistic finance." Jackson's program sought to bring forth financial reforms as well as political, to the end that equality of economic opportunity might be achieved. His successful battle with the second Bank of the United States did not endear him

THE UPPER MISSOURI: GRAND DETOUR, about 1832, by GEORGE CATLIN. The American Museum of Natural History, New York. [Catalogue 127]

to the conservatives. Yet his argument was clear and, in the minds of the many, irrefutable. In vetoing a bill for the bank's re-charter, he wrote: "In the full enjoyment of the gifts of Heaven and the fruits of superior industry, economy, and virtue, every man is equally entitled to protection by law; but when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages artificial distinctions, to grant titles, gratuities, and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer, and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society—the farmers, mechanics, and laborers—who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their Government. There are no necessary evils in government. Its evils exist only in its abuses. If it would confine itself to equal protection, and, as Heaven does its rains, shower its favors alike on the high and the low, the rich and the poor, it would be an unqualified blessing."

These ideals were carried into effect slowly. The 1820s had not been unmarked by suffering; the effects of the depression of 1819 continued, and to solve their problems people turned to economic organization. The early unions, known as workingmen's associations, had broad programs for social betterment. The first had come into existence in the eighteenth century in Philadelphia, then the metropolis of the colonies, and certificates of their groups in New York date from at least as early as 1783. In 1820 the New York Workingmen's Association included in its platform a plank calling for free public schools. In New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Massachusetts—centers of industrial population that they were and are—the unions worked for ameliorative social legislation. They asked for free public education, the

THE SMITH AND DIMON SHIPYARD, NEW YORK CITY, 1833, by JAMES PRINGLE. New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown. [Catalogue 129]

THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16 and 17, 1835, by NICOLINO CALYO. Harry Stone, New York. [Catalogue 131]

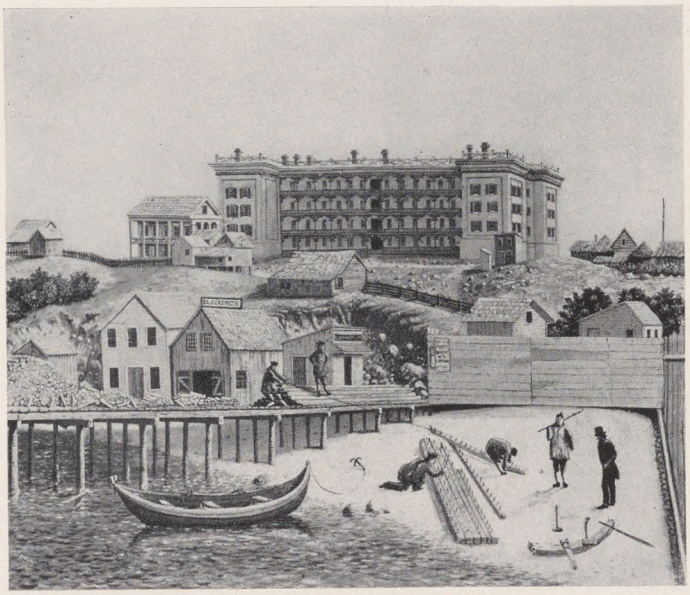
abolition of imprisonment for debt, anti-convict labor laws, laws protecting mechanics against liens, and recognition of the right of collective bargaining. The cause of working men took a great stride forward when Jackson established the ten-hour day in the national shipyards in 1836. "For the Massachusetts factories then worked men twelve and fourteen hours daily for five dollars a week."

The cities were growing. Life flowed rapidly along their harbors and rivers. From Maine to Maryland, urban society was brilliant in the glow of the golden day. The Boston Rifle Rangers went by the steamboat "Connecticut" to Portland (*see* p. 116) to be entertained by the Portland Rifle Company. Near Philadelphia (*see* p. 117) fishermen and fishwives worked on the dock as if performing a ballet. At twilight

A Slave Buyer In Africa, about 1835, by Francois Auguste Biard. Albert Lieutaud, New Orleans. [Catalogue 132]

The Interior Of The Second St. Philip's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, 1836, by Thomas Middleton. St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church, Charleston. [Catalogue 134]

tall ships rode in Boston Harbor [Catalogue 123]. Along the Patapsco River on a family picnic a little girl picked flowers, a boy rolled his hoop, and the dog retrieved sticks (*see* p. 132), while in the distance Baltimore's skyline revealed a theatrical neatness. Through the land, from Newfoundland to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans, traveled the indefatigable Audubon, master artist and scientist (*see* p. 118), while Catlin (*see* p. 119) left portraits and politics behind to sally west. Even disaster wore a drama-

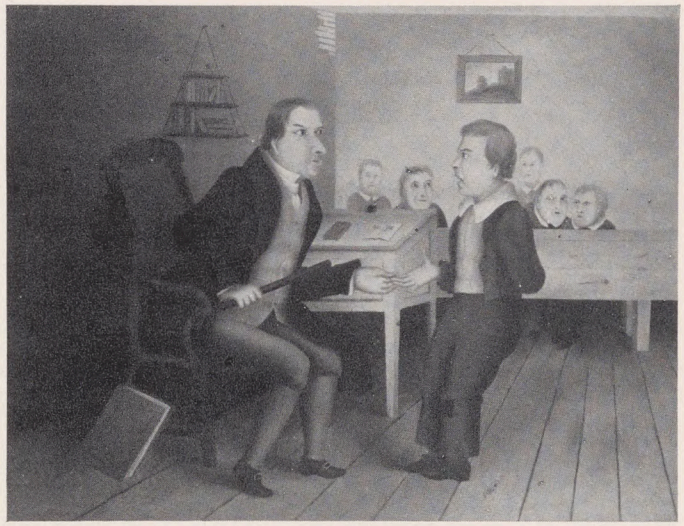


THE MARINE HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS, 1835-1840, by an unknown artist. Victor Spark, New York. [Catalogue 133]

tic face in New York's great fire of 1837 (*see* p. 120). This was America's golden day, this was America's age of innocence. Coming events had not yet cast their shadow, and life wore a careless air. The world was wide, the horizon alluring, hope still beckoned. No hint appeared of tragic times to come. Yet did unreality shroud these visual documents? Did the sun sometimes pass behind a cloud?

On the Erie Canal, dedicated to labor, life seemed a divertissement. Exploitation of our natural resources had begun in the colonial period, and many canals had been built to transport heavy, bulky coal from mine to factory. Yet this could not be read in George Harvey's paintings (*see* p. 130). A spell seemed to hold America's artists entranced, remote from reality. Occasionally a painter would speak of hours of relaxation, as William Sidney Mount did in *The Long Story*. But a document such as Bass Otis' *The Eleutherian Powder Works of the du Pont Company* [Catalogue 149] tells of an idyll rather than an industry. Yet in 1833 Irénée du Pont had refused to sell 125,000 pounds of gunpowder for $24,000 cash to South Carolina when that state threatened nullification. So likewise, a generation later, ironmaster Peter Cooper would refuse to supply the secessionist South with materiel, though other northern business men would be less loyal.

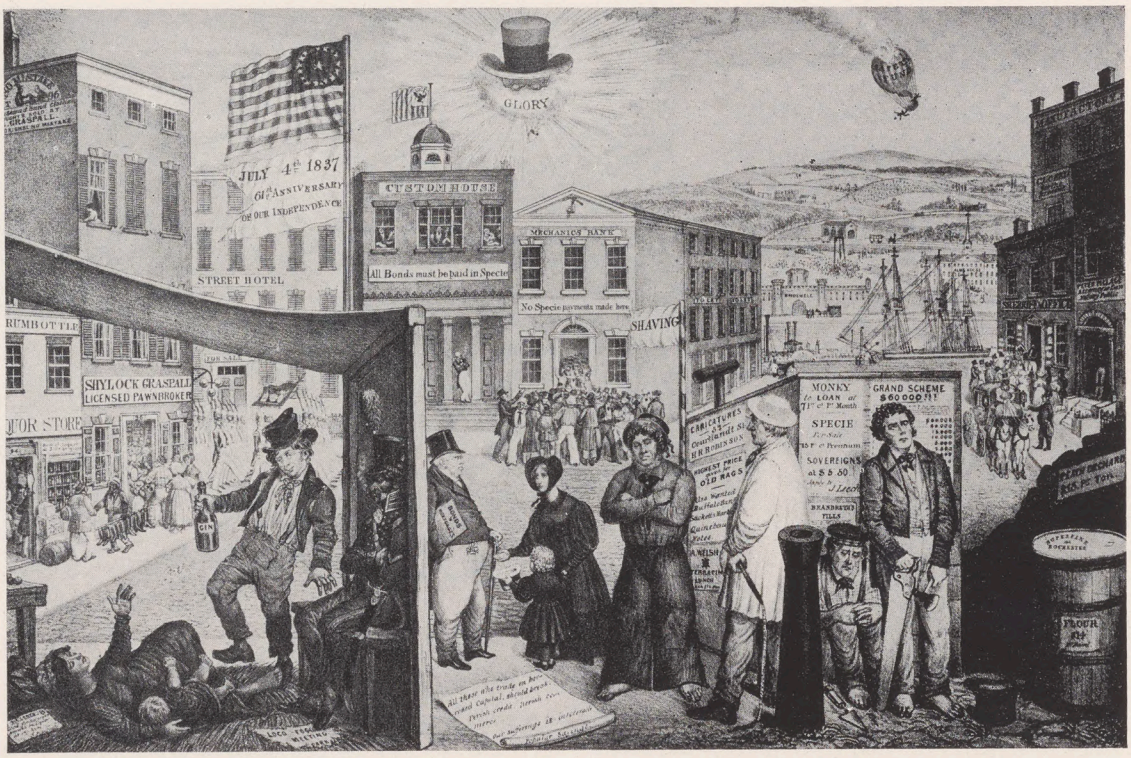
So our artists mirrored the golden day which was already ending and which, indeed, may never have been. Yet some would escape the idyll to record contemporary fact. A new man was growing up on the frontier, the American—tall, rangy, loose-



THE SCHOOLROOM, about 1830, by an unknown artist. Kennedy and Company, New York. [Catalogue 126]

jointed, drawling, chewing tobacco and telling tall stories, as did Mark Twain. Foreign visitors commented on the uniquely native phenomenon, not always with approval. But the strong men kept coming on, led by Lincoln. Artists went west, lured (even as the frontiersmen were) by new horizons. On the frontier they drew and painted, in fragments of reportage, to tell of new territories and a new life. Rarely, a patron would take an artist as well as a guide on an exploring expedition. Such was A. J. Miller, who traveled in the 1830s to Fort Laramie (*see* p. 129). Perhaps the frontier did not prize art any more than it professed to prize education—for a curious duality in American society has been its fear of learning, as may be seen in the early *Schoolroom*—yet somehow the pictorial records were made, and what they lacked in finesse they made up in vigor. Thus the visual chronicle of America wears the two faces of academic art and of often primitive and crude but realistic folk art. The latter spoke eloquently for the common man. In fact, the folk artist was the common man, self-taught and working without benefit of academy, speaking of matters of interest to the folk, not concerned with aping the manners of the salons, but concentrated on the visual appearance of reality.

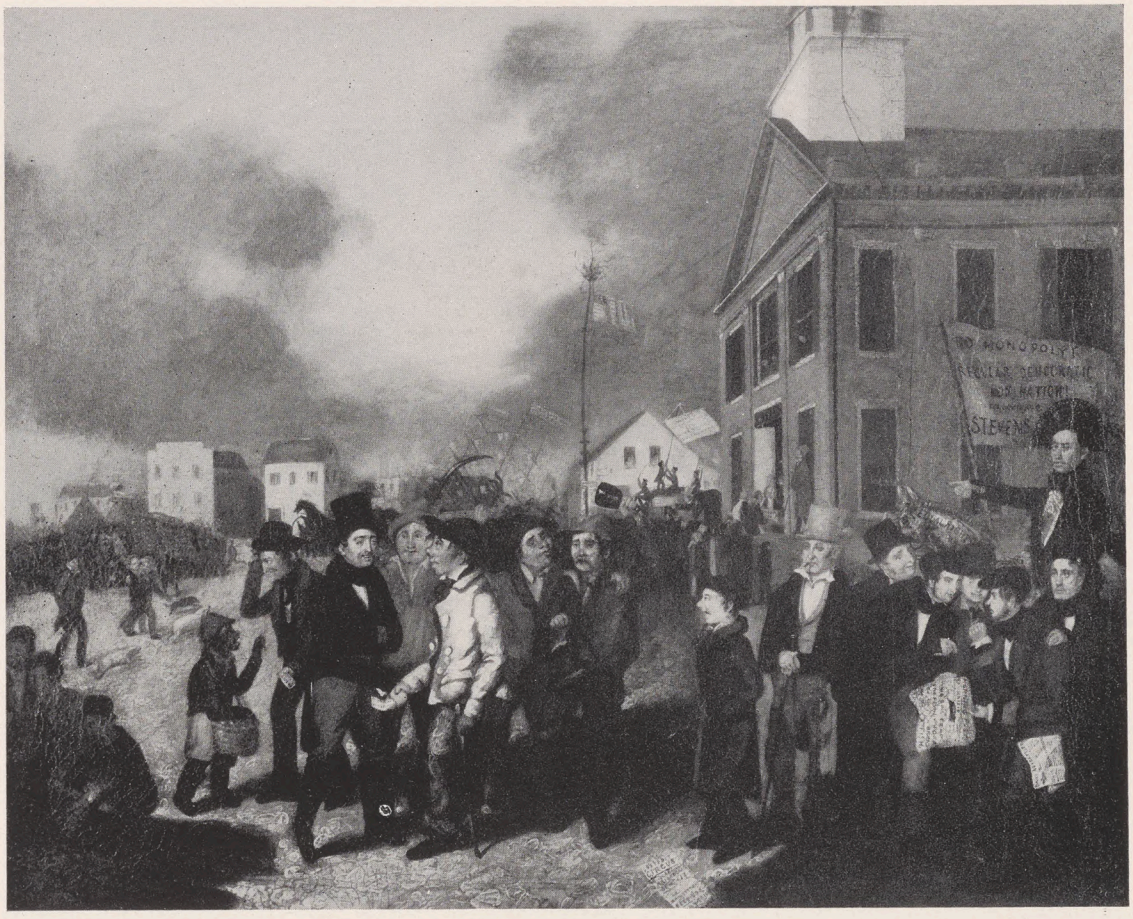
Even so, the day-to-day life of the people was based on reality—the reality of work, of hewing down forests and planting the boundless acres of the Mississippi Valley, of building homes and schools, of bringing the new wilderness under the control of man's will and mind. Moral issues appeared, also, as westward expansion and the consequent admission of new states into the Union intensified the struggle between slavery and free soil forces. Counsels of moderation were uttered, but the irrepres-



THE TIMES, 1837, by E. W. CLAY. The New-York Historical Society. [Catalogue 139]

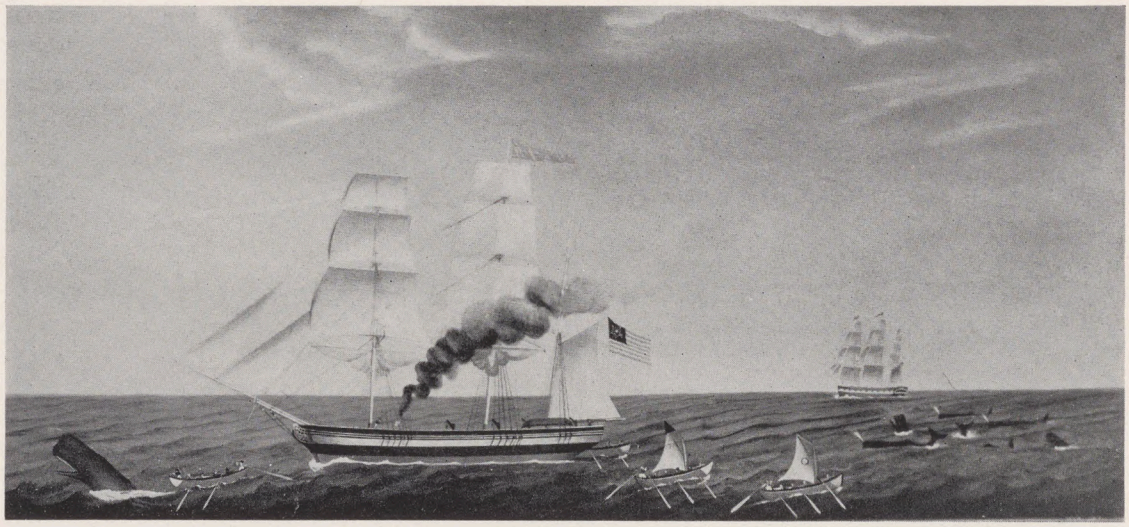
sible conflict deepened. The slave trade (*see* p. 121) had been prohibited in the United States in 1808; but smuggling persisted even after the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842, which, among other provisions, established a cruising convention to provide patrolling squadrons off the African coast. Jefferson as well as Washington had spoken out against the institution, and their hopes for gradual emancipation of the slaves had been carried out in the northern states, the Massachusetts constitution as early as 1780 abolishing slavery by implication and New York in 1799 declaring "that all children born to slaves should be free after a period of apprenticeship."

In 1832 Jackson, in turn, spoke out. "The Union must be preserved," he wrote, "and its laws duly executed, but by proper means. With calmness and firmness such as becomes those who are conscious of being right and are assured of the support of public opinion, we must perform our duties without suspecting that there are those around us desiring to tempt us into the wrong. We must act as the instruments of the law and if force is offered to us in that capacity then we shall repel it



THE FIRST STATE ELECTION IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN, 1837, by T. O. H. P. BURNHAM. The Detroit Institute of Arts. [Catalogue 137]

with the certainty, even should we fall as individuals, that the friends of liberty and union will still be strong enough to prostrate their enemies." Again he wrote, in 1833: "The nullifiers in the south intend to blow up a storm on the slave question. . . . This ought to be met, for be assured these men would do any act to destroy this union and form a southern confederacy bounded, north, by the Potomac river." A present-day historian has written: "As time furnished a clearer perspective of these scenes, many who had been in the thick of them came to believe that, had the resolute old man had his way with South Carolina in 1833, our national annals would have borne fewer blood stains in the end. Among these was Henry Clay who lived



A Whaling Scene, Showing The Ship Julian Of New Bedford And The Bark Richard Of Salem, about 1837, by Benjamin Franklin West. Peabody Museum, Salem. [Catalogue 145]

to regret the day he had stayed the upraised arm of Andrew Jackson." For "As Jackson saw, slavery and not the tariff was the soil that nurtured the roots of disunion, eliminate the one and you eliminated the other."

The crisis deepened. Slaveholding interests struggled to keep and to extend territory in which one human being could legally hold another in bondage—if his skin be black. Opposed to slavery were those who found the idea of human slavery morally repugnant and those who held that slavery was a feudal survival which prevented the South's development as a modern technological economy. The North had already entered on its heritage of nineteenth-century industrialism. Inventions followed each other rapidly and were as rapidly seized on and used. A quarter of a century earlier the first steamboat had gone down the Mississippi River, and another chapter in American folklore was begun. The steam engine had been adapted to the railroad in England and first applied in the United States toward the end of the 1820s. Regular sailing vessel service had been instituted between New York and Liverpool, and shipbuilders began to make use of iron in ships. The stethoscope had been invented, and Faraday had developed the electric motor and generator. The first typesetting machine had been invented and an old handcraft would be superseded, though the full force of mass printing arts would not be felt till the twentieth century. Photography, announced to the world by Daguerre and Niepce in 1839, was taken up by that artist-scientist, Samuel F. B. Morse, who heralded the discov-

ery in America. This science-art was at once acclaimed both for its aesthetic qualities and its potential technological applications. Morse was only the first of many American intellectuals to be enamored of the new picture-making medium. Walt Whitman (*see* p. 194) preferred photographs of himself to any paintings. Soon afterwards Morse invented the electrical telegraph, while Cyrus Hall McCormick was taking out patents for a reaping machine. In New England the great textile centers of Lawrence and Lowell had begun an expansion which would not cease till over a century later the runaway mills fled South, to take advantage of low wages and long working hours. Lucy Larcom would sing of child labor in tones of unavoidable reproach; but a hundred years later the twenty-second amendment to the Constitution—to make child labor unconstitutional—would still be pending.

Such was the technological society of which the United States was to become the world's most powerful proponent. In this period of capitalist growth, the industrial North took full advantage of science harnessed to production. The South, depending on natural resources and cheap slave labor, clung to handcraft concepts. In this dichotomy the American land played a part. In 1827 the first horse-drawn railroad had been put in operation at Quincy, Massachusetts. The next year the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was begun, and in 1829 the first railroad in the United States was opened from Carbondale to Honesdale, Pennsylvania. "Singing thru the forest, / Rattling over the ridges, / Shooting under arches, / Running over bridges," the folk exulted in their conquest. Ironmaster Peter Cooper played a part in this, with his "Tom Thumb" locomotive trial, as he would later in the Civil War. "In general," writes a latter-day historian, "the development of roads across the mountains and in the Ohio region followed the lines of the old Indian trails. Incidentally it is interesting and significant that the routes of all the main trails are today occupied by important railway lines. The New York Central and the Lake Shore follow the old Lake Shore Trail; the Pennsylvania follows the old Mahoning Trail; the Toledo and Ohio Central follows the Monongahela Trail; the Baltimore and Ohio follows the Great or Big Trail; the Norfolk and Western follows the Scioto Trail; the Lake Erie and Wheeling, the Muskingum Trail."

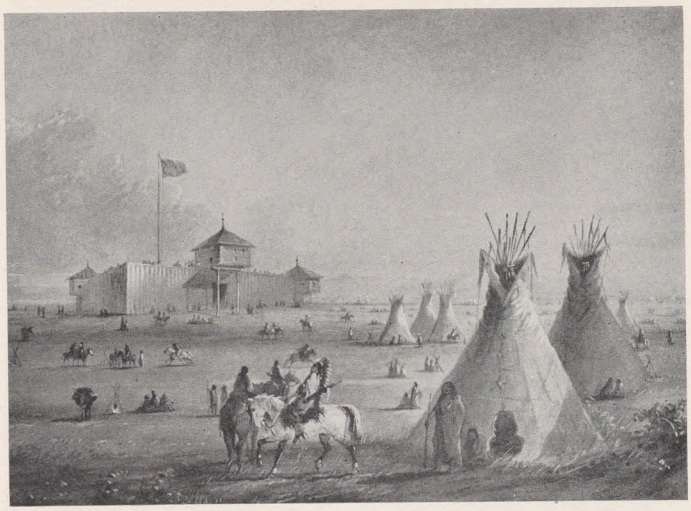
For the South this was disastrous. The industrial North was tied to the newly opened up Northwest by natural routes. The South had no links with markets to the west. If railroads had followed the pattern of the classic gridiron survey of the western lands, would the South have turned away from the plantation system? Probably not, in the opinion of present-day historians; for "there is something inherent in a plantation system that puts it in a dependent position in a capitalist world," one has written. "As long as the states of the Northwest found a market for their agricultural

THE LONG STORY, 1837, by WILLIAM SIDNEY MOUNT. The Corcoran Gallery of Art. [Catalogue 138]

products in the South, they were inclined to support that section; but the building of canals and railroads eventually provided the trans-Appalachian states north of the Ohio with both an eastern and a European market. Quite as important, however, in linking the Old Northwest with the eastern seaboard rather than the South was the promise of free homesteads made by the Republican party. The alliance in the Republican party of 1860 of eastern manufacturers seeking high tariffs and western farmers demanding free lands was to the Southerner an unholy and malicious plot, and it meant the eventual defeat of the South."

Meanwhile anti-slavery forces fought for measures to restrict and ultimately to end the evil of slavery, ethical or economic as it might be. Now the roll call has a melancholy ring: Missouri Compromise, 1820. The Compromise of 1850. The Kansas-Nebraska Act, 1854. Melancholy, too, was the ring of the five bullets which ended Elijah Lovejoy's life when, in 1837, a pro-slavery mob stormed the office of his abolitionist newspaper, *The Observer*, in Alton, Illinois, hurling stones at windows, firing guns, attempting to set fire to the roof, and breaking the press with a sledge hammer. So high ran the passions of the day. The New England Anti-Slavery Society had been organized five years earlier, and the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833. In 1838 the Underground Railroad would be formed to aid fugitive slaves to escape to Canada, and in 1841 a world Anti-Slavery Convention would be held in London. The conscience of mankind was slowly stirring, as later in this century of social stresses and strains it would stir in protest against the evils of slums and child labor. Now, once more, men cried, "'Tis time to part."

A Prairie On Fire, about 1837, by Alfred J. Miller. The Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. [Catalogue 143]



Fort Laramie, Exterior, about 1837, by Alfred J. Miller. The Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. [Catalogue 140]

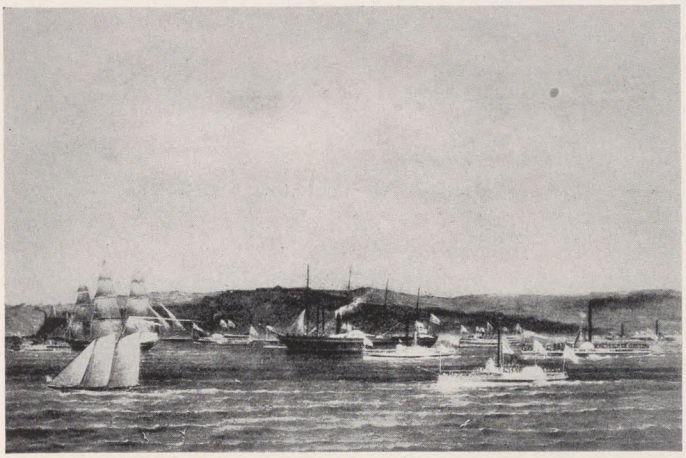
Before that, fateful years had to be lived through. Issues and events marched rapdily before Wendell Phillips said in 1852, "Revolutions are not made; they come." Questions of states rights and federal authority arose. Immigration presented a problem, and a folk artist argued "Live—Let Live" in a painting showing Chinese laborers at work on *The Marine Hospital, Chelsea* (*see* p. 122). There was the panic of 1837 (*see* p. 124), brought about by the continued resistance of political conservatives to Jackson's financial reforms. National Indian policy was formulated and the Indians removed to lands west of the Mississippi. Black Hawk, a Sauk war chief of an Illinois village, expressed the first Americans' resentment at being forced from their

THE ENTRANCE TO A COAL MINE NEAR WHEELING, VIRGINIA, 1820-1828, by GEORGE HARVEY. Collection of Frank H. Woods, Jr. [Catalogue 136]

AFTERNOON, DEAD CALM: VIEW ON THE ERIE CANAL NEAR PITTSFORD, NEW YORK, 1837, by GEORGE HARVEY. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Perry T. Rathbone. [Catalogue 135]

native lands. In the *Life of Ma-Ka-Tai-Me-She-Kia-Kiak or Black Hawk*, which he dictated to the interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes, he stated: *"I had not discovered one good trait in the character of the Americans that had come to the country!* They made fair *promises,* but *never fulfilled them!"* And of American traders he wrote: "The white people brought whiskey into our village, made our people drunk, and cheated them out of their horses, guns, and traps!" From such origins came the Indian wars, which some artists [Catalogue 177, 190, 221, 262, 286, 294] represented

THE NATIONAL LANCERS ON BOSTON COMMON, 1838, by THOMAS C. SAVORY. Collection of Amelia Peabody. [Catalogue 147]



THE ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN AT NEW YORK, April 23, 1838, by JOSEPH WALTER. The New York Public Library. [Catalogue 146]

in melodramatic fictions. Later, an Indian artist would present a plains battle with great aesthetic vitality [Catalogue 278]. So Americans advanced, not alone into the physical wilderness, but into the complex and often baffling province of human rights, a moral area which would be explored a century later on the international level.

In this period, battles were still to be fought. Fear of the "mob" persisted, and a painter would depict satirically *The First State Election in Detroit, Michigan* (*see* p. 125). Yet, as a later-day poet put it, this application of democracy to popular government "somehow touched the principle / That all men are created free and equal.

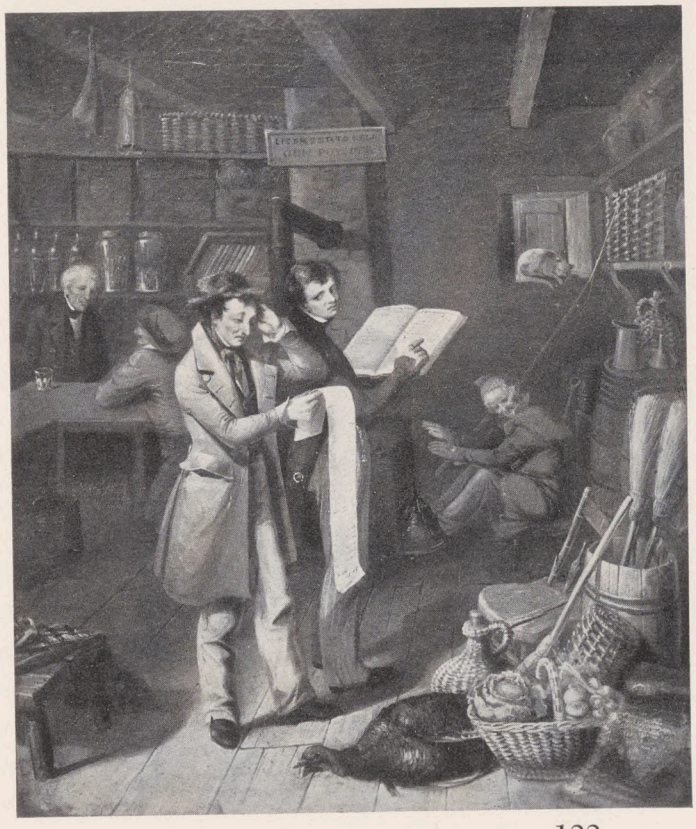
A View Of Baltimore, about 1840, by an unknown artist. Victor Spark, New York. [Catalogue 153]

Indians Portaging Furs, 1838, by Cornelius Krieghof. Hudson's Bay Company, London. [Catalogue 148]

/ . . . . Of course the easy way / Is to decide it simply isn't true. / It may not be. I heard a fellow say so." Nonetheless Jefferson had got the idea "planted / Where it will trouble us a thousand years." Trouble us it would, and soon. But before the specter of civil war would haunt the continent, the United States made great advances, territorially.

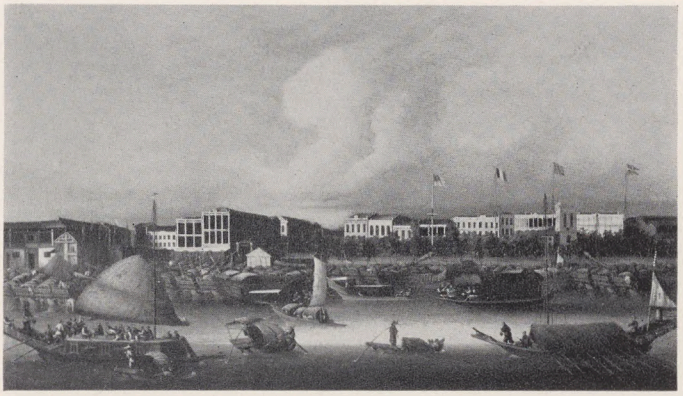
Land was the lure which peopled the western territories and confirmed the United States in its mid-century expansionist policies. After 1820 government land could be had for $1.25 an acre, and after 1862 for the settling of it. The Northwest was beckoning. "Fifty-Four-Forty or Fight" became the slogan of the Oregon Territory, and

THE LAND SPECULATOR, 1840, by JAMES H. BEARD. Edward Eberstadt and Sons, New York. [Catalogue 150]

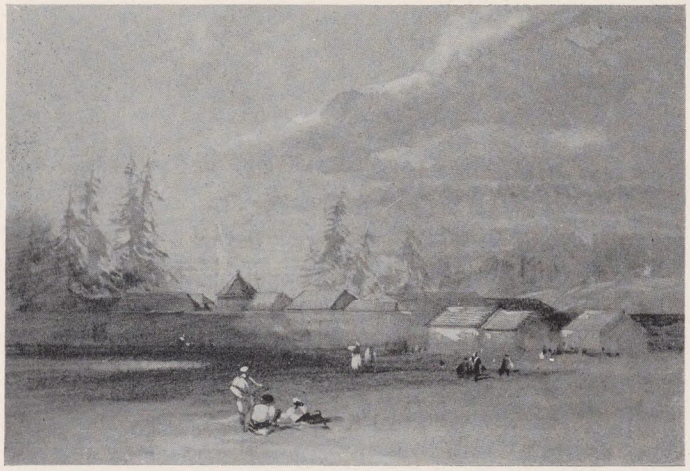


THE LONG BILL, January 1, 1840, by JAMES H. BEARD. The Cincinnati Art Museum. [Catalogue 151]

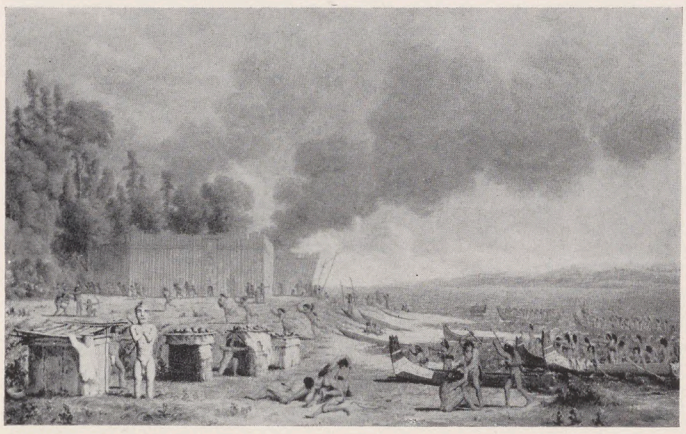
The so-called debtor class . . . are not dishonest because they are in debt.



THE FOREIGN FACTORIES AT CANTON, 1845-1850, by an unknown artist. Collection of Ellen N. LaMotte. [Catalogue 160]



FORT VANCOUVER, about 1845, by HENRY J. WARRE. Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa. [Catalogue 158]



A BATTLE BETWEEN THE MACAWS AND THE KLALLUM INDIANS, 1846-1848, by PAUL KANE. The Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Toronto, Canada. [Catalogue 163]

the covered wagon (*see* p. 199) was now a familiar feature of the American scene. "Emigratin' westward on the free land trail," shouted the pioneers, "Out they came from Liberty, out across the plains, / Two-stepping, single-footing, hard-boiled and easy-shooting, / Whips cracking; oaths snapping. . . / Hear those banjos wail." A little later the goal would be California and gold, and the forty-niners of the Gold Rush would be singing "Oh Susannah . . . with a banjo on my knee." Now "Remember the Alamo" was the cry, Texas and Oregon the main objectives.

In 1845 Texas was peaceably annexed by President John Tyler, who had succeeded to the Presidency when William Henry Harrison, our tenth President, had died in 1841 after a month in office. In the election of 1844, Tyler had been defeated by James K. Polk on the issue of "Reannexation of Texas—Reoccupation of Oregon." In a last-minute endeavor to capitalize on the popular mandate for expansion, Tyler —on March 1, three days before the inauguration of his successor—signed a joint resolution of the two houses of Congress, and Texas was "reannexed." Oregon was also "reoccupied" peaceably. In 1845 Captain Henry James Warre, a British army engineer, had surveyed the disputed territory which the English Captain Cook had reached more than sixty years earlier (*see* p. 78) and which the American Captain Gray had visited in 1792 [Catalogue 81 and 82]. Warre's report was especially not favorable, and in consequence the British were not inclined to press their claim. Texas and Oregon were thus added to the territory of the United States, and pro-slavery and free soil tensions were intensified.

Westward traveled the Mormons, seeking refuge from persecution, but also aiding western expansion. "We'll find the place which God for us prepared," their song ran, "Far away in the West; / Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid, / There the Saints will be blessed!" An oblique manifestation of the American dream of freedom for all opinions, this sect led its existence under difficulties. Native utopian communities (*see* p. 136) also found survival hard—New Harmony, Brook Farm, and especially that at Nashoba, Tennessee, founded by Frances Wright, an early advocate of women's rights. Interwined with their programs were the related issues of abolition and the cause of labor. All were part of the American story, sometimes being absorbed into the mainstream of action, sometimes playing the role of footnotes.

"Green grow the lilacs, all sparkling with dew," cowboys sang on the Texas plains. As war with Mexico drew close, the old Irish folk song was used for recruiting. "I used to have a sweetheart, but now I've got none," the men on the lonesome prairie had sung. To win his sweetheart back, the ballad singer swore "To change the green lilacs to red, white and blue." Folksay has it that this song it was which fathered the Mexican word for cowboy, "gringo." Song aside, the necessities of history soon

Sowing Grain At Bishop Hill, about 1846, by Olof Krans. State of Illinois, Division of Parks and Memorials. [Catalogue 162]

Cheever's Mill On The St. Croix, 1847, by Henry Lewis. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts. [Catalogue 170]

brought the United States to its first war for gain. Mexico had refused to acquiesce in the annexation of Texas. Polk "was determined not only to keep Texas but to add New Mexico and California to the Union by fair means or foul." To that end, in 1845 he had written "the American minister at Monterey that if the California people 'should desire to unite their destiny with ours, they will be received as brethren'."

Pretext was piled on pretext, and by the spring of 1846 Mexico and the United States were at war. One army led by General Zachary Taylor marched south from Texas into Mexico and captured the Mexican city of Monterrey. Early in 1847 a sec-

Battle Of The Plains Of Mesa, January 9th, 1847, by William H. Meyers. The Franklin Delano Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park. [Catalogue 165]

ond army led by General Winfield Scott sailed from New Orleans to Vera Cruz and thence marched to Mexico City. At the battle of Jalapa a young American officer, Captain Robert E. Lee, sent the main Mexican army under General Santa Anna in retreat. In August, Scott moved again. In a series of engagements on the broad plains [Catalogue 166] before the Mexican capital city, his army drove back the Mexicans. At Chapultepec the last obstacle was overcome, and on September 14, 1847, the American flag was raised in the Grand Plaza (*see* p. 139).

As always the victors exulted. Wrote a private in the American army: "The glorious stars and stripes are floating triumphantly over the Palace Nacional and city of the Astecs. It is a proud and gratifying sight to us poor, used up boys, who have left home and country and every thing dear, to witness this sight; but, alas! many of our brave comrades, who fought hard to behold this, are numbered with the dead." Poor and used up and dead were Mexico's boys, also, but Mexico could take no joy in the sight of the conqueror's flag. In despair at disgrace and defeat, cadets of the Mexican Military College leaped to death, among them Vicente Suarez, but thirteen years

VICENTE SUAREZ, CADET AT THE CHAPULTEPEC MILITARY COLLEGE, 1847, by SANTIAGO HERNANDEZ. Museo Nacional de Historia, Mexico City. [Catalogue 167]

A cadet of the Military College, died for his country, at the age of thirteen years, in the defense of Chapultepec against the Americans, on September 13, 1847. So reads the legend on the painting.

old. Meanwhile the victorious American army was reviewed by General Scott [Catalogue 169]. Imperiously the course of empire took its way westward, as California continued to call. In 1846, Captain John C. Frémont had reached Sutter's Fort, only to touch off a rebellion. The Americans there proclaimed California a republic, and when the United States declared war on Mexico, Frémont went on to consolidate military victory. So the United States extended from the eastern sea to the western sea and from the forty-ninth parallel to the Rio Grande.

Expansion brought added problems. Would the lands newly acquired, whether by peaceful or belligerent means, be open to slavery? This issue would rend the republic in twain, though pacification was sought through the Compromise of 1850 and the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854. But before civil war would devastate the

THE GRAND PLAZA, MEXICO CITY, WITH UNITED STATES TROOPS AND FLAG OVER THE ROYAL PALACE, September 14, 1847, by ANTONIO GUALDI. Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans. [Catalogue 168]

land, the American story would add one more dramatic chapter to its grand total. News of the discovery of gold in California swept the nation up into a maelstrom of westward migration, "boom town" growth in the West, and defeated hopes. Thousands flocked west overland, by the Isthmus of Panama, and around Cape Horn. They left beside the road those who died en route, they endured the hardships of tropical jungles and muleback travel, and rarely they knew such horrors as the cannibalism of Donner's Pass. Humor also attended the forty-niners. "Take 1848 for instance," one folk story runs. "That was the year the Petrified Snow covered the plains all summer and held up the '48ers in their gold rush to California with the result that they became '49ers. At that time Febold was operating an ox train between San Fran-

FLAX-SCUTCHING BEE, about 1847-1850, by LINTON PARK. Collection of Colonel and Mrs. Edgar W. Garbisch. [Catalogue 171]

cisco and Kansas City, because the snow prevented him from doing anything else.

"Since Febold was the only plainsman able to make the trip that year, the '48ers appealed to him for help. His secret was to load up with sand from Death Valley, California. The sands of the desert never grow cold, nor did Febold and his oxen. This sand he sold to the gold rushers at fifty dollars a bushel and they were glad to get it.

"Then the '49ers began to swarm over the snow-covered plains in their prairie schooners. But before they reached the Rockies the jolting of the wagons scattered the sand and covered up every bit of the Petrified Snow. And that's the reason, according to Bergstrom Stromberg, that the prairies are so all fired hot in the summer.

"Febold cursed himself twenty times a day for twenty years for selling the '48ers that sand. Then he spent the next twenty years trying various schemes to moderate the climate. He finally gave up in disgust and moved to California. Thus he set an example which all good Middlewesterners have followed ever since."

The discovery of gold in California (*see* pp. 142, 143, and 144, and Catalogue 175, 180, 181, 182, and 188) and of silver in Colorado [Catalogue 209] ten years later, as

A View Of Fort Snelling, about 1848, by Seth Eastman. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts. [Catalogue 172]

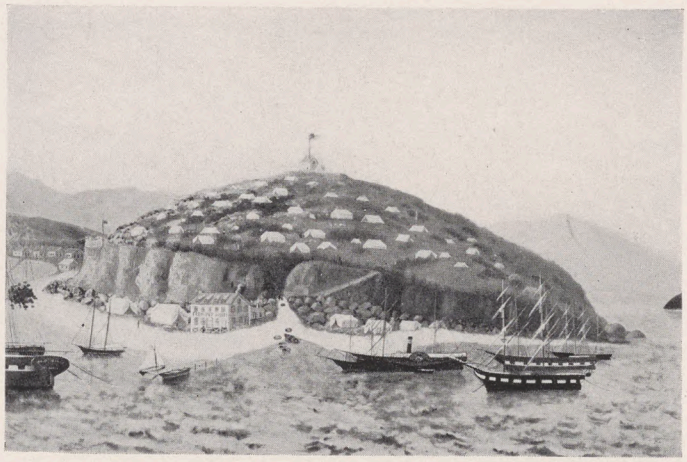
well as the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania about the same time, not only developed natural resources which constitute a great strength of the national economy. In the case of gold and silver they laid the ground for the dispute between advocates of hard money and easy money which culminated in Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech. At the end of the nineteenth century, as at the end of eighteenth, popular discontent manifested itself in agrarian movements, Populism being a radical expression of the Democratic party's demand for free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one.

In 1849 San Francisco boomed in a fantastic mushroom growth. In two years more than 90,000 persons traveled to California, overland across the plains and through the passes of the Rockies, across the Isthmus of Panama, and by the long voyage

A Forty-Niner, about 1849, by John Woodhouse Audubon. Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. [Catalogue 176]

around Cape Horn. Crossing the Isthmus (*see* p. 144), searchers for gold came with difficulty to the Pacific. It would be another half century before the United States sought to make true the dream of uniting the eastern and the western seas with a canal across Panama. "With our mules in a string," wrote Francis Samuel Marryat, "we plunged at once into a narrow, rocky path in the forest, where palm trees and creepers shut the light out overhead—splashing through gurgling, muddy streams, that concealed loose and treacherous stones—stumbling over fallen trees that lay across our road—burying ourselves to the mules' girths in filthy swamps, where on either side dead and putrid mules were lying—amidst lightning, thunder, and incessant rain, we went at a foot-pace on the road to Panama."

Wives traveled with their husbands and, hoping to build homes in the West, carried with them treasured household goods, including Singer sewing machines and old family furniture. They found the trip by muleback painful; and, when they had abandoned hope of making a new life in California, they would return to the East by way of Cape Horn, but always they would cling to the sewing machine. A popular song of the time tells the story. "I've been to California, and I haven't got a dime," it began, "I've lost my health, my strength, my hope, and I have lost my time. / I've only got a spade and pick and if I felt quite brave, / I'd use the two of them 'ere things to scoop me out a grave." Yet others found the adventure alluring. A later eyewitness report of railway travel across the Isthmus records the victory over nature rather than the defeat of man: "At mid-day, the long and crowded passenger train started across the Isthmus,—treasure and baggage waited for a second,—and we had



TELEGRAPH HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, about 1849-1850, by an unknown artist. The Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company, San Francisco. [Catalogue 179]

FOSTER'S BAR, 1851, by ERNESTE ETIENNE de FRANCHEVILLE NARJOT. Edward Eberstadt and Sons, New York. [Catalogue 186]

that ever-memorable ride, in the experience of all who have ever made this trip, between the Continents, from ocean to ocean, in the very fullness of the tropics, over rails fairly built upon human bodies, so fatal was the miasma of the country to nearly all classes of imported laborers. The road is fifty miles long, and the run is made in two to three hours. Monopolizing the commerce of all the Pacific Coast of both North and South America, the gateway for all travel from Continent, it is a rich possession to its owners. The fare for this two hours' ride is no less than twenty-five dol-

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS, about 1852, by ALBERTIS DEL ORIENT BROWERE. Collection of Mrs. Everett Lee Millard. [Catalogue 192]

lars, and freights are correspondingly high. The sleepers and ties of the track are of lignum-vitae wood, the telegraph posts of cement, as thus only are both protected from rot and insect. The road is well appointed in other respects, and the service unexceptionable."

Bayard Taylor found the scene in San Francisco dramatic. In *El Dorado* he wrote of the plaza at noon when "the bells and gongs begin to sound for dinner, . . . Two o'clock is the usual dinner-time for business men, but some of the old and successful merchants have adopted the fashionable hour of five. Where shall we dine today? . . . we have choice of the United States, Tortoni's, the Alhambra, and many other equally classic resorts, but Delmonico's, like its distinguished original in New York, has the highest prices and the greatest variety of dishes." There the bill of fare offered mock turtle soup for seventy-five cents, boiled salmon trout with anchovy sauce for $1.75, leg of mutton with caper sauce for $1.00, lobster salad for $2.00, and so on. Taylor added that "with but a moderate appetite, the dinner will cost us $5."

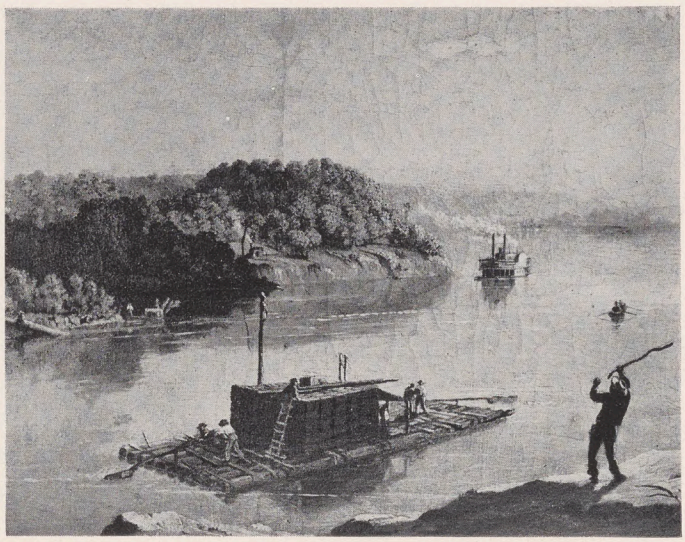
THE STAGE COACH "SEVENTY-SIX" OF THE KNICKERBOCKER LINE, about 1850, by HENRY BOESE. Museum of the City of New York. [Catalogue 183]

Life on the west coast was not confined to epicurean delights. Often the booming communities meted out vigilante justice [Catalogue 188]. Thus appeared in American life that phenomenon of government by men rather than by laws which has recurred, often with terrifying implications, and which found its most sinister expression in the individual terrorism of the Ku Klux Klan and similar groups. At the same time the forces of progress also were at work. In 1853 twenty-year-old J. M. Studebaker went to California to prospect for gold. He found wealth of another kind than that obtained by placer mining. For he set up a wagon tire shop (*see* p. 158) at Hangtown, now Folsom, and in five years saved $8,000. This capital he put into the family carriage works at South Bend, Indiana, which his brothers had founded, and laid the foundations for a business which became one of the pioneers of the automotive industry a half century later. So the American story moved from gold rush to the horseless carriage, and so was the horse-and-buggy age left behind. "J.M." himself spanned gold rush, Civil War, and the outbreak of World War One, dying in 1917, the last of the five brothers Studebaker.

Elsewhere in the United States life was thriving. On Myrtle Street, in Brooklyn, Stagecoach "Seventy-Six" seemed to look before and after—back to 1776 and the Revolution, forward to the day when horse-drawn street cars would vanish to be replaced by electric cars, elevated trains and subways. It would be at least half a century before this took place. As late as 1900 the clumsy buses would still lum-

THE BELLE CREOLE AT NEW ORLEANS, about 1850, by an unknown artist. Collection of Mrs. E. C. Chadbourne. [Catalogue 184]

ber through city streets, though by that time four horses would supply adequate horsepower. In the White Mountains, along the Hudson, in the Catskills, and in the Mohawk Valley (*see* p. 148), America's artists began to look at nature with a fresh eye. The rustic look of America (*see* p. 140) had not disappeared, and it would not disappear even in the twentieth century when our country's population had shifted from a rural to an urban preponderance. Our artists and writers, however, were becoming more intellectually interested in concepts and less in minutiae. It would be almost a century before naturalism ceased to be the dominant aesthetic convention of the visual arts in America. But a greater suavity and finesse began to inform our painters' vision; the tight rendering stroke of the Hudson River school began to give way before a broader, freer look at the external world, almost as if, independently, Americans were discovering the same truths about the observed visual appearances of the world as Europeans would exalt into *plein-airisme*. Similarly, a scientist like Louis Agassiz advanced theories of evolution and the origin of species independently of Darwin and Lamarck.



RAFT ON RIVER, about 1840-1850, by an unknown artist. Indiana University Library, Bloomington, Indiana. [Catalogue 152]

Not alone the wonders of the natural world excited Americans but the triumphs of human intelligence over nature. Riding in 1846 on the Boston and Albany—built by J. A. M. Whistler's engineer father—Agassiz reported: "The rapidity of the locomotion is frightful to those who are unused to it, but you adapt yourself to the speed, and soon you become, like all the rest of the world, impatient of the slightest delay." So the world moved toward air travel, radar, jet planes, and supersonics, while an immediately utilitarian invention, the typewriter, would soon provide Peter Cooper's school for female instruction—Cooper Union—with a genteel means for women to be gainfully employed. At about the same time American industry was affording one of the earliest instances of patronage of art by business. In 1855 George Inness was commissioned by the first president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad to paint the road's first roundhouse, located at Scranton. This canvas (*see* p. 159) shows not only the roundhouse but also all four of the road's trains and the double track, "whether they were in perspective or not," as Inness wrote. The hazards of the artist's life are also illustrated. After some dispute, the railroad accepted the picture, paying $75 for it. Some years later Inness picked it up in an old curiosity shop in Mexico City. In 1927, it brought $2,700. Biographical incident aside, *The Lackawanna Valley* remains one of the earliest of competently executed works documenting America's nascent technological advance.

Throughout the United States the scene was a happy one. On the great inland rivers life seemed to drift with a careless ease. Mark Twain was there and left us his matchless dream of a day that will not come again. In *Huckleberry Finn* he wrote

THE MOHAWK VALLEY, about 1850, by ROBERT HAVELL. New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown. [Catalogue 185]

of rafting downstream on the Mississippi: "I laid there, and had a good rest and a smoke out of my pipe, looking away into the sky; not a cloud in it. The sky looks ever so deep when you lay down on your back in the moonshine; I never knowed it before. And how far a body can hear on the water such nights! . . .

"This second night we run between seven and eight hours, with a current that was making over four mile an hour. We catched fish and talked, and we took a swim now and then to keep off sleepiness. It was kind of solemn, drifting down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't ever feel like talking loud, and it warn't often that we laughed—only a little kind of a low chuckle. We had mighty good weather as a general thing, and nothing ever happened to us at all —that night, nor the next, nor the next. . . . Every night we passed towns, some of them away up on black hillsides, nothing but just a shiny bed of lights, not a house could you see. The fifth night we passed St. Louis, and it was like the whole world lit up. . . . We slept most all day, and started out at night, a little ways behind a monstrous long raft that was as long going by as a procession. She had four long sweeps at each end, so we judged she carried as many as thirty men, likely. She had five big wigwams aboard, wide apart, and an open campfire in the middle, and a tall flagpole at each end. There was a power of style about her. It *amounted* to something being a raftsman on such a craft as that.

"Soon as it was night out we shoved; when we got her out to about the middle we let her alone, and let her float wherever the current wanted her to; then we lit the pipes, and dangled our legs in the water, and talked about all kinds of things— . . . Sometimes we'd have that whole river all to ourselves for the longest time. Yonder

A View On The Rio Gila, 1855, by Henry Cheevers Pratt. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schaefer Dentzel. [Catalogue 200]

was the banks and the islands, across the water; and maybe a spark—which was a candle in a cabin window; and sometimes on the water you could see a spark or two —on a raft or scow, you know; and maybe you could hear a fiddle or a song coming over from one of them crafts. It's lovely to live on a raft. We had the sky up there, all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss about whether they was made or only just happened."

On the Mississippi, too, took place the grand drama of the steamboat. Not alone had the rivers been the natural channels for the western migration. Now they became arenas of pageantry and entertainment, of rococo naval architecture and of elaborate ritual. Again Mark Twain was present to record the occasion: "Assembled there, the people fasten their eyes upon the coming boat as upon a wonder they are seeing for the first time. And the boat *is* rather a handsome sight, too. She is long and sharp and trim and pretty; she has two tall, fancy-topped chimneys, with a gilded device of some kind swung between them; a fanciful pilot-house, all glass and 'gingerbread,' perched on top of the 'texas' deck behind them; the paddle-boxes are gorgeous with a picture or with gilded rays above the boat's name; the boiler-deck, the hurricane-deck, and the texas deck are fenced and ornamented with clean white railings; there is a flag gallantly flying from the jack-staff; the furnace doors are open and the fires glaring bravely; the upper decks are black with passengers; the captain stands by the big bell, calm, imposing, the envy of all; great volumes of the blackest smoke are rolling and tumbling out of the chimneys—a husbanded grandeur created with a bit of pitch-pine just before arriving at a town; the crew are grouped on the fore-castle; the broad stage is run far out over the port bow, and an

THE YACHT AMERICA LEAVING BOSTON HARBOR FOR ENGLAND, 1851, by JAMES E. BUTTERSWORTH. Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence. [Catalogue 191]

envied deck-hand stands picturesquely on the end of it with a coil of rope in his hand; the pent steam is screaming through the gauge-cocks; the captain lifts his hand, a bell rings, the wheels stop; then they turn back, churning the water to foam, and the steamer is at rest."

The story of America was acted out with ever greater vigor and adventurous allure. In the deserts of the Southwest, the United States army sought to acclimate camels (*see* p. 161 and Catalogue 207) to the rigors of our arid lands. In science and technology the American genius prospered (see p. 153). Soon our frontiers would be flung even farther. After Jackson's election, the public schools had not been abolished, and the New England whaling business had survived. Whalers (*see* p. 126) sailed the seas for gain, as well as to provide Melville with a theme for *Moby Dick*. At the same time early nineteenth-century metaphysical idealism fed his classic; for Americans were not unaware of the cultures of other countries, while they were creating our own culture in letters, the visual arts, and the sciences. Clipper ships

were being built, steam (*see* p. 131) was utilized for transatlantic vessels, and, as surplus wealth allowed America's new rich to enjoy expensive diversions, the yacht helped encourage naval architecture, in designers as various as A. Cary Smith, Nathanael Herreshof, Edward and W. Starling Burgess, and Olin J. Stephens. The China trade was thriving (*see* p. 134 and Catalogue 159), and commerce in the Far East would soon supply an economic spur to American expansion in the Pacific when in 1853, Commodore Matthew C. Perry and his "Japan fleet" (*see* p. 157) carried "'The Gospel of God' to the Heathen."

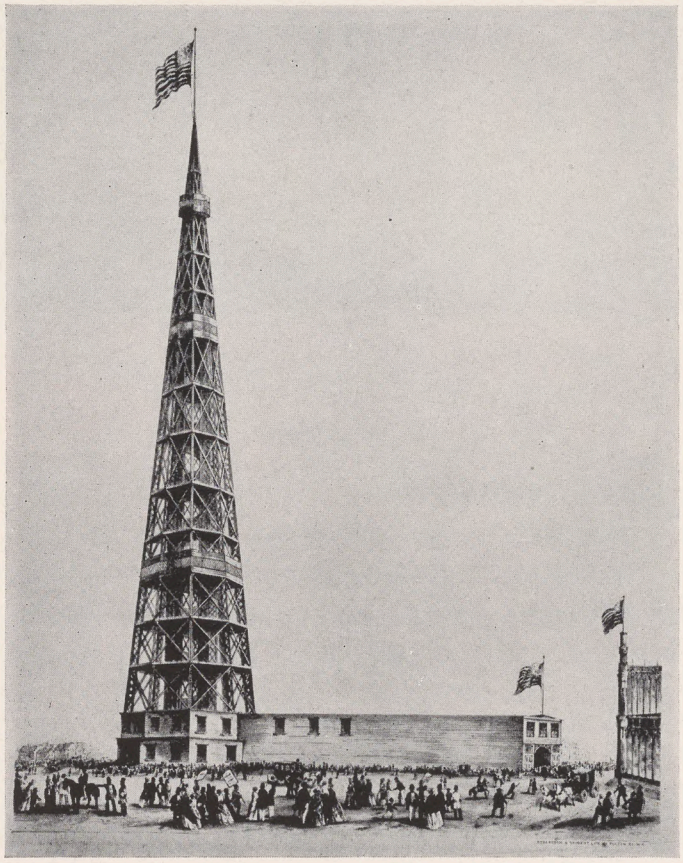
"O farther, farther, farther sail," Columbus had exhorted his mariners, seeking passage to India. Now proselytizing was wedded to profit. "The Constitution and laws of the United States forbid all interference with the religious or political concerns of other nations," wrote President Millard Fillmore to the Emperor of Japan. "We know," he continued, "that the ancient laws of your imperial majesty's government do not allow of foreign trade, except with the Chinese and the Dutch; but as the state of the world changes and new governments are formed, it seems to be wise, from time to time, to make new laws." Moreover, he added, the "two countries should trade with each other, for the benefit both of Japan and the United States." Meanwhile artists, both American and Japanese, recorded Perry's arrival [Catalogue 193, 194, 195, and 199], while members of the expedition left a verbal record. The "Japan fleet" of 1853 comprised two steam frigates, the "Susquehanna," Perry's flagship, and the "Mississippi," both of them first class battleships of the time, and two sailing vessels, the "Plymouth" and the "Saratoga." By a display of armed might Perry kept at a respectful distance the "large number of . . . guardboats [which] came from all directions, evidently prepared to take their stations around the ships, as the Japanese crews had a supply of provisions, water, clothing, sleeping mats, and other requisites for a long stay. . . . They made several attempts to get alongside and on board of the Saratoga; their tow-lines, which they made fast to any part of the ship, were unceremoniously cast off. They attempted to climb up by the chains, but the crew was ordered to prevent them, and the sight of pikes, cutlasses, and pistols, checked them." Perry delivered his message to the emperor with suitable ceremony. The next year he returned for his answer. There had been much argument in Japan as to whether or not a treaty with the United States should be signed. When Perry returned with twelve ships carrying a total of two hundred and forty guns and sixteen hundred men, they agreed that Japan should be opened up for commerce with the West. So the United States pushed forward a frontier which in the twentieth century would involve our national foreign policy in the complex problems of the Far East. The passage to India had been completed.

A General View Of The United States Section Of The 1851 Exhibition, London, by Joseph Nash. Victoria and Albert Museum, London. [Catalogue 187]

The drama marched rapidly. Seemingly it was filled with event and color. But often distant thunder might be heard, echoes of an age's life and death. Panic in 1857 was but a prelude to the inestimably vaster terror soon to strike the land in civil war. A contemporary observer saw and noted what he saw: "Not a smile on one countenance among the crowd who pass and repass; hurried steps, careworn faces, rapid exchanges of salutation, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down. Here two or three are gathered together on one side, whispering and watching that they are not overheard; there a solitary, with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence. Mechanics, thrown out of employment, are pacing up and down with the air of famished wolves. The violent shock has been communicated, like that of electricity, through the country to a distance

of hundreds of miles. Canals, railroads, and all public works have been discontinued, and the Irish emigrant leans against his shanty, with his spade idle in his hand, and starves, as his thoughts wander back to his own Emerald Isle."

The irrepressible conflict moved to the hour of decision. "The time is perhaps at hand," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes the elder (whose distinguished son, Justice Holmes, was wounded three times on the field of battle in the Civil War), "when a flash of lightning, as sudden and as brief as that of the lightning which shows a whirling wheel standing stock still, shall preserve the very instant of the shock of contact of the mighty armies that are even now gathering." Before the United States had entered on its expansionist policies, Walt Whitman (*see* p. 194) had written in the *Brooklyn Eagle* in 1846: "The democracy of this country never can be overthrown. The true democratic spirit is endued with immortal life and strength. Our star glitters far above; clouds may now and then pass under it, but there it shines undimmed



THE LATTING OBSERVATORY, NEW YORK CITY, 1853, by an unknown artist. The New York Public Library [Catalogue 196]

The Latting Observatory, built for the 1853 New York Exposition, stood near Sixth Avenue between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets. It was three hundred and fifty feet high, with an octagonal base seventy-five feet in diameter, and could accommodate two thousand people at a time on its various landings.

THE COUNTY ELECTION, 1851, by GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM. The Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis. [Catalogue 189]

and untouched, and there it will shine when the factions who decry it, with all that belongs to them, shall be remembered as the creatures of a day and the offspring of corruption." Only a baker's dozen of years intervened between Whitman's hopeful affirmation and the last words of John Brown. As the would-be savior of the slaves was led to the gallows at Charleston, then in Virginia, on December 2, 1859, he handed a note to one of his guards. It read: "I, John Brown, am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be purged away but with *blood*. I had, as I now think vainly, flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done."

Slowly, and by bitter paths, the nation had come to this hour. It had come by ter-

STUMP SPEAKING, 1854, by GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM. The Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis. [Catalogue 202]

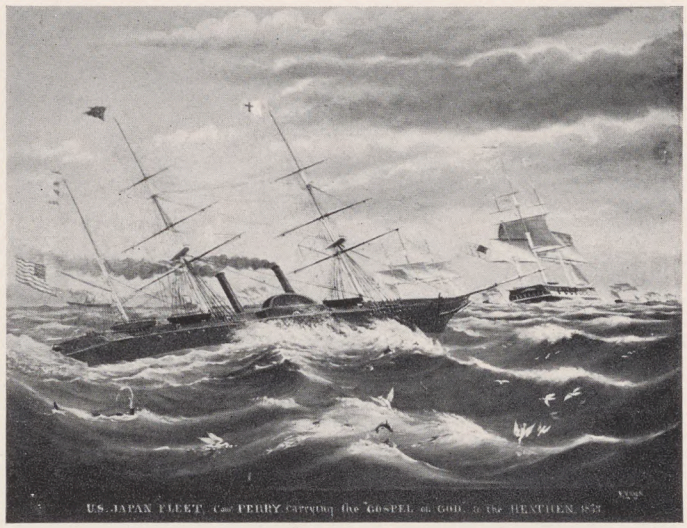
ritorial expansion and military victory, by peaceable annexation and by forcible conquest, by technical progress and by moral outrage. Even as Whitman was writing of indestructible democratic vistas, a moderate northern position was being expressed by Samuel Bowles of the *Republican* of Springfield, Massachusetts, long one of the nation's organs of liberal thought. "The fact is, in regard to slavery," wrote Editor Bowles, "the owners are generally much more the objects of pity and sympathy than the slaves; they suffer from its blighting curse greatly and sensibly, while the latter are more contented, better fed and clothed, than the free blacks either at the North or South. This is true, if my observation the past winter has been worth anything, and I fully believe that a great majority of citizens of the slave states are fully aware how great the curse is which weighs them down, and would gladly

A Slave Market, Richmond, Virginia, about 1853, by Eyre Crowe. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Henry. [Catalogue 197]

throw it off, if it could be done in any reasonable and proper manner, without completely impoverishing them, or endangering their personal safety and success."

How quickly history changes. Only five years later, Bowles wrote of the Compromise of 1850 in unmistakably non-conciliatory terms: "The will of the majority of these states is, that not one inch of territory now free shall ever be trod by the foot of a slave. If, therefore, the Union cannot be preserved without introduction of the leaven of corruption in a still greater proportion than now pervades it, we declare our conviction that freedom, religion, and honor demand that we allow the tie of Union to be severed by those who assume the terrible responsibility. . . . Let Northern men and all the friends of freedom, while willing to concede names and forms, yield not an inch of territory to slavery while they have it in their hands."

Yet the slave-holding interests did not change and, apparently, would not change. In 1854, General Benjamin J. Stringfellow of Missouri made the following statement:



COMMODORE PERRY CARRYING THE "GOSPEL OF GOD" TO THE HEATHEN, 1853, by J. G. EVANS. Chicago Historical Society. [Catalogue 193]

"We assert that negro slavery, as it exists in the United States, is neither a moral nor a political evil, but on the contrary, is a blessing to the white race and to the negro. . . . Slavery is no evil to the negro. If we look at the condition of the negro in Africa, the land of his nativity, we find the most pitiable victim of a cruel master, the most wretched slave in America, when contrasted with a prince of his tribe in the deserts of Africa, is as a man contrasted with a beast. . . . It is not for us to question God's purposes, but it is certain that from our first knowledge of the negro race, those only have been rescued from the lowest stage of heathen barbarity, who have been made slaves to the white man—those only have learned to know the God of the Christian, who have been instructed by their masters. . . . there are effects procured by negro slavery, which are not exhibited in the census, can not be set down in figures, of far more importance than the acquisition of wealth, or mere increase of population. These are, its tendency to elevate the character of the white race, to give to that race a more exalted tone of moral sentiment; and in a republic of vital importance is its influence in giving to the white race a higher, holier, more stern and unyielding love of liberty; in making the white race emphatically a race of Sovereigns, fit members of a free government." Thus two systems of thought, or two systems of life, as it may be, stood unutterably opposed. Could the conflict be averted?

The liberal New York *Tribune* seemed to answer, NO. Describing a slave auction, it wrote that "The expression on the faces of all who stepped on the block was always the same, and told of more anguish than it is in the power of words to express. Blighted homes, crushed hopes and broken hearts was the sad story to be read in all

An Election Day Bonfire, Fifth And Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, about 1854, by Bernard Uhle. Atwater Kent Museum, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 201]

J. M. Studebaker In His Wagon Tire Shop At Hangtown, California, 1853-1858, by H. M. T. Powell. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Grabhorn. [Catalogue 198]

the anxious faces. Some of them regarded the sale with perfect indifference, never making a motion save to turn from one side to the other at the word of the dapper Mr. Bryan, that all the crowd might have a fair view of their proportions, and then, when the sale was accomplished, stepping down from the block without caring to cast even a look at the buyer, who now held all their happiness in his hands. Others, again, strained their eyes with eager glances from one buyer to another as the bidding

THE LACKAWANNA VALLEY, 1855, by GEORGE INNESS. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. [Catalogue 203]

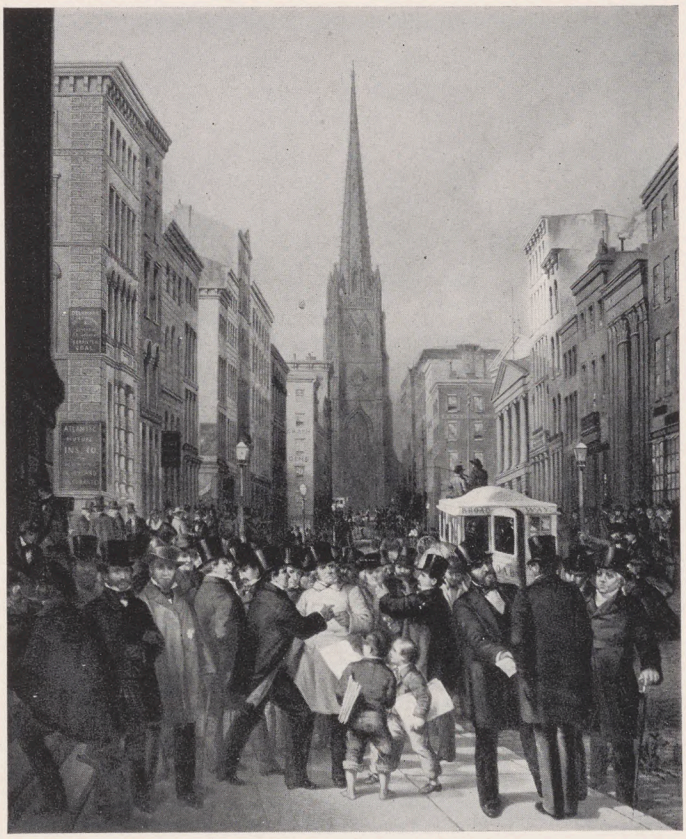
went on, trying with earnest attention to follow the rapid voice of the auctioneer."

Unequivocally Frederick Douglass, an ex-slave and fervent advocate of Negro rights, stood his stand. He recalled that "there were certain secluded and out-of-the-way places . . . seldom visited by a single ray of healthy public sentiment, where slavery, wrapt in its own congenial darkness, could and did develop all its malign and shocking characteristics, where it could be indecent without shame, cruel without shuddering, and murderous without apprehension or fear of exposure or punishment." Nor was the witness against human slavery confined to Northerners, abolitionists, and ex-slaves. In 1853 the English author, Thackeray, visited the United States on a lecture tour. His secretary, Eyre Crowe, has given us both verbal and visual records (*see* p. 156) of a scene in a slave market, and in fact the English artist was forced to leave the Richmond auction room, so great was Southern resentment at what was interpreted as unwarranted surveillance.

A Camel Train Searching For Water, about 1857, by Erneste Etienne de Francheville Narjot. Collection of Mrs. Truxtun Beale [Catalogue 206]

So the years passed, and the instant of conflict drew closer. It was 1854, and the Kansas-Nebraska Act had been passed in a last endeavor to reconcile irreconcilable elements. Wrote Bowles once more: "Besides, it is a re-opening of the slavery agitation, quieted for a long series of years, as all supposed, by the compromises of 1850. The North had acquiesced in these compromises; it sustained them and abided by them. But the South and its Northern political allies have broken the peace of the country. They make fresh and monstrous demands. These demands will arouse the whole nation; they will widen and deepen the anti-slavery feeling of the country as no other conceivable proposition could. The signs are unmistakable. No mere party or faction will array itself against this Nebraska scheme. The whole people are against it. The moral force of the North—the influence, the learning, the wealth, and the votes of the North— are against it, and will make themselves effectively heard, ere the agitation, now re-opened by the insanity of the slave-holding interest, and in behalf of the schemes of ambitious partisans, shall have ceased. *The South and its allies have sown the wind—will they not reap the whirlwind?*"

Again, in 1856, the *Republican* mirrored the moderate anti-slavery opinion of the country. Political realignments had taken place, the bargains of factions had been cancelled out, and the side-excursions of Know-nothingism and Locofocoism had been replaced by a division of thought into two main bodies—those who wished the United States to continue as a nation one and indivisible and those who were willing to sacrifice the Union for the sake of sectional aims. Of the newly emerging Republican party, Bowles, classic nineteenth-century example of the independent news-



WALL STREET, HALF PAST 2 O'CLOCK, OCTOBER 13, 1857, by JAMES H. CAFFERTY, N. A. and CHARLES G. ROSENBERG. Museum of the City of New York. [Catalogue 205]

Not a smile on one countenance among the crowd who pass and repass; hurried steps, careworn faces, rapid exchanges of salutation, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down. Here two or three are gathered together on one side, whispering and watching that they are not overheard; there a solitary, with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence.

paper editor that he was, wrote: "It is a vital party. At its heart burns a great truth, of which each member feels the thrill, and to which each nerve and filament responds. It is the party of the country, and it holds within itself that principle by which this Union can alone be perpetuated—the true democratic principle. If the principles upon which this party is established do not prevail, then the days of this confederacy are numbered; for slavery is not right, slave rule is not right, the whole policy growing out of wrong is wrong, and a government which recognizes wrong as the controlling force within it fosters the seeds of its own absolute and inevitable dissolution."

It was 1859. John Brown was led to the gallows and hanged. Fanatic, men called him, and madman. Yet his name strikes across time, and his memory is living. Even thus are remembered Socrates, drinking the hemlock in Athens' Academe, and Saint Joan at the stake. For history moves by martyrdom and what is called fanaticism as much as it moves by moderation. The Tom Paines are needed with the Franklins,

A Ride For Liberty: The Fugitive Slaves, 1862, by Eastman Johnson. The Brooklyn Museum. [Catalogue 219]

the John Browns with the milder men who preach counsels of conciliation. "Much madness is divinest sense," wrote Emily Dickinson, "Demur—you're straight way dangerous, / And handled with a chain." Demur John Brown did. He was handled with a hempen rope. But not before he stated his case to the world. His last words ring with the intensity of his belief that men must be free: "In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted,—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

"I have another objection; and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case),—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, —either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class,—and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

"This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book

THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN, December 2, 1859, by THOMAS HOVENDEN. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Catalogue 208]

I, John Brown, am now quite certain *that the crimes of this* guilty land *will never be purged away but with* blood. *I had, as I now think vainly, flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done.*

kissed here which I supposed to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to 'remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.' I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments,—I submit; so let it be done! . . . Now I have done."

John Brown had done. History had not. Through the complexities of political alignments, economic interests, and social-cultural motivations, events marched on. It was 1860. Abraham Lincoln, the tall, ungainly rail-splitter, was elected President.

Once again the time for reconciliation had passed. Once again the die was cast. Union or secession, could the nation survive half slave and half free? Lincoln believed so and hoped so; and even as late as 1862 he wrote Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune* to that effect: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. . . . I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

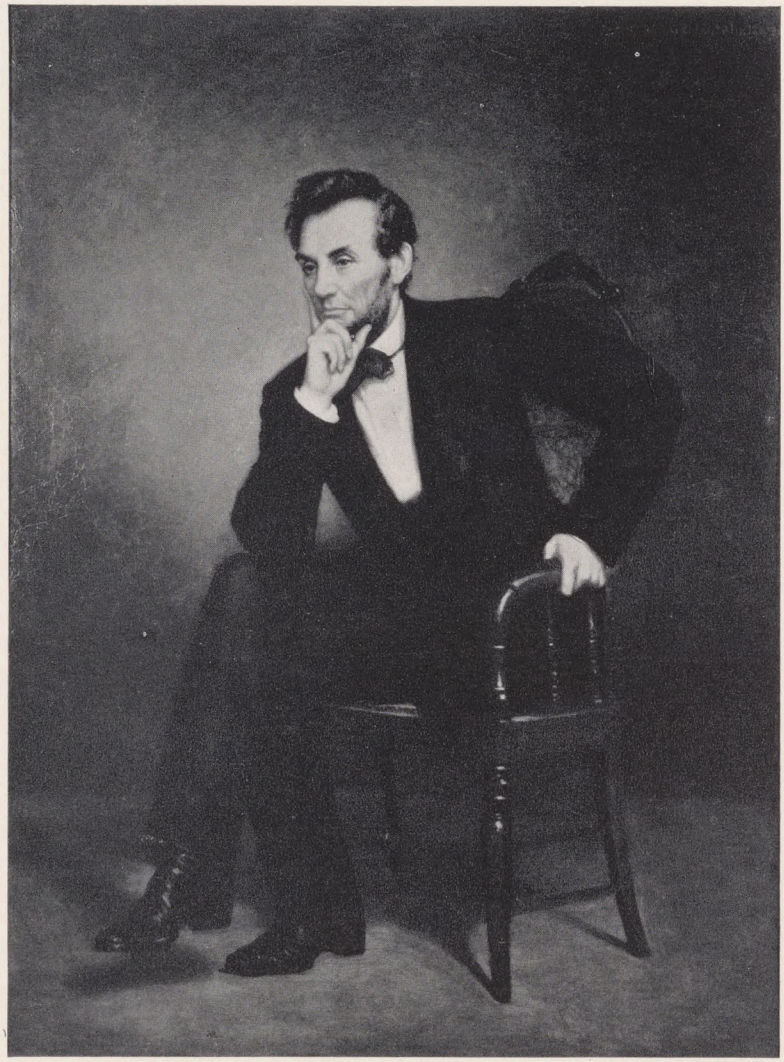
Now the drum of war was heard through the land. Soon the United States would be shaken by "the shock of contact of the mighty armies that even now are gathering," and soon the bitterness of civil war would pierce the heart of America in an agony that would only slowly be forgotten. Our country faced the future with a fear it had not known before. How would the years march when the war was over? This was but an idle question. Now the issue of union must be settled once and for all time. The drums sounded, and the young men prepared for war. How many times before had they marched to battle! How many times hereafter would they march to war! Only time and the infinite sadness of history could answer.

AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL

1861-1865

The Drum of War

Ancestral voices prophesying war



Abraham Lincoln, 1864-1865, by George Peter Alexander Healy. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. [Catalogue 247]

"I HOLD THAT, IN CONTEMPLATION OF UNIVERSAL LAW AND OF THE CONSTITUtion, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination." On March 4, 1861, on such a solemn note, Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office. Already, on December 20, 1860, but six weeks after Lincoln's election, the state of South Carolina had adopted an ordinance of secession. Bullets not ballots would now settle the issue. Nonetheless Lincoln pled for a pacific settlement, asking, "Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it?" The die had been cast, but not by his choice, and he added, "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war." He called again on memory and a sense of the past, but in vain: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The appeal to reason was already futile. By February 1, 1861, the six states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico had followed South Carolina's example, among them Alabama [Catalogue 211], and on February 18 Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was inaugurated as president of the Confederate States of America [Catalogue 212]. At the same time the southern states "adopted a constitution strangely reminiscent of the document against which they rebelled." On April 12 a Confederate battery fired on Fort Sumter (*see* p. 169) in Charleston Harbor: the South had fired the first shot of the Civil War. Now brother would be arrayed against brother, and the nation would know the long agony of its four years' war. When it was ended, Walt Whitman would write: "I have said somewhere that the three Presidentiads preceding 1861 show'd how the weakness and wickedness of rulers are just as eligible here in America under republican, as in Europe under dynastic influences. But what can I say of that prompt and splendid wrestling with secession slavery, the arch-enemy personified, the instant he unmistakably show'd his face? The volcanic upheaval of the

nation, after that firing on the flag at Charleston, proved for certain something which had been previously in great doubt, and at once substantially settled the question of disunion. In my judgment it will remain as the grandest and most encouraging spectacle yet vouchsafed in any age, old or new, to political progress and democracy. It was not for what came to the surface merely—though that was important—but what it indicated below, which was of eternal importance. Down in the abysms of New World humanity there had form'd and harden'd a primal hard-pan of national Union will, determin'd and in the majority, refusing to be tamper'd with or argued against, confronting all emergencies, and capable at any time of bursting all surface bonds, and breaking out like an earthquake. It is, indeed, the best lesson of the century, or of America, and it is a mighty privilege to have been part of it."

The land shook to the tread of marching feet. Slowly armies were built and moved into action. "The North is estimated to have enlisted about two million men altogether, and when the last shot was fired had about a million in the field. The South is estimated to have enlisted between seven hundred thousand and a million men." In all there died for the Union 359,528 men and for the Confederate states 133,785. War ravaged fertile valleys, woodlands, rivers, and harbors, and was waged even in foreign waters. Not alone did slavery owners suffer from the devastation of war but also southern opponents of slavery, of whom (one authority states) a million were ruined and dispossessed.

"It is impossible to determine the cost of war in terms of human sacrifice and suffering," a present-day historian has written. The cost of our Civil War has been, however, computed in material terms. He continued: "Estimates of financial loss and expenditures, however, can be made. David A. Wells estimated in 1869 that the total expenditure of the federal government in the eight and a quarter years of the war and postwar period was about $4,172,000,000. To this he added $923,000,000 as the increased cost over normal expenditures and debt to the northern states; $1,200,000,000 as the loss to the northern states from the diversion and suspension of industry and the reduction of the American marine and carrying trade; and $2,700,000,000 as the direct expenditures and loss of property by the Confederate states. 'These estimates which are believed to be moderate and reasonable,' he said, 'show an aggregate destruction of wealth or diversion of industry, which would have produced wealth in the United States since 1861, approximating *nine* thousand *millions* of dollars. What does it measure? It is substantially a thousand millions a year for nine years; or, at the wages of five hundred dollars a year, the labor of two millions of men exerted continuously during the whole of that period. It is three times as much as the slave property of the country was ever worth. It is a sum which at interest would

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER, April 13, 1861, by ALBERT BIERSTADT. The Union League of Philadelphia, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 212]

yield to the end of time twice as much as the annual slave product of the South in its best estate.' To this estimate billions were to be later added in pensions."

So great is the price history exacts for all advances toward the ever dear but never finally won goal of liberty. Meanwhile it was necessary to "clear the image / of freedom for the body of the world." Now the army of freedom "has grown stronger," a second poet wrote of John Brown. "It is marching on. / It is a throbbing pulse, a pouring surf, / It is the rainy gong of the Spring sky, / Echoing." Those marches have echoed down American history ever since: with the passage of years the hour of agony and the hour of triumph have grown vaster, even as has the image of freedom. Yet those were not years of clean-cut decision and conviction. They were years in which Lincoln—he who "had the appearance of a rough, intelligent farmer"—forged policy slowly, carried on the conduct of the war amid the conflicting opinions and advices of his varied supporters and officials and, alas, amid the incompetence and half-heartedness of some of his generals, and so at the last found the road to victory for his country.

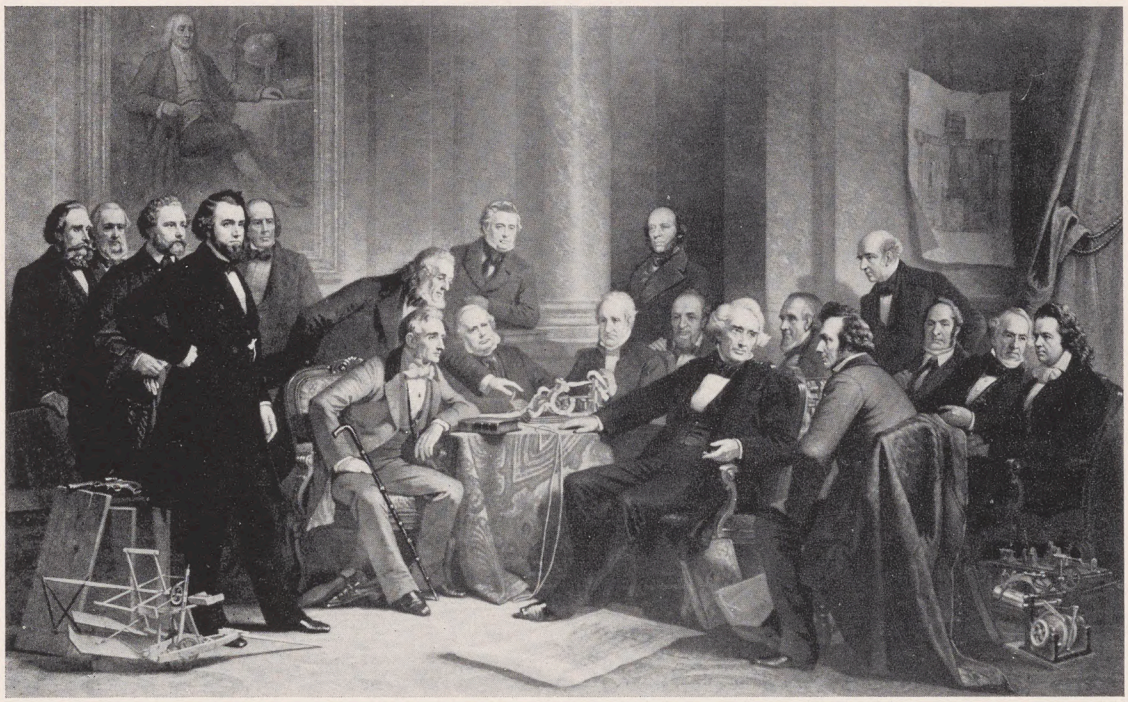
Sumter signed and sealed the war. Wavering states allied themselves with the Union cause, middle-of-the-road politicians pledged their support to Lincoln, and Stephen A. Douglas, lately Lincoln's political opponent, cried, "There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots or traitors." On April 15 Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, and from the cities and the farms they came. The odds seemed greatly in the North's favor—population, heavy industry, railroads and other technological

A Conflagration In A City On The Eastern Seaboard, 1861, by H. B. L. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Max Seltzer. [Catalogue 214]

facilities. The defeat of the Union army at Bull Run on July 21 made it evident, however, that the war would not be won in a brief campaign. Now followed a period of preparation, consolidation and planning.

The war began with repeated asseverations from the South of the justice and humanity of their cause. "Many in the South once believed that [slavery] was a moral and political evil. That folly and delusion are gone," John C. Calhoun had stated in 1838. "We see it now in its true light," he continued, "and regard it as the most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world." A score of years later southern intransigent opinion had not altered substantially. "No, you dare not make war on cotton," declaimed Senator J. H. Hammond of North Carolina. "No power on earth dares make war on it. Cotton is King." He believed that if war came, the North would be defeated: "Without firing a gun, without drawing a sword, should they make war on us, we could bring the whole world to our feet." James Russell Lowell spoke for the North and the real issue: "The fault of the Free States in the eyes of the South is not one that can be atoned for by any yielding of special points here and there. . . . Their crime is the census of 1860. Their increase in number, wealth, and power is a standing aggression. It would not be enough to please the Southern States that we should stop asking them to abolish slavery,—what they demand of us is nothing less than that we should abolish the spirit of the age."

Hostilities proceeded. During the first year of the war the eastern seacoast was the major battleground. Seaboard cities were attacked and set on fire; and as the North's blockade of the South's cotton trade with England's textile manufacturing centers progressed, naval actions were fought off the English coast. In reprisal,



MEN OF PROGRESS: AMERICAN INVENTORS, 1861, by JOHN SARTAIN after CHRISTAIN SCHUSSELE. Collection of Orson D. Munn. [Catalogue 216]

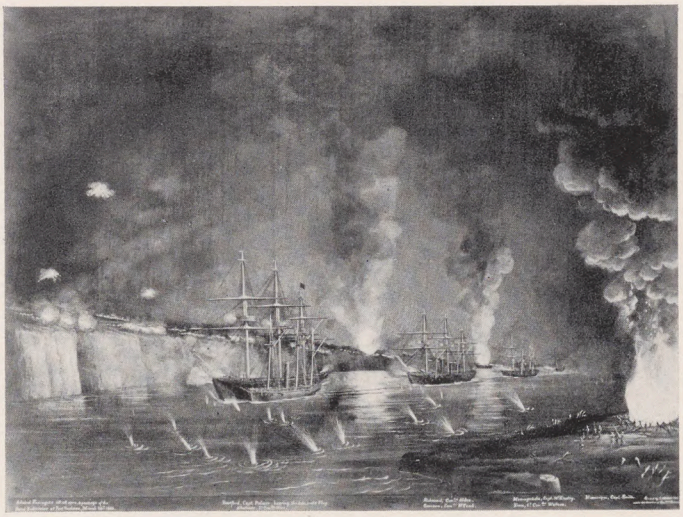
Confederate raiders harried Union shipping [Catalogue 214]. On the burning of the "Harvey Birch" of Salem, Massachusetts, by the Confederate cruiser "Nashville," the London *Times* of November 23, 1861, quoted Captain W. A. Nelson of the Union vessel as follows: "On the morning of Tuesday, the 19th instant, the ship then being in about lat. 49° 6′ N, 9° 52′ W, a steamer was made out bearing for the Harvey Birch, which, on getting nearer, was found to be an armed vessel, and hoisted at the peak the flag of the so-called Confederate States; and when within hailing distance a person on board, who I learned was the captain, hailed my ship, saying, 'Haul down your colors, and heave the ship to,' the ensign of the United States being at this time set at the peak of my vessel. This order was complied with, and I then received the order, 'Lower your boat and come on board,' which I also complied with, taking my ship's papers with me. . . . He [Captain Pegram of the Confederate steamer Nashville] . . . . then told me he should hold me a prisoner of war by authority of the Confederate States."

So economic warfare was waged almost a century ago. Fortunately for national

unity, the entrepreneurs of the age were, for the most part, aligned with the Union cause. *Men of Progress,* a contemporary artist named them, and so popular was the idea that a large print was soon made of the painting. In this picture may be seen important inventors and researchers: Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, ether as an anesthetic; James Bogardus, iron supports in architecture; Samuel Colt, the revolver; Cyrus Hall McCormick, the reaper; Joseph Saxton, machinery for the United States Mint and for the United States Coast Survey; Charles Goodyear, vulcanization of rubber; Peter Cooper, manufacturer, inventor, philanthropist; Joseph Henry, electricity; Dr. Eliphalet Mott, properties of heat; John Ericsson, the "Monitor" and other naval vessels; Frederick Ellsworth Sickels, a drop cut-off for steam engines; S. F. B. Morse, the telegraph; Henry Burden, horseshoe machine; Richard March Hoe, the Hoe rotary press; Erastus Brigham Bigelow, the carpet loom; Thomas Blanchard, the eccentric lathe; and Elias Howe, the sewing machine.

These capitalists and leaders of the nineteenth century managerial revolution, with others pictured in a similar large work, Daniel Huntington's *Projectors of the Atlantic Cable,* had laid the foundations of mid-century industry. By and large, their fortunes lay with the crescent technological industrialism of the North. To economic interest often was added intense moral conviction, as in the case of Peter Cooper. Almost seventy, he regretted that he was unable to fight for the Union and sought to make up for this by paying for a dozen or more substitutes to serve in the army. "He was," writes a present-day historian, "the first man to appear at the door of the Sub-Treasury to buy a war bond on the morning the first loan was issued, and was an early member of the Union League Club, formed in 1863 to support the war." The Trenton Iron Company, Peter Cooper's iron works in New Jersey, had weathered the panic of 1857. Now it performed "yeoman service during the war making gun-metal and gun carriages for mortars for the government." More than that, "Early in 1861, Hewitt [Abram Hewitt, Cooper's son-in-law] gave orders to ship no iron to the South for war purposes. A little later he would go to England—in March, 1862—to ferret out technical information about methods of manufacturing gun metal, and would be cited by the War Department for his patriotic services."

Loyal too was another ironmaster, Gouverneur Kemble, founder of the West Point Gun Foundry (*see* p. 180) at Cold Spring on the Hudson. A friend of Washington Irving and later of Van Buren, Kemble put his foundry at the service of his country, and throughout the Civil War it was the most extensive establishment in the United States for the manufacture of heavy cannon. Founder Kemble had himself painted as one of the group of visitors to the foundry: he is the elderly man in the lower right-hand corner. Like Cooper, this patriotic entrepreneur was recorded more than once

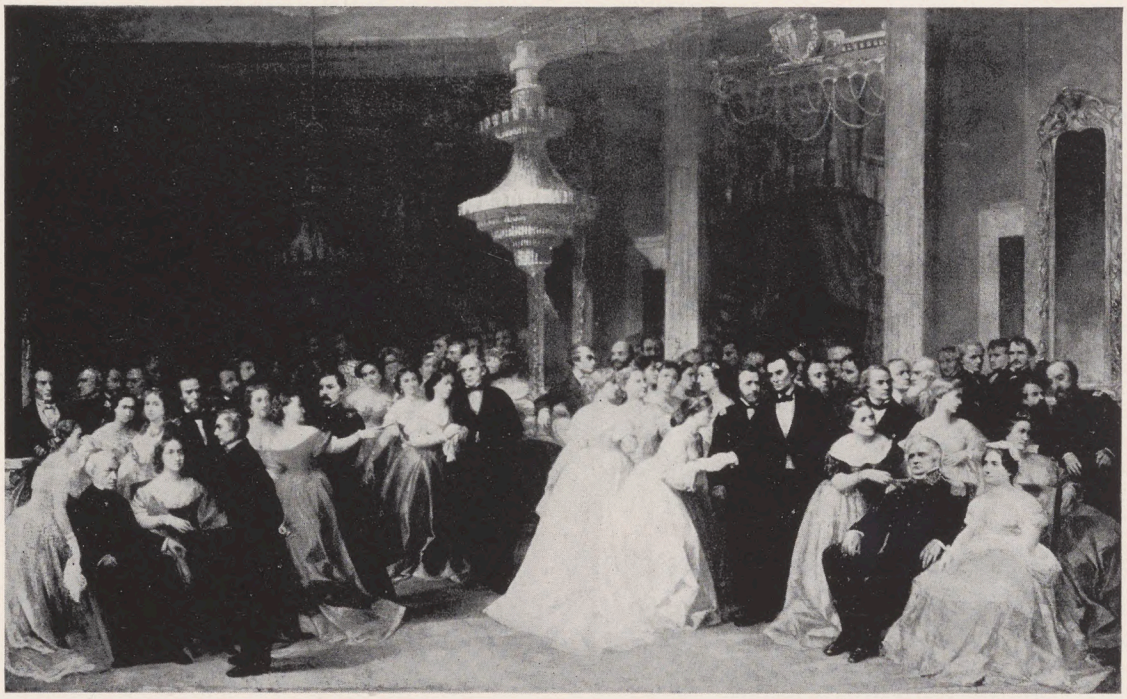


THE BATTLE OF PORT HUDSON, March 14, 1863, by EDWARD ARNOLD. Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. [Catalogue 225]

in paintings. He is also shown in *The Picnic* (*see* p. 181), at the lower right-hand corner again, while behind him stands Robert Parker Parrott, an officer of the Kemble foundry and inventor of the Parrott gun. In 1860, 10-pounders of this pattern were made; in 1861 20- and 30-pounders; and later 300- and 400-pounders. The foundry made in all, during the war, more than 3,000 cannon and 1,600,000 projectiles.

Not all Northerners were so patriotically minded. In the midst of tragedy and death there was war profiteering—as there had been before, even in the Revolution, and as unfortunately there would be in later wars. A moot case was the so-called "Hall carbine affair," which involved J. P. Morgan to an extent about which historians do not agree. In 1857 army officers had condemned a large number of Hall's carbines as unserviceable. At the outbreak of the Civil War there were 5,000 of these condemned weapons in the New York arsenal. On May 28, 1861, one Arthur M. Eastman bought them at $3.50 apiece. "But," wrote Gustavus Myers in his *History of the Great American Fortunes*, "either Eastman lacked the money for payment, or had been thrust forward to act as a dummy for a principal in the background. One Simon Stevens then stepped on the scene, agreeing to back Eastman to the extent of $20,000, . . . But from whom did Stevens get the funds? The official and legal records show that it was from J. Pierpont Morgan." A present-day biographer, in *The Great Pierpont Morgan*, has taken the position that no case existed as far as Morgan was concerned, basing his opinion on "a later and even more diligent piece of research by R. Gordon Wasson of J. P. Morgan & Co."

Indisputable is the fact that the condemned carbines were sold back to the government at a profit of almost five hundred per cent. Stevens notified General Frémont,



A Lincoln Reception At The White House, 1863, attributed to Francis Bicknell Carpenter. Collection of Newcomb Carlton. [Catalogue 224]

commanding at St. Louis, that he had 5,000 new carbines, and the rifles were resold for $22 each, over $100,000 finally being awarded Stevens after he had filed a series of suits against the government. The congressional committee which investigated this affair in 1862 "reported that the rifles were so bad that it was found that they would shoot off the thumbs of the very soldiers using them." Then, as now, greed appeared as one motivation of American life; and then, as now, the intricacies of profiteering were not always to be exposed even by congressional investigation.

Equally unsavory aspects of the American story were the bounties paid volunteers and the substitute fees paid those who served in the place of drafted persons. On April 15, 1861, Lincoln had called for 75,000 militia to serve for three months. The Union defeat at Bull Run—a premature campaign seeking to use these troops before their term was up—showed that the war would have to be fought on a long-term basis. The day after Bull Run the Congress approved an army of half a million volunteers to be enlisted for three years. Though the response was enthusiastic and the Union had 600,000 new troops by the spring of 1862, nonetheless the motivation was

PITCHING QUOITS, about 1865, by WINSLOW HOMER. Fogg Museum of Art, Cambridge. [Catalogue 251]

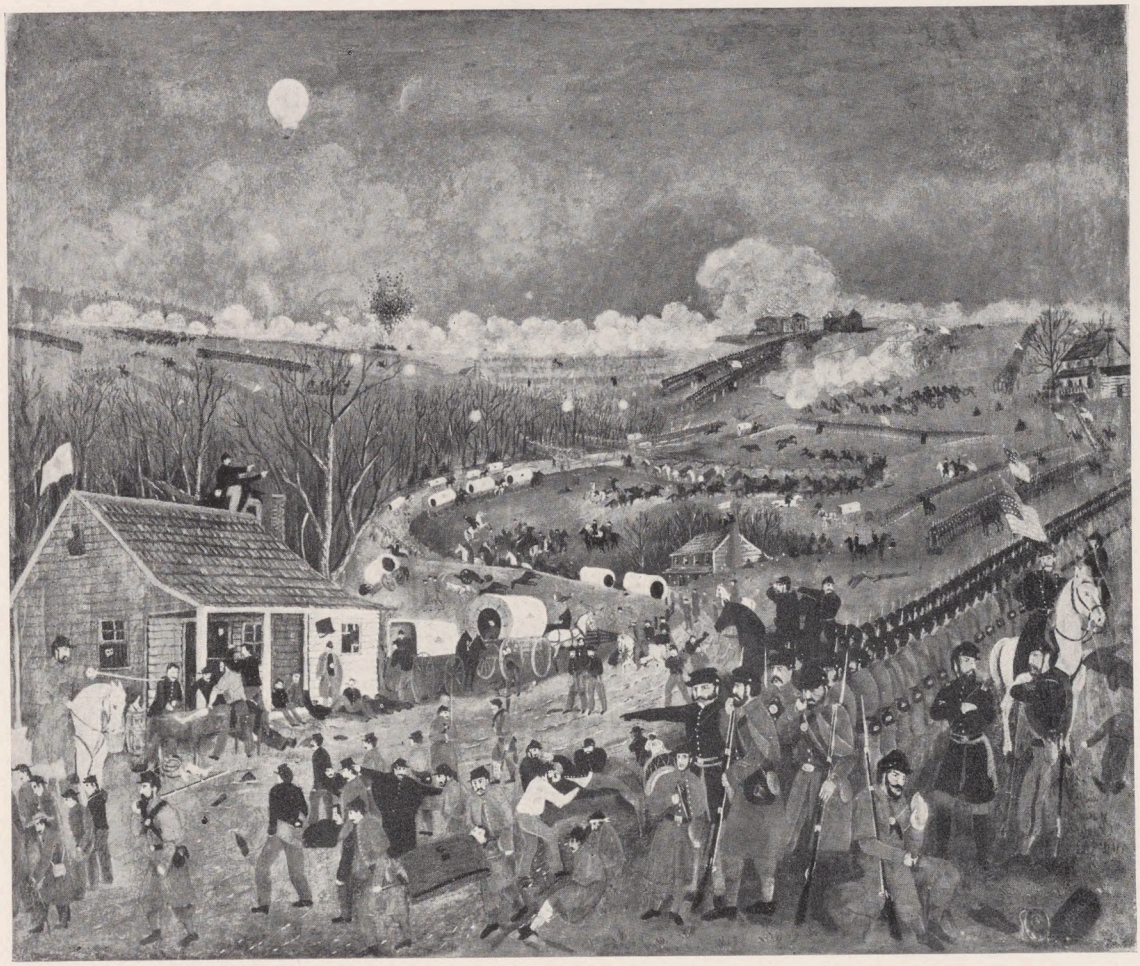
not solely idealistic. Inevitably enlistment was affected by the cleavages of opinion which existed in the North and which made it necessary for Lincoln to move slowly in the first years of his administration. To encourage recruiting the government had recourse to bounties, as did the states. New York offering professional recruiters a premium of two dollars each for groups of thirty-six volunteers. The federal government had offered a bounty of $100 to all persons enlisting for three years, but this was not to be paid until the recruit was discharged. The bounties paid by states were paid upon enlistment and after 1862 were as high as $350.

In 1863, the government passed its second draft act, with a proviso that the hundred-dollar federal bounty should be paid to drafted men as well as to substitutes and volunteers. It also permitted drafted men to pay $300 in lieu of furnishing substitutes. Congress sought to end this but "once involved in the system it [was] extremely difficult, if not impossible, to escape from it, or even restrict the rapid growth of its evils." Bounties were one of the chief causes of "the more than 268,000 desertions from the ranks during the war," according to one military authority, who added, "One such bounty jumper after final capture confessed to having deserted thirty-two times." The cost of bounties was "practically equal to the total amount of the wages paid to the army for the entire period of the war," being "three-quarters

General Doubleday Watching His Troops Cross The Potomac, June 25, 1863, by David G. Blythe. National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Cooperstown. [Catalogue 227]

of a billion dollars [paid] by nation, state, localities, and individuals."

"Little wonder that even the European observers who favored the North gloomily predicted the end of the republic," a present-day historian has written of those gloomy first months. "Yet their reckonings failed to recognize the one thing that finally turned the scales against the Confederacy. This was the steadfast devotion of the American people to the Union. They saw that defeat would end not only their republic but the world's greatest experiment in democracy. Here was a cause worth fighting—or dying—for. Abraham Lincoln felt this as did no other man, and his finest contribution to victory was his unfaltering conviction that government by the people should not perish. His dignified speeches, reaching classical heights in the Gettys-



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, July 1-3, 1863, by JOHN RICHARDS. Collection of Nelson A. Rockefeller. [Catalogue 228]

burg Address, convinced Americans that the Union and popular rule were inseparable, and that defeat meant the triumph of tyranny over democracy everywhere."

The will to democracy was shown in the use of Negro troops. Early in 1861 Major General B. F. Butler, commander of the Union forces at Fortress Monroe, decided to use fugitive slaves (*see* p. 162) who came across from Virginia and the lower South. He explained "that the enemy was using large numbers of Negroes in the work of constructing batteries on his front; and that the women and children of these laborers were to be sent South by rebel authorities. However, many slaves were escap-

THE WAR SPIRIT AT HOME: CELEBRATING THE VICTORY AT VICKSBURG, July 4, 1863, by LILLY MARTIN SPENCER. The Newark Museum, Newark. [Catalogue 230]

ing within his lines, and women and children in large numbers were coming also." In May, 1862, another Union officer, General David Hunter, in command of the Department of the South, issued orders from Port Royal, South Carolina, to recruit a regiment of Negroes, and in a few months the first South Carolina volunteer regiment had filled its quota. In answer to criticism, Hunter wrote that this was "a fine regiment of persons whose late masters are fugitive rebels—men who everywhere fly before the appearance of the national flag, leaving their servants behind them to shift as best they can for themselves. So far, indeed, are the loyal persons composing this regiment from seeking to avoid the presence of their late owners, that they are now, one and all, working with remarkable industry to place themselves in a position to go in full and effective pursuit of their fugacious and traitorous proprietors."

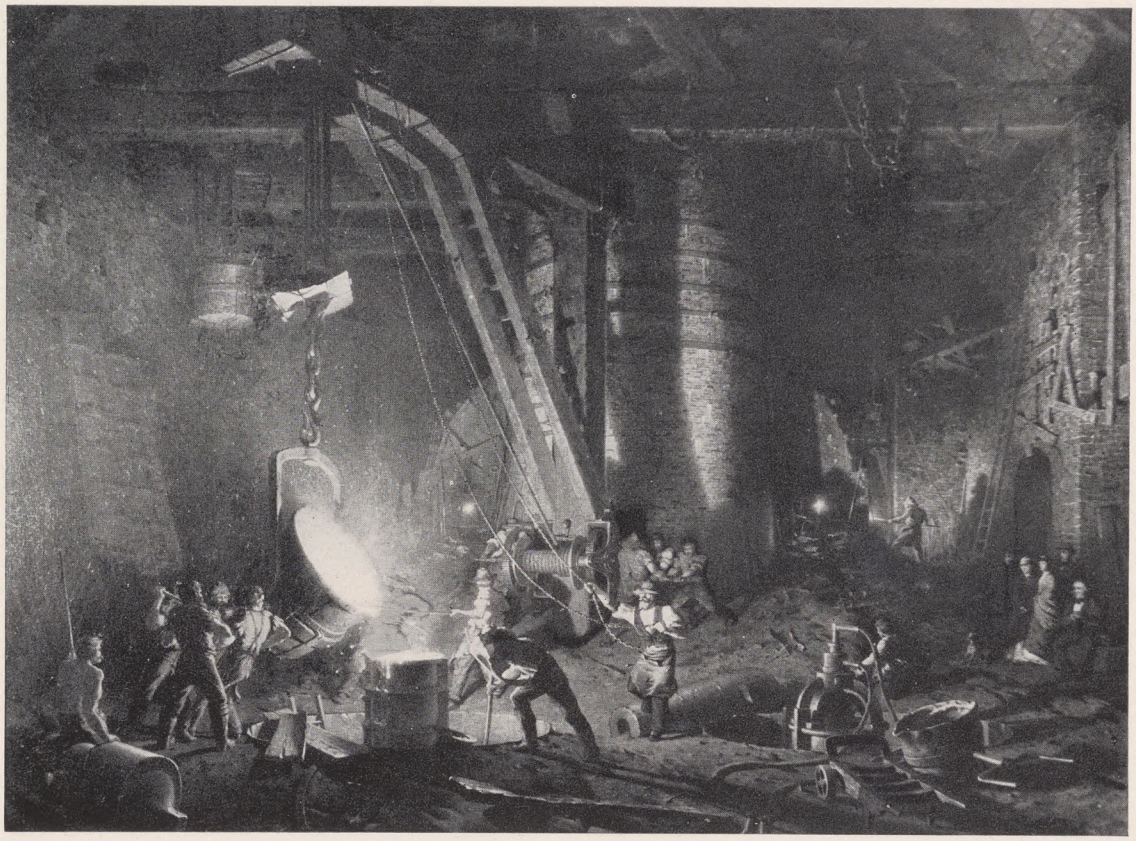
There was protest against the regiment, and as a result it was kept at drill and not called to battle. Finally it was disbanded, all but one company, which was sent to garrison St. Simon Island. Later this year the governor of Rhode Island urged Negroes to enlist, and General Butler, now in New Orleans, issued an appeal to free Negroes to volunteer. In all four regiments were mustered. In the North, Kansas was the first state to enroll a regiment of Northern Negro troops. Then, after the Emancipation Proclamation, Lincoln authorized the recruitment of Negroes. Massachusetts, home of abolitionism, quickly recruited the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry and the Fifty-fifth Infantry and the Fifth Cavalry.

In New York, however, authorities were not sympathetic to the idea. It remained

THE BLACKSMITH SHOP, about 1863, by EASTMAN JOHNSON. New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown. [Catalogue 237]

for the Union League Club to raise such troops. By January 4, 1864, the Twentieth Regiment United States Colored Troops No. 350 was at full strength. The occasion was signalized in *Presentation of Colors to the First Colored Regiment of New York* [Catalogue 245]. Unlike other artists who recorded the Civil War with official or quasi-official status, such as Winslow Homer and Alfred R. Waud for *Harper's* and Conrad Wise Chapman for the Confederate army, E. L. Henry was present in an unofficial capacity, as a captain's clerk. The event itself was celebrated with great ceremony. The regiment came from Riker's Island to the foot of Twenty-sixth Street on the East River, "where they were disembarked and formed in regimental line, and marched to Union Square, arriving in front of the Union League Club-House at one o'clock," wrote the New York *Tribune* of March 4. It continued: "A vast crowd of citizens of every shade of color, and every phase of social and political life, filled the square and streets, and every door, window, veranda, tree and house-top that commanded a view of the scene, was peopled with spectators. Over the entrance of the Club-Room was a large platform ornamented with flags and filled with ladies. From this stand the colors were presented by President King of Columbia College."

A dramatic feature of the occasion was the address engrossed on parchment and presented to the regiment. It read: "SOLDIERS: We, the mothers, wives, and sisters of the members of the New York Union League Club, of whose liberality and intelligent patriotism, and under whose direct auspices, you have been organized into a body of national troops for the defense of the Union, earnestly sympathizing in the



THE GUN FOUNDRY, 1866, by JOHN FERGUSON WEIR. Putnam County Historical Society, Cold Spring. [Catalogue 261]

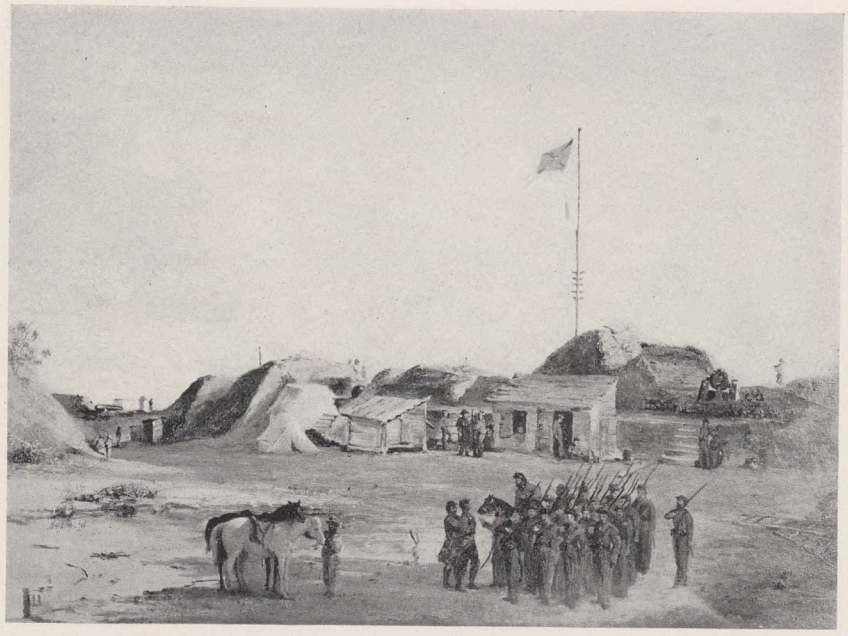
great cause of American free nationality, and desirous of testifying, by some memorial, our profound sense of the sacred object and the holy cause in behalf of which you have enlisted, have prepared for you this banner, at once the emblem of freedom and faith, and the symbol of woman's best wishes and prayers for our common country, and especially for your devotion thereto.

"When you look at this flag and rush to battle, or stand at guard beneath its sublime motto, 'GOD AND LIBERTY,' remember that it is also an emblem of love and honor from the daughters of this great metropolis to her brave champions in the field, and that they will anxiously watch your career, glorifying in your heroism, ministering to you when wounded and ill, and honoring your martyrdom with benedictions and with tears."

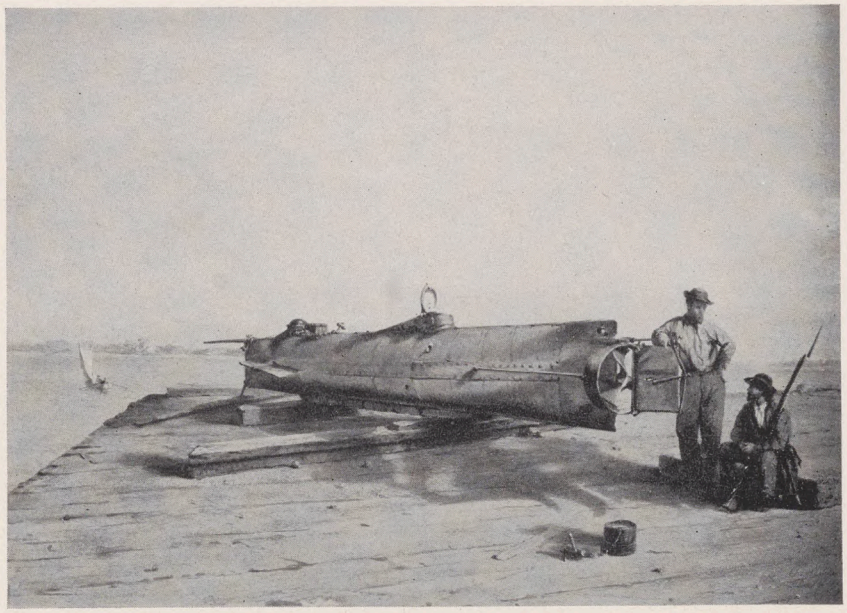
A Picnic On The Hudson, 1863(?), by Thomas Pritchard Rossiter. Julia L. Butterfield Memorial Library, Cold Spring. [Catalogue 231]

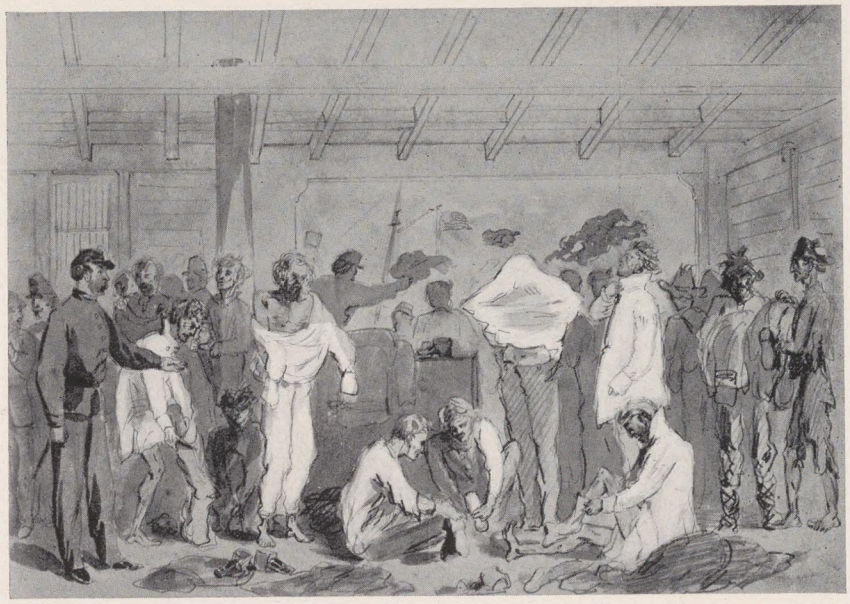
The years marched rapidly now. Call the roll again: The Peninsular Campaign. Antietam. Fredericksburg. Chancellorsville. Gettysburg. Vicksburg. The Wilderness. Sherman's march to the sea. The "Monitor" and the "Merrimac." Port Hudson. The Union blockade. Opening the Mississippi. In the East and in the West the Union armies played out the inescapable realities of the war: superior man-power and superior materiel, plus the intangible asset of "Union will" as Whitman called it, led slowly but inexorably to the South's defeat. Came the year of Gettysburg. Three days the battle raged—the turning point of Union hopes. Four months later Lincoln stood on that battlefield and swore a solemn oath that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

War had its horrors then as now. "It is enough to make the whole world start to see the awful amount of death and destruction that now stalks abroad. Daily for the past two months has the work progressed and I see no signs of remission till one or both the armies are destroyed . . . . I begin to regard the death and mangling of a couple



BATTERY BEE, DECEMBER 3, 1863, (upper) by CONRAD WISE CHAPMAN. The Confederate Museum, Richmond. [Catalogue 233]. HOSPITAL ATTENDANTS COLLECTING THE WOUNDED, 1863, (lower) by ALFRED R. WAUD. The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. [Catalogue 239].





THE CONFEDERATE SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT H. L. HUNLEY, 1863, (upper) by CONRAD WISE CHAPMAN. The Confederate Museum, Richmond. [Catalogue 234]. RETURNED UNION PRISONERS OF WAR, 1864, (lower) by ALFRED R. WAUD. The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. [Catalogue 246].

A Skirmish In The Wilderness, 1864, by Winslow Homer. The Art Museum of the New Britain Institute, New Britain. [Catalogue 241]

of thousand men as a small affair, . . . and it may be well that we become so hardened." So wrote General William T. Sherman in 1864.

At first hand Whitman saw the reality of war. Serving as a nurse in army hospitals, he comforted many a dying soldier and closed his eyes in death. "The real war will never get in the books," he asserted. "Future years will never know the seething hell and the black infernal background of countless minor scenes and interiors (not the official surface-courteousness of the Generals, not the few great battles) of the Secession war; and it is best they should not—the real war will never get in the books. In the mushy influences of current times, too, the fervid atmosphere and typical events of those years are in danger of being totally forgotten. I have at night watch'd by the side of a sick man in the hospital, one who could not live many hours. I have seen his eyes flash and burn as he raised himself and recurr'd to the cruelties on his surrender'd brother, and mutilations of the corpse afterward. . . .

"Such was the war. It was not a quadrille in a ball-room. Its interior history will

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA, 1864, by A. B. CARLIN. Collection of Mrs. McCook Knox. [Catalogue 242]

not only never be written—its practicality, minutiae of deeds and passions, will never be even suggested. The actual soldier of 1862-'65, North and South, with all his ways, his incredible dauntlessness, habits, practices, tastes, language, his fierce friendship, his appetite, rankness, his superb strength and animality, lawless gait, and a hundred unnamed lights and shades of camp, I say, will never be written—perhaps must not and should not be."

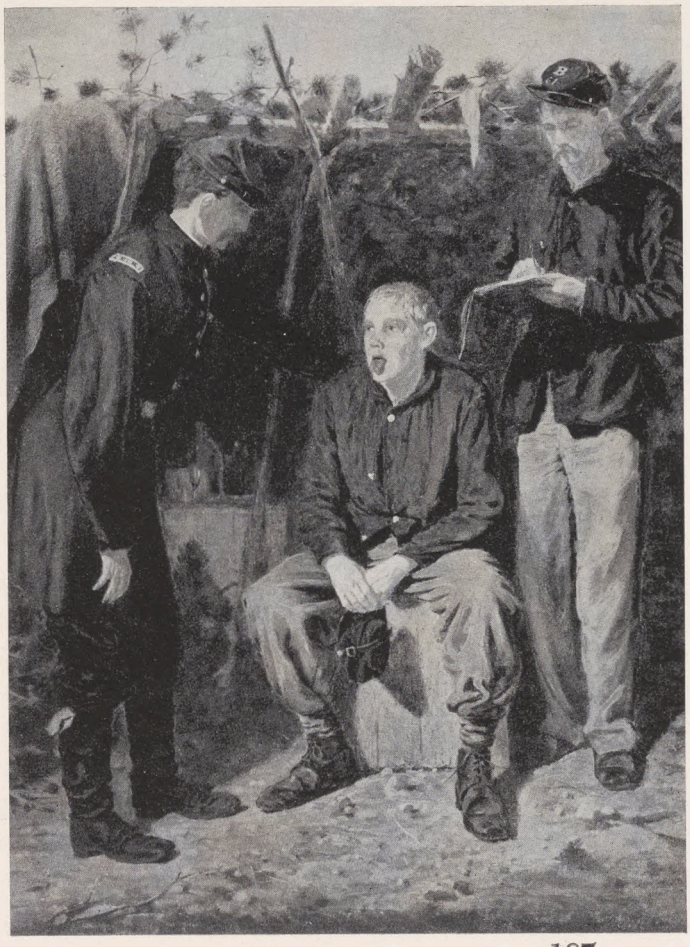
Again, he protested that "the unnamed remains" are those of "the bravest soldier." He continued: "Of scenes like these, I say, who writes—whoe'er can write the story? Of many a score—aye, thousands, north and south, of unwrit heroes, unknown heroisms, incredible, impromptu, first-class desperations—who tells? No history ever—no poem sings, no music sounds, those bravest men of all—those deeds. No formal general's report, nor book in the library, nor column in the paper, embalms the bravest, north or south, east or west. Unnamed, unknown, remain, and still remain, the bravest soldiers. Our manliest—our boys—our handy darlings; no picture gives them. Likely, the typic one of them (standing, no doubt, for hundreds, thousands) crawls aside to some bush-clump, or ferny tuft, on receiving his death-shot—there sheltering a little while, soaking roots, grass and soil, with red blood—the battle advances, retreats, flits from the scene, sweeps by—and there, haply with pain and suffering (yet less, far less, than is supposed,) the last lethargy winds like a serpent round him—the eyes glaze in death—none recks—perhaps, the burial squads, in truce, a week afterwards, search not the secluded spot—and there, at last, the Bravest Soldier crumbles in mother earth, unburied and unknown."

City Point, Virginia, Headquarters Of General Grant, 1864-1865, by Edward Lamson Henry. Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover. [Catalogue 248]

Amid scenes of war at the front and behind the lines, Abraham Lincoln walked, both well loved and well hated. To unfriendly eyes he seemed to play a devious political game. Yet in the perspective of time it is clear that he had but one purpose, to preserve the Union and to end the war as soon as might be. Changes in policy were dictated by changing situations, as he saw them. Meanwhile he conducted the affairs of the nation with finesse and a forward-looking point of view. At White House levees, he appeared and did the necessary honors. Francis Carpenter, who painted a composite view of a reception (*see* p. 174), twenty years later recalled the occasion. He wrote: "Two o'clock found me one of the throng pressing toward the centre of attraction, the 'blue' room. From the threshold of the 'crimson' parlor as I passed, I had a glimpse of the gaunt figure of Mr. Lincoln in the distance, haggard-looking, dressed in black, relieved only by the prescribed white gloves; standing, it seemed to me, solitary and alone, though surrounded by the crowd, bending low now and then in the process of hand-shaking, and responding half abstractedly to the well-meant greetings of the miscellaneous assemblage. Never shall I forget the electric thrill which went through my whole being at this instant." So, lonely and often misunderstood, Lincoln took his way through this tragic era. Not only after death, but before,

Abraham Lincoln walked at midnight, burdened by the sword of power.

Lincoln had sought on many occasions to bring the war to an end, but without avail. On March 27 and 28, 1865, he met with Generals Grant and Sherman on board the "River Queen," near City Point, Virginia, to deliberate on the possibilities of peace. *The Peace Makers* (*see* p. 189) records the event. A latter-day historian had documented this meeting as follows: "Sherman himself went to City Point to have a consultation with Grant and there met President Lincoln. The three had two interviews, one on the afternoon of March 27 and the other the next day when they discussed the past operations, the harbingers of their success and the approaching end of the war. Lincoln and Sherman did most of the talking while Grant listened and ruminated. According to Sherman's recollection of the interviews the two gen-



PLAYING OLD SOLDIER, about 1863, by WINSLOW HOMER. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. [Catalogue 240]

"His soldiers were ordinary enough fellows, fond of sport and horseplay, always hungry and thirsty, continually in trouble. They displayed little martial spirit, and the artist took a sly delight in showing the human being triumphing over the soldier—a boy 'playing old soldier,' pretending to be sick."

THE OLD WESTOVER MANSION, 1864, by EDWARD LAMSON HENRY. The Corcoran Gallery of Art. [Catalogue 244]

erals agreed in their opinion that one or the other of them 'would have to fight one more bloody battle and that it would be the *last*.' Lincoln felt that enough of blood had been shed and asked 'if another battle could not be avoided,' to which Sherman made answer that they 'could not control the event'; it rested with Jefferson Davis and General Lee whether or not the two armies should meet again in a 'desperate and bloody battle.'" One more battle was fought—at Richmond. On April 3 the city surrendered, and the war was almost over.

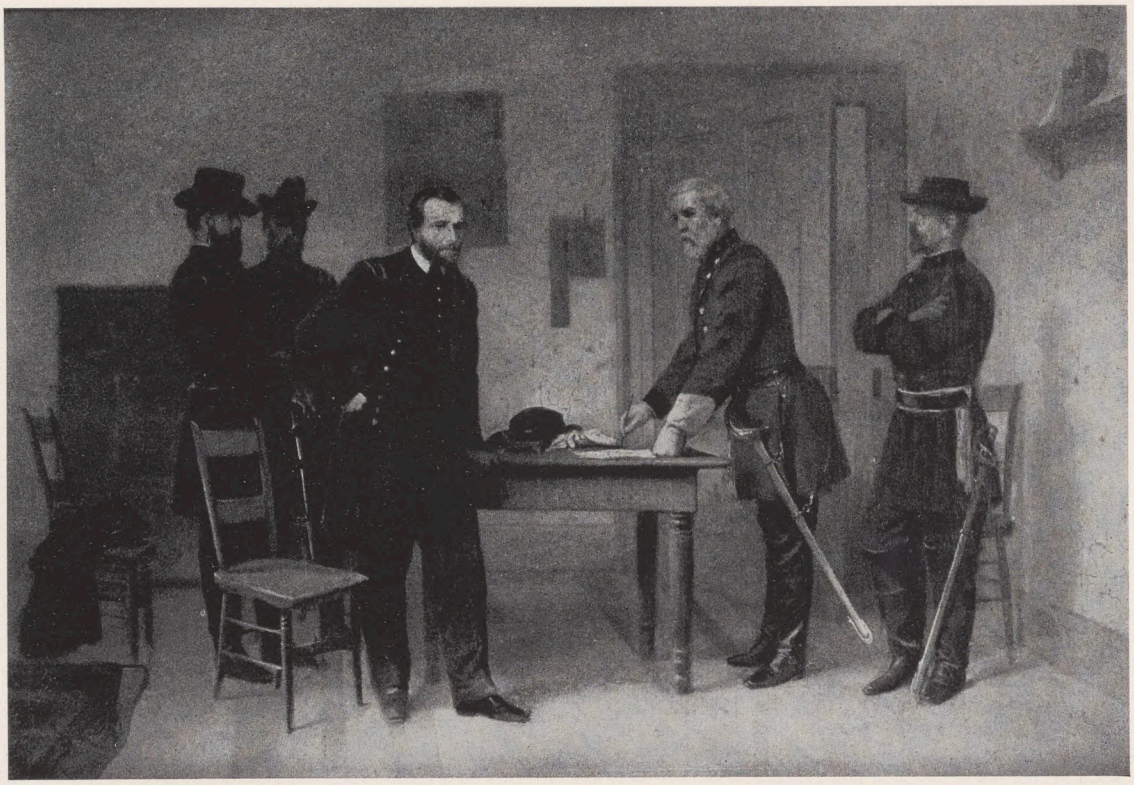
Meanwhile America's artists again told the American story in pictures. G. P. A. Healy was not present to record this meeting; but he had painted portraits of the men present, notably that of the President (*see* p. 166). Several years later he corresponded with General Sherman to obtain precise details of the meeting so that he might paint *The Peace Makers*. Thus another important occasion in American history did not go unrecorded. Sherman replied at length, and the artist was able to reconstruct the meeting. He wrote, in part, as follows: "I feel much flattered at your proposed picture, and will be most happy to aid you all I can. I will see General Grant in a day or so and collect more materials as I progress . . . the General said we must go to see Mr. Lincoln who was visiting City Point in the steamer, 'River Queen,' then at the dock. We walked down, went on board her, sent our names to him, and followed to the 'after cabin' where he alone received us . . . I had not seen him since 1861 when I was with the Army of the Potomac, . . . At first he looked haggard and careworn. I understood that he had come down the Bay from Washington to escape the cares and harassments of political life. As we engaged in conversation he warmed up

THE PEACE MAKERS, March 27, 1865, by GEORGE PETER ALEXANDER HEALY. The White House. [Catalogue 250]

and looked more like himself. We did not sit at a table, nor do I recall having any maps or papers. We merely sat at ease in such chairs as happened to be there. . . .

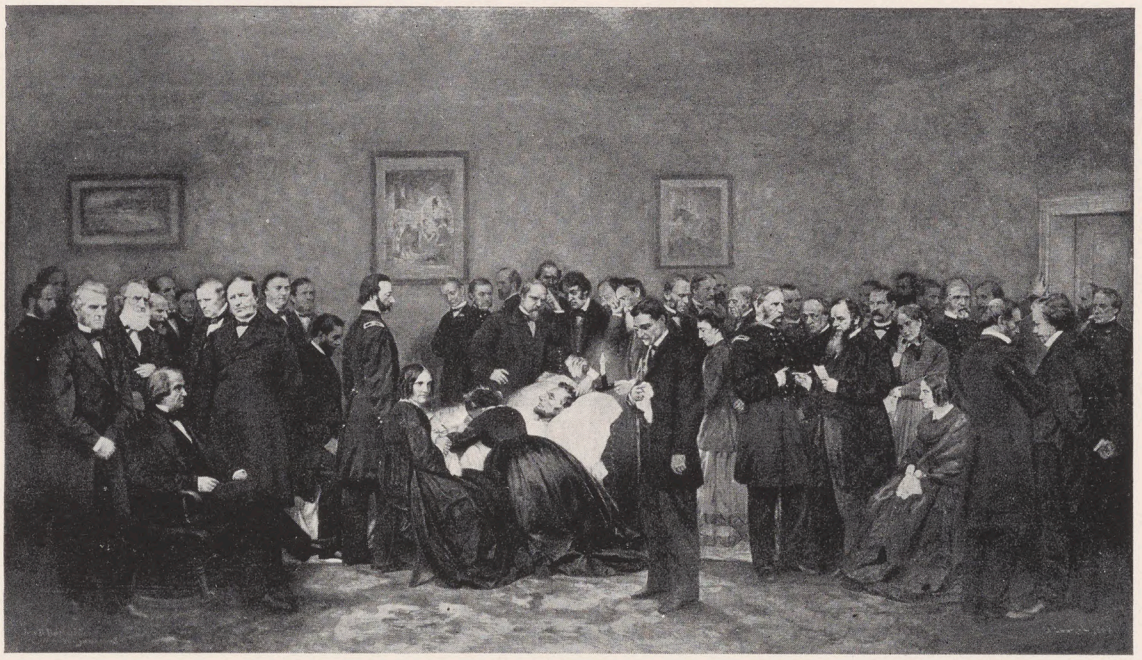
"General Grant gave us a general statement of the actual state of affairs and only expressed uneasiness lest Lee should attempt to escape before we were all ready. He stated that at that moment Sheridan was crossing from the north to the south side of the James to move around the line of investment to get on the extreme left of General Meade's army, ready to make the final movement on the South Side Railroad, the only remaining channel of supply to Richmond, and that would force Lee to come out of his entrenchments to fight or to run, else surrender."

In less than two weeks the Union had won its victory. On April 9 Lee surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse (*see* p. 190) and on the next day penned a farewell to his



THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX, April 9, 1865, by ALONZO CHAPPEL. Harry MacNeill Bland, New York. [Catalogue 253]

troops from his headquarters. He wrote: "After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuance of the contest I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their country. By the terms of agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain till exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration



THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, April 15, 1865, by JOHN B. BACHELDER and ALONZO CHAPPEL. Brown University, Providence. [Catalogue 254]

for myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell." So the war was ended. So . . . the war was ended? Did it ever end?

On April 14 the United States faced the greatest tragedy it had yet known: Lincoln was shot by an assassin. Our country had known revolution, panic, and civil war. Now its dearest hero was struck down. Had Lincoln lived to serve his second term, would the course of our history have been other than it was? Would his infinite compassion—"with malice toward none, with charity toward all"—have carried to higher levels that American dream for which he spoke at Gettysburg?

"Never before that startled April morning," wrote James Russell Lowell, "did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman."

Lincoln's body lay in state in the White House. Slowly it journeyed back to Springfield, Illinois. Everywhere the American people thronged to say goodby. "Night and

day journeys a coffin," wrote Walt Whitman, "Coffin that passes through lanes and streets, / Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land." At Cleveland the flags were drooping; it rained all day. A building had been erected so that Lincoln's body might lie in state there, and two rows of people filed past the coffin without cessation. "Here," chanted Whitman, "I give you my sprig of lilac." The mourners gave Lincoln their lilacs and their tears. At Chicago the funeral car passed beneath a ceremonial arch, and "thirty-six young ladies in white" placed wreaths on the coffin. "With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black," Lincoln journeyed to his home. "O powerful western fallen star!"—so Whitman sang his song of death.

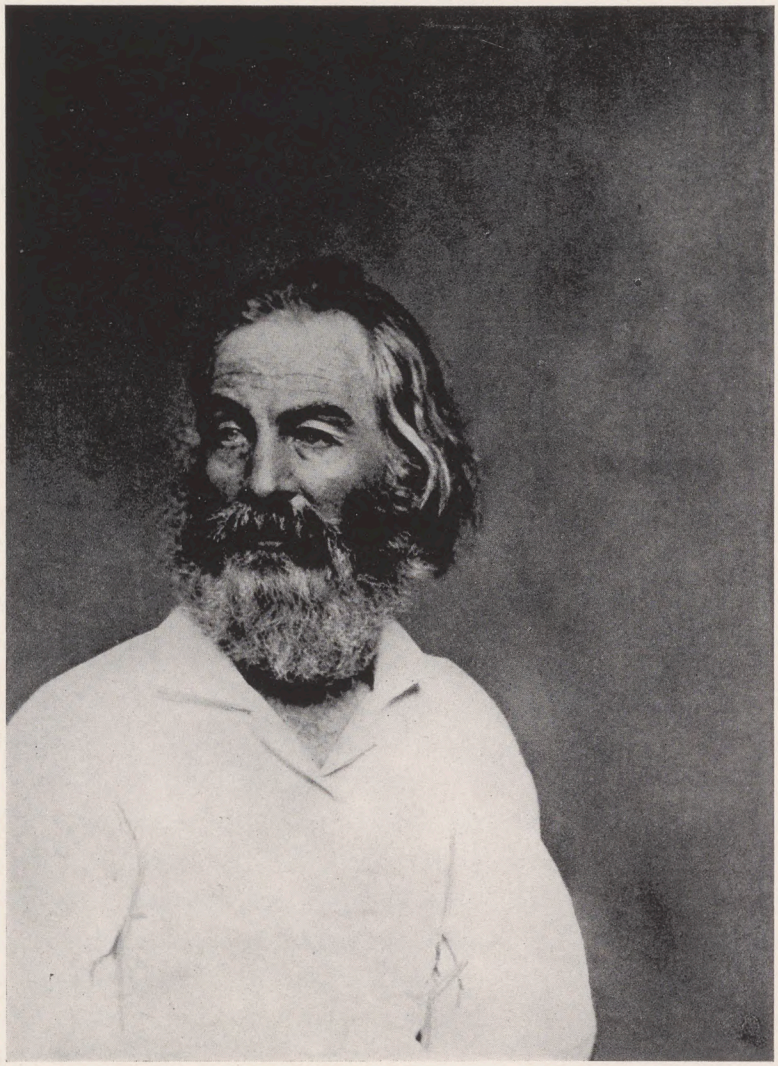
Not alone in the grandest poem of American letters did he mourn the dead Lincoln. On April 16 Whitman wrote the best epitaph for nations which lose their great leaders in times of crisis: "He leaves for America's history and biography, so far, not only its most dramatic reminiscence—he leaves, in my opinion, the greatest, best, most characteristic, artistic, moral personality. Not but that he had faults, and show'd them in the Presidency; but honesty, goodness, shrewdness, conscience, and (a new virtue, unknown to other lands, and hardly yet really known here, but the foundation and tie of all, as the future will grandly develop,) UNIONISM, in its truest and amplest sense, form'd the hard-pan of his character. These he seal'd with his life. The tragic splendor of his death, purging, illuminating all, throws round his form, his head, an aureole that will remain and will grow brighter through time, while history lives, and love of country lasts. By many has this Union been help'd; but if one name, one man must be pick'd out, he, most of all, is the conservator of it, to the future. He was assassinated—but the Union was not assassinated— *ça ira!* One falls, and another falls. The soldier drops, sinks like a wave—but the ranks of the ocean eternally press on. Death does its work, obliterates a hundred, a thousand—President, general, captain, private—but the Nation is immortal."

There remained now the binding up of wounds, the beating of swords into plowshares, the rebuilding of what had been destroyed. "The common soldier of the American volunteer army had returned. His war with the South was over, and his fight, his daily running fight with Nature and against the injustice of his fellow man, was begun again." So Hamlin Garland wrote of the end of the war and the beginning of the new period. Whitman, indestructible believer in democratic vistas, read as "immortal proofs of democracy, unequall'd in all the history of the past . . . the peaceful and harmonious disbanding of the armies in the summer of 1865." Peaceful and harmonious the summer of 1865 may have seemed. The years thereafter would not be without crises, no less arduous in peace than in war.

1866-1900

American Horizons

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise



WALT WHITMAN, about 1866, by MATHEW B. BRADY. The Corcoran Gallery of Art. [Catalogue 260].

"MARK THE ROADS, THE PROCESSES, THROUGH WHICH THESE STATES HAVE ARrived, standing easy, henceforth ever-equal, ever compact, in their range today. European adventures? the most antique? Asiatic or African? old history—miracles—romances? Rather, our own unquestion'd facts. They hasten, incredible, blazing bright as fire. From the deeds and days of Columbus down to the present, and including the present—and especially the late Secession war—when I con them, I feel, every leaf, like stopping to see if I have not made a mistake, and fall'n on the splendid figments of some dream. But it is no dream. We stand, live, move, in the huge flow of our age's materialism—its spirituality. We have founded for us the most positive of lands." The proof of Walt Whitman's faith in the democratic process would lie in the years to come.

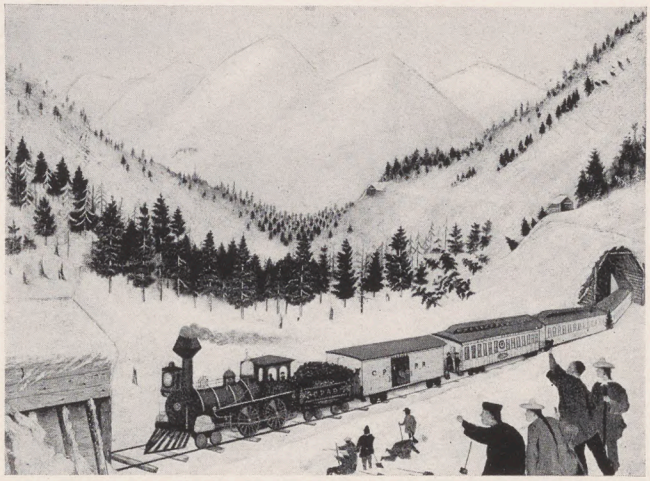
Immediately the United States moved to reconstruction. The Union was to be rebuilt. Homes were to spring up anew throughout the land, and schools and colleges were to be multiplied so that the rapidly increasing population might be educated for the responsibilities of democracy. Railroad terminals, post offices, court houses, factories, wharf and dock facilities, railroads and inland waterways, all were to flourish. The land would heal its wounds, the war would be forgotten, the nation would take its triumphant way to empire. Such aspirations were written not alone in words but in symbolic prints such as J. L. Giles' lithograph, *Reconstruction* [Catalogue 263]. So men were to meet in comity for the common task.

On April 11, three days before he was shot, Lincoln had made his last public address. He began, "A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated . . . . By these recent successes, the reinauguration of the national authority—reconstruction—which has had a large share of thought from the first, is pressed much more closely upon our attention. It is fraught with great difficulty. Unlike a case of war between independent nations, *there is no authorized organ for us to treat with*—no one man has authority to give up the rebellion for any other man. We simply must begin with and mould from disorganized and discordant elements." Disorganized and discordant elements continued (even as did "the loyal people,") to "differ . . . as to the mode, manner, and measure of reconstruction." As early as 1862 Lincoln had begun to consider measures to this end, and in 1863 he "had corresponded with different persons . . . interested in seeking a reconstruction of a State

government for Louisiana," as he did later in that year with the governor of Tennessee. In December he issued a proclamation of amnesty and reconstruction. Thus throughout the war years peace was close to his heart. How history would have been written had he lived, no one knows.

Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency. One of his first acts was to issue an amnesty proclamation similar in most respects to his predecessor's. Already before Lincoln's death the Freedmen's Bureau had been established to care for the freedmen and for the abandoned lands in the South. On December 18, 1865, the government moved to implement the Emancipation Proclamation by the passage of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." The Union had been preserved, the slaves had been freed. What of the years to come? They would be years packed with eventful happenings, years confronted with problems political, economic and social for which answers sometimes came slowly and with difficulty. The rise of modern mass-production large-scale industry, the technologization of transportation and communication, the rationalization of agriculture with machines which replaced much ancient hand labor, the democratization of education, the humanization of science as applied to human well-being and health, the conflicts of opinion aroused by wide-scale immigration—these were but a few of the areas of American life which make the story of these years stirring though complex.

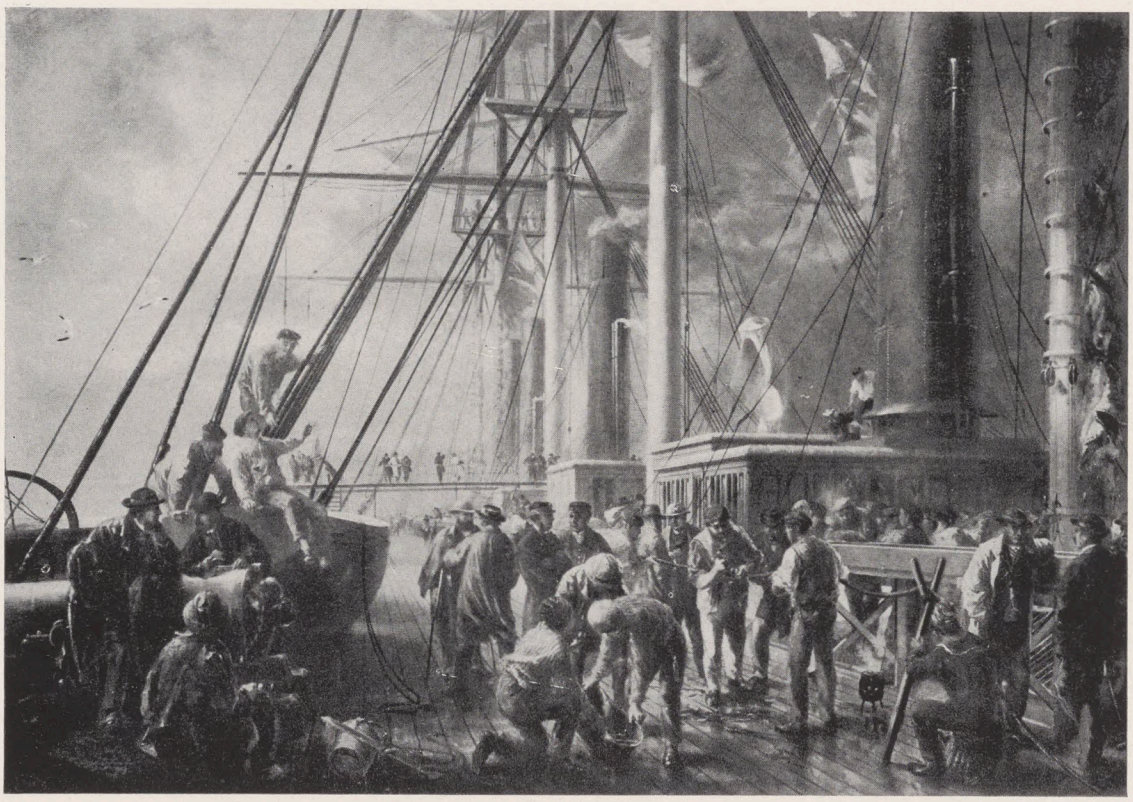
At the end of the Civil War, the nation stood, proud in its strength, confirmed in the path it was to follow. There was but one: disunity would not and could not be allowed. Yet the cleavage was not wholly mended nor, in a century, were the social values of North and South harmonized. The issue of slavery had been settled, it seemed, on the battlefield and by constitutional amendment. In life it was not. There were, also, frontiers of science and technology to be conquered—sky to be assayed, light's unseen rays to be put to use, sound waves to be mastered, all knowledge to be made the servant of man. Could America in 1866, looking to the future, have foreseen the social problems of the time? These included slums, heightening of capital-labor tensions until Pinkertons would shoot down strikers at Homestead, intensification of the national economy's "boom-bust" cycle with consequent unemployment and human misery, corruption of federal, state and municipal government, compulsion (as if by internal necessity) for growth until finally, in 1898, the United States embarked on its first extra-continental war. Such stresses and strains of American history lay masked in the future. Would to have foreseen them prevented them?



THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD, 1869, by JOSEPH BECKER. Thomas Gilcrease Foundation, Tulsa. [Catalogue 266]

BUFFALO HARBOR FROM THE FOOT OF PORTER AVENUE, 1871, by LARS GUSTAV SELLSTEDT. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo. [Catalogue 268]

THE BURNING OF THE CHICAGO STEAM SUGAR REFINERY AND THE MCCORMICK REAPER WORKS, 1871, by .....?..... LEHMAN. Chicago Historical Society. [Catalogue 270]



SPLICING THE CABLE, July 13, 1866, by ROBERT DUDLEY. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Catalogue 259]

Now the United States entered upon a phase of vast industrial and technological expansion. At the same time the traditional agrarian mode of life was transformed by mechanization. The free lands opened up to the public, and especially to veterans, by the Homestead Act of 1862, brought new territory under settlement. By this act a homesteader might obtain one hundred sixty acres of public land by settling on it and cultivating it for five years. Several hundreds of thousands of farmers thus were enabled to locate in the West. As a result, the plains states (*see* p. 199), which had been bypassed in the Gold Rush, now began to develop. In a score of years, the pressure of new population would be such as to drive the Indians from their last stronghold—the lands to which Andrew Jackson had moved them in the 1830s [Catalogue 262]. Soon the sorry chapters of the Indian wars would be written. Meanwhile, under the Morrill Act of 1862, education in these newly settled territories and

An Emigrant Train Fording Medicine Bow Creek, Rocky Mountains, 1870, by Samuel Colman. Collection of Hall Park McCullough. [Catalogue 267]

states was given great impetus. With grants of public lands, the state colleges dedicated to the agricultural and mechanic arts got under way: Jefferson's ideal of educating the citizenry, rather than of scorning it, was now having a sound popular foundation built. At the same time American artists and writers were renewing the sources of their inspiration abroad (*see* p. 201) and Rome was now as compelling a center of attraction as London had been in Copley's, West's and Peale's day, or as Paris would be after World War One and World War Two.

The frontier continued to be an authentic part of American life, however, and would persist till the end of the century, providing the historian, Frederick Jackson Turner, with a thesis for his theory of American history and contributing local color to Americana for many decades, in stories of the Wild West, cowboy ballads, and the like. A contemporary wrote of that time: "But I omit one great feature in the constant landscape—the long trains of wagons and carts, with their teams of mules and oxen, passing to and fro on the road, going in empty, coming out laden with corn for man and beast, with machinery for the mining regions, with clothing, food and luxuries for the accumulating populations of Colorado, Utah and Montana,—for all these territories and the intermediate populations draw their supplies from this quarter, and not from the California shore. The wagons are covered with white cloth; each is drawn

by four to six pairs of mules or oxen; and the trains of them stretch frequently from one-quarter to one-third of a mile each. As they move along in the distance, they remind one of the caravans described in the Bible and other Eastern books. Turned out of the road on the green prairie, for afternoon rest or a night's repose, the wagons drawn around in a circle, as a sort of barricade against Indians or protection against storm, and the animals turned loose to feed, and wandering over the rounding prairie for a mile—'cattle upon a thousand hills;' at night their camp fires burning;—in any position, or under any aspect, they present a picture most unique and impressive, indeed. I have seen nothing like it before; and it summons up many a memory of oriental reading. Just now, these trains are moving more compactly than usual, for protection against Indian attacks; but their numbers and the amount of goods they are hauling, give you an idea of the magnitude and importance of the commerce across these Plains, that neither bare figures, nor parts of speech can impart. The mule trains make from fifteen to twenty miles a day; and the oxen about twelve to fifteen. They depend entirely upon the prairies for food as they go along; and indeed the animals grow stronger and fatter as they move on in their summer campaign of work, coming out of their winter rest poor and scrawny, and going back into it in the fall, fat and hearty."

In this period American capitalists developed important areas of the national economy, and heavy industry benefited by the application of new inventions and processes. From 1860 to 1900 the United States Patent Office granted 676,000 patents. Before the Civil War, architects had begun to use cast-iron supports, and the United States was on the road to twentieth-century steel-frame rationale. The Bessemer method of making steel had also been developed before the war, and steel would become the very heart and core of American industry and finance. With the development of electrical science and technology, the grand phase of industrialism would be launched. Now there was beginning the age of the "robber barons," as a present-day chronicler of the time has called them. Coal, iron, oil, copper, silver, lead, were apparently to be inexhaustible sources of wealth, and in these fields American enterprise throve.

Great transcontinental railroads had been projected before the Civil War. Now their promoters moved rapidly to complete them, driving tunnels through the Sierra Nevada mountains, building forty miles of snowsheds over the track to hold back the forty-foot drifts of snow that fell one winter, importing thousands of Chinese coolies because native-born Americans were in short supply. Behind the Central Pacific were the "Big Four," Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins, names which became and remained powerful. Westward the Union Pacific pushed from Council Bluffs, Iowa; the Central Pacific eastward from California. Laws were passed by the Congress to subsidize the railroads with loans of over $60,000,-

000 and free grants of over 100,000,000 acres of land. In less than ten years, 23,000 miles of track were laid. Finally, on May 10, 1869, the rails met at Promontory, Utah, "eleven hundred and eighty-six miles west of the river, six hundred and thirty-eight miles east of Sacramento." After appropriate prayers and other ceremonies, four spikes were produced, two of silver and two of gold, the products of Montana, Nevada, California, and Idaho. The silver sledge hammer fell. At last East and West were united. It remained for the Panama Canal (*see* p. 231) to wed the eastern and the western seas in physical fact.

Again artists were present to record the event, Thomas Hill sketching the actual

THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME, by GEORGE PETER ALEXANDER HEALY. The Newark Museum. [Catalogue 269]

American intellectuals abroad are shown in Healy's painting. From left to right, they are: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and his daughter, Edith; the landscape artist, Sanford Gifford; the sculptor, Launt Thompson; and the artist himself. In the center, painted out but visible in outline, is the figure of the painter, Jervis McEntee.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL, 1871, by WINSLOW HOMER. City Art Museum of St. Louis. [Catalogue 271]

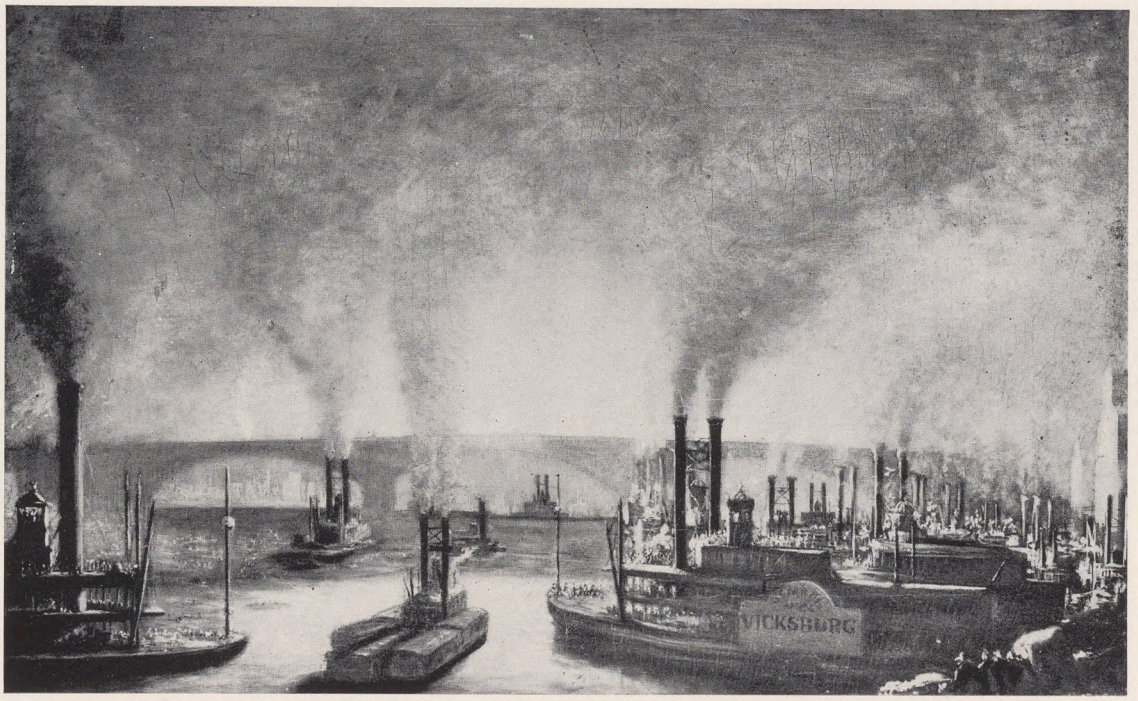
driving of the spike [Catalogue 265] and later painting a large academic canvas of the subject and a folk painter recording construction on the snow-covered mountainside (*see* p. 197) with Chinese coolies prominent in the composition. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of the occasion with enthusiasm tinged with a certain detachment: "When I think how the railroad has been pushed through this unwatered wilderness and haunt of savage tribes . . . how at each stage of the construction, roaring, impromptu cities, full of gold and lust and death, sprang up and then died away again; how in these uncouth places pigtailed Chinese pirates worked side by side with border ruffians and broken men from Europe, talking together in mixed dialect, mostly oaths, gambling, drinking, quarreling, and murdering like wolves . . . and then when I go on to remember that all this epical turmoil was conducted by gentlemen in frock coats and with a view to nothing more extraordinary than a fortune and a subsequent visit to Paris, it seems to me as if this railway were the one typical achievement of the age in which we live."

Latter-day historians point out the vast fortunes made by these various entrepreneurs. Write Nevins and Commager in *America: The Story of a Free People:* "The directors of the Union Pacific, not content with government largess, organized a dummy construction company and voted that company fraudulent contracts that netted

A Camp Meeting, 1874, by Worthington Whittredge. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Catalogue 273]

them profits running into millions of dollars. The 'Big Four' of the Central Pacific . . . organized their own construction company and milked their road to the tune of more than sixty million dollars; each of them left over forty millions at his death. Both groups of directors engaged in wholesale bribery; both groups saddled their roads with such debts that the government had to whistle for its loans and the communities which they served had to pay exorbitant charges for a generation to come." Bret Harte added an ironic footnote in a poem in *The Overland Monthly*, which he called "What The Engine Said" and which he described as "unreported and unread." He quoted the Engine from the East as saying that "They who work best talk the least. . . . / Let those folks, with champagne stuffing, / Not their Engines, do the *puffing*." With the nineteenth-century equivalent of a boo or a hiss, he ended: "Spoken lightly through the nose, / With a whistle at the close." Some historians believe that the American people did not whistle, they *paid* through the nose.

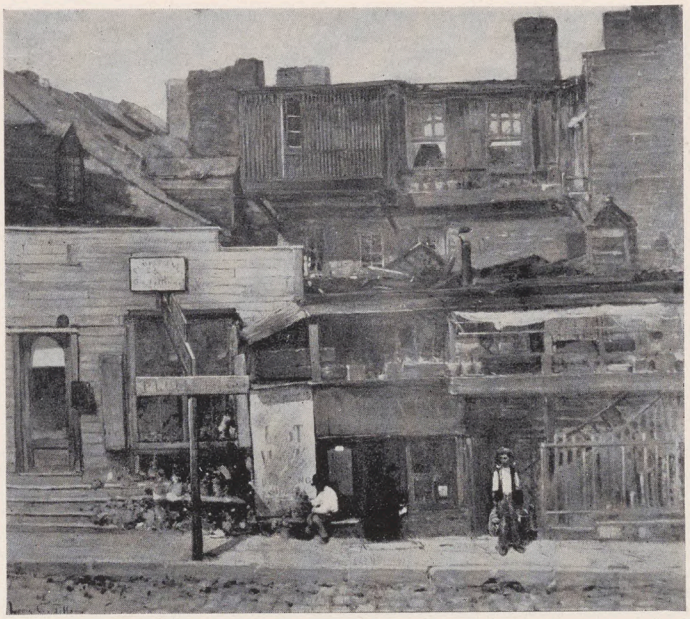
Then, American boys and girls in little red schoolhouses learned the "3 R's" and their elders sought edification at Chautauquas, camp meetings and Grange picnics, movies, radio and television not being available, nor the Model T Ford. At the same time American enterprise was preparing the death of that simple and seemingly idyllic life. America marched on. Soon transatlantic cable, telegraph, telephone, typewriter, rotary press, and half tone were to make men like gods, annihilating time and space, multiplying the spoken and written word till it became infinite in its repetitive



The Dedication Of The Eads Bridge At St. Louis, Missouri, July 4, 1874, by William J. Hinchey. Collection of A. S. Hinchey. [Catalogue 274]

impact on the ears and minds of mankind. The twentieth century would augment these with automobiles, tanks and jeeps, airplanes and rocket planes, radio, radar, supersonics, Einstein's quantum theory, and U-235. What the twenty-first century will bring—if there be another century recorded in history—who may say?

Before the Civil War, Cyrus W. Field became interested in the idea of an Atlantic cable and backed the project with others, including Peter Cooper, David Dudley Field, Chandler White, Marshall O. Roberts, Samuel F. B. Morse, Daniel Huntington, Moses Taylor, and Wilson G. Hunt. The first efforts were unsuccessful; but by 1858 telegraphic communication had been established across the Atlantic. After some hundred messages had been sent back and forth, the cable ceased to work. Not till 1866 was a permanent cable laid (*see* p. 198) and this with considerable difficulty. The hegemony of the hemispheres had now been destroyed by modern communication. In celebration of the event the Associated Press spent almost six thousand dollars to transmit William of Prussia's entire speech to his parliament. About the same time the first pipeline for oil was built, and the typewriter came into use. A decade



OLD NEW YORK, about 1875, by LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY. The Brooklyn Museum. [Catalogue 277]

later the telephone appeared on the American scene, and by the end of the century American Telephone and Telegraph would be capitalized for a quarter of a billion dollars. Soon, too, the American skyline would know the wonder of its great bridges (*see* also p. 210) as beautiful and soaring as a buttressed Chartres.

Almost immediately, in the panic of 1873, the expansion of the national economy was matched by a drastic contraction. Panics have been a too frequent feature of the American scene, from colonial times on, and have been increasingly grave. That of 1837 lasted three or four years, that of 1873 five years, that of 1894 three years, and that of 1929 almost a decade. The causes of the 1873 panic were varied—over-expansion of the western railroads, large Civil War debt, unfavorable balance of trade with foreign nations due to high tariffs, annual interest charges on money borrowed abroad during the Civil War, large carrying charges to foreign shipping because the American merchant marine had been destroyed during the Civil War, and the shipment of increasing amounts of gold abroad because foreign investors were chary of increasing their holdings in the United States. Failure followed failure, and the New York Stock Exchange had to suspend operations on September 20 and remained closed for ten days. "Eighty-nine railroad companies and 5,000 commercial houses failed," and in the winter of 1874-1875 unemployment in urban centers reached half a million (*see* p. 211). The rising tide of social reform and labor organization seized on such issues, and American reformist literature would soon add to its titles Henry

BASEBALL PLAYERS PRACTICING, 1875, by THOMAS EAKINS. Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence. [Catalogue 276]

George's *Progress and Poverty* and Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward.*

Of this peculiarly American "boom-bust" phenomenon an eminent latter-day scientist, Albert Einstein, has written as follows: "Our time is rich in inventive minds, the inventions of which could facilitate our lives considerably. We are crossing the seas by power and utilize power also in order to relieve humanity from all tiring muscular work. We have learned to fly and we are able to send messages and news without any difficulty over the entire world through electric waves.

"However, the production and distribution of commodities is entirely unorganized so that everybody must live in fear of being eliminated from the economic cycle, in this way suffering for the want of everything. Furthermore, people living in different countries kill each other at irregular time intervals, so that also for this reason any one who thinks about the future must live in fear and terror." The great scientist added: "I trust that posterity will read these statements with a feeling of proud and justified superiority." So our great minds see the disparities of American civilization.

Nothing has been more marked in American urbanism than the great contrasts of wealth and poverty. Henry George believed that the "unearned increment" from ground rents, which increase with concentration of population, should be returned to society by the single tax, so that the economic product of social cooperation might be equitably divided. To his economic argument, Bellamy added an appeal to humanitarian sentiment. Looking back on 1867 from the ideal community which mankind

YOSEMITE VALLEY, 1874, by WILLIAM HAHN. California Historical Society, San Francisco. [Catalogue 275]

would have attained by 2000 A.D.—as he imagined—he saw streets "thronged with the workers from the stores, the shops, and mills." He continued: "Carried along with the stronger part of the current, I found myself, as it began to grow dark, in the midst of a scene of squalor and human degradation such as only the South Cove tenement district could present. I had seen the mad wasting of human labor; here I saw in direst shape the want that waste had bred. (*See* p. 205).

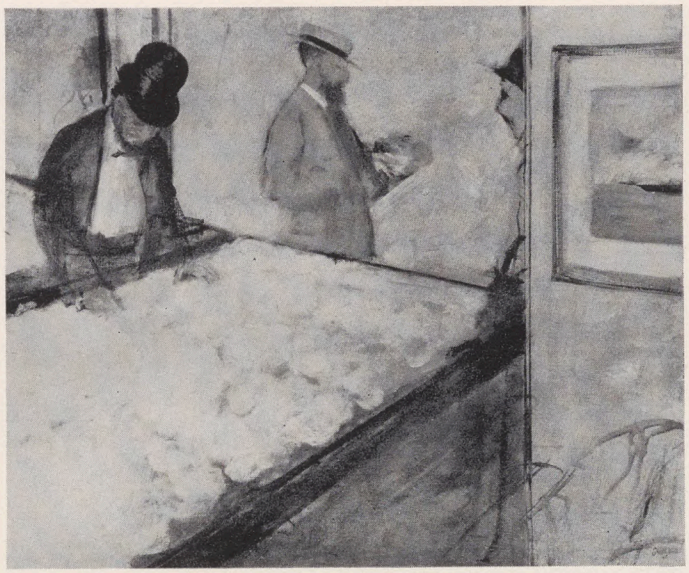
"From the black doorways and windows of the rookeries on every side came gusts of fetid air. The streets and alleys reeked with the effluvia of a slave ship's between-decks. As I passed I had glimpses within of pale babies gasping out their lives amid sultry stenches, of hopeless faced women deformed by hardship, retaining of womanhood no trait save weakness, while from the windows leered girls with brows of brass. Like the starving bands of mongrel curs that infest the streets of Moslem towns, swarms of half clad brutalized children filled the air with shrieks and curses as they fought and tumbled among the garbage that littered the court yards."

Hereafter the inequities of American society would have their critics, found not alone among political leaders and reformers, but also among our intellectuals. Upton

THE COTTON PICKERS, 1876, by WINSLOW HOMER. Wildenstein and Company, New York. [Catalogue 279]

Sinclair would describe the horrors of working conditions in the Chicago stockyards in *The Jungle*, and the muckrakers Ida Tarbell and Ray Stannard Baker would cry out against child labor and sweat shops, while Theodore Dreiser wrote his masterly novels of American mores. Meanwhile the surface of life seemed calm. Baseball teams (*see* p. 206) practiced in ball fields not then as vast as the Yankee Stadium or Ebbetts Field. Americans began to find the grand tour of their own country as exciting as Europe, and nature lured them to the White Mountains and to the Yosemite (*see* p. 207). Already Yellowstone National Park had been created in 1871, and thus fortunately was there preserved for the nation one of our national wonders. Important in the passage of this bill were the photographs of W. H. Jackson, a photographer who accompanied the early post-Civil War surveys into the West.

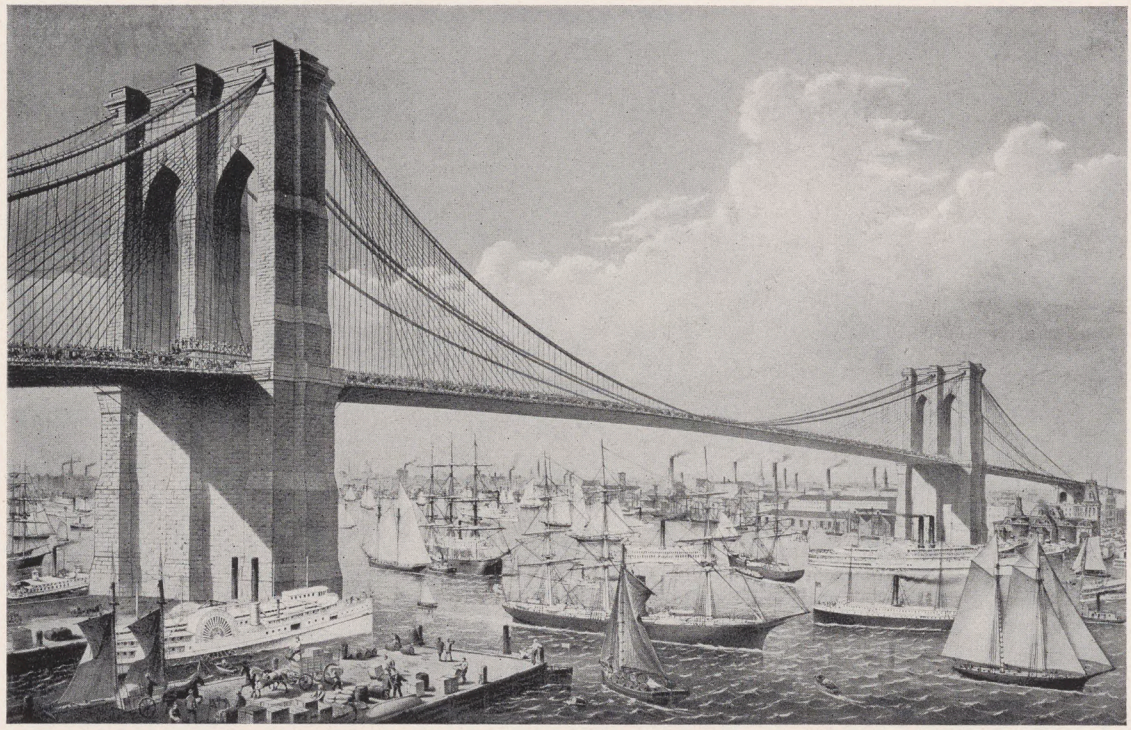
To the travelers of the time, this vast, unspoiled land was miraculous. One report reads: "The name that has attached to this beautiful valley is both unique and euphonious. It rolls off the tongue most liquidly when you get the mastery of its pro-



THE COTTON MERCHANTS, 1873, by HILAIRE GERMAIN EDGAR DEGAS. Fogg Museum of Art, Cambridge. [Catalogue 272]

nunciation. Most strangers render it Yo-se-mite, or Yo-sem-ite; but the true style is Yo-sem-i-te. It is Indian for Grizzly Bear, and probably was also the name of a noted chief, who reigned over the Indians in this, their favorite retreat, and from this chief comes the application of the name to the locality and its marvelous scenery. The foot of white man never trod its limits,—the eye of white man never looked upon its sublime wonders till 1851, when he came here in pursuit of the Indians, with whom the settlers were then in war. The red man had boasted that their retreat was secure; that they had one spot which their enemies could never penetrate; and here they would gather in and enjoy their spoils unmolested. But to the white man's revenge was now added the stimulus of curiosity; and hither he found his way, and, coming to kill and exterminate, he has staid, and will forever henceforth stay, to wonder and worship."

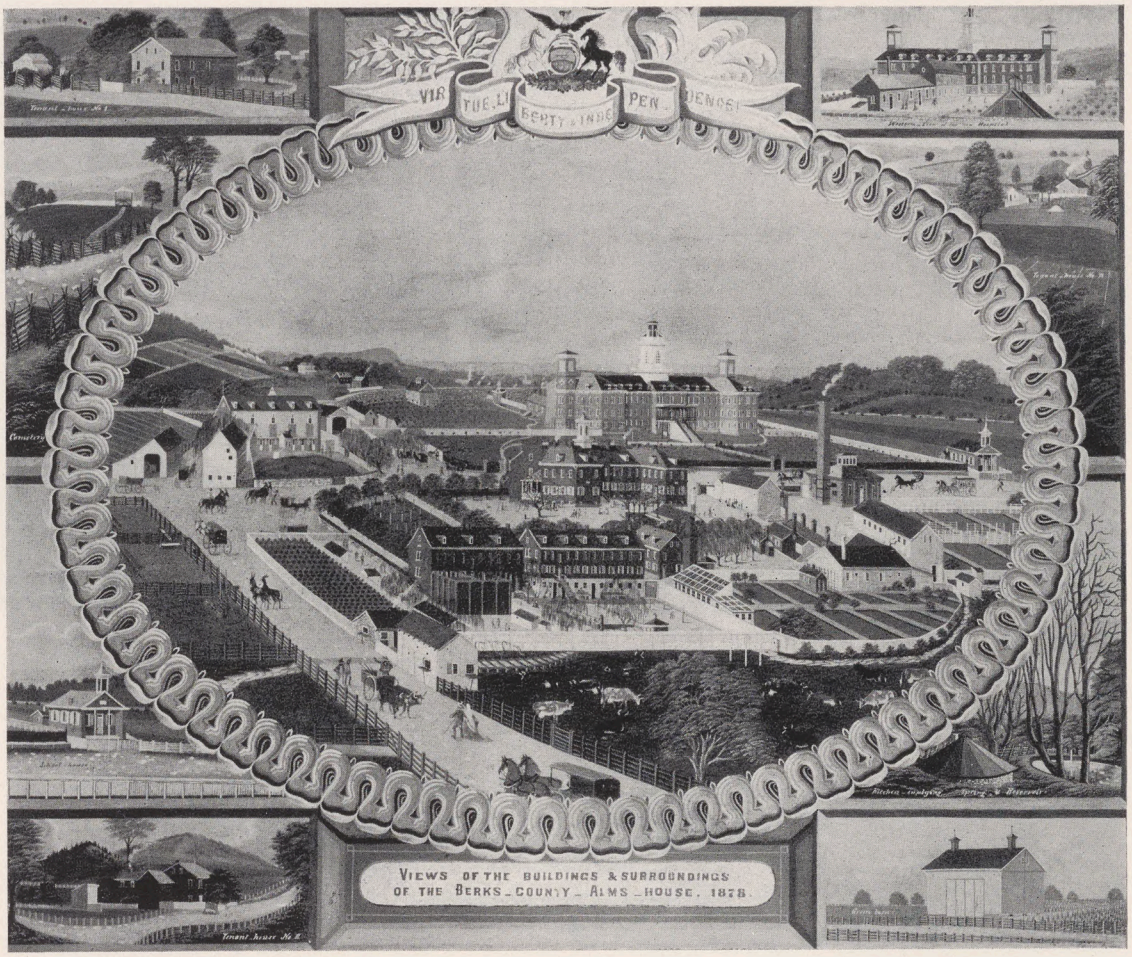
With social problems and the wonders of nature, the glories of technology adorned the American landscape. In 1874 there opened over the Mississippi at St. Louis the Eads Bridge, a milestone in bridgebuilding (*see* p. 204). Designed by Captain James B. Eads, it was a steel arch type, with a span 520 feet long. It was the first bridge to use alloy steel, pneumatic caissons in founding the large piers, the cantilever method of bridge erection, and hollow tubular chord members. "In fact, it was decades ahead of its time." Close on its heels followed Brooklyn Bridge, which opened to traffic on May 24, 1883. A second triumph of technology starred the American scene, its suspension span being the world's largest for twenty years and the method devised for



THE GREAT EAST RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE, 1877, by C. H. PARSONS and .....?..... ATWATER. The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. [Catalogue 280]

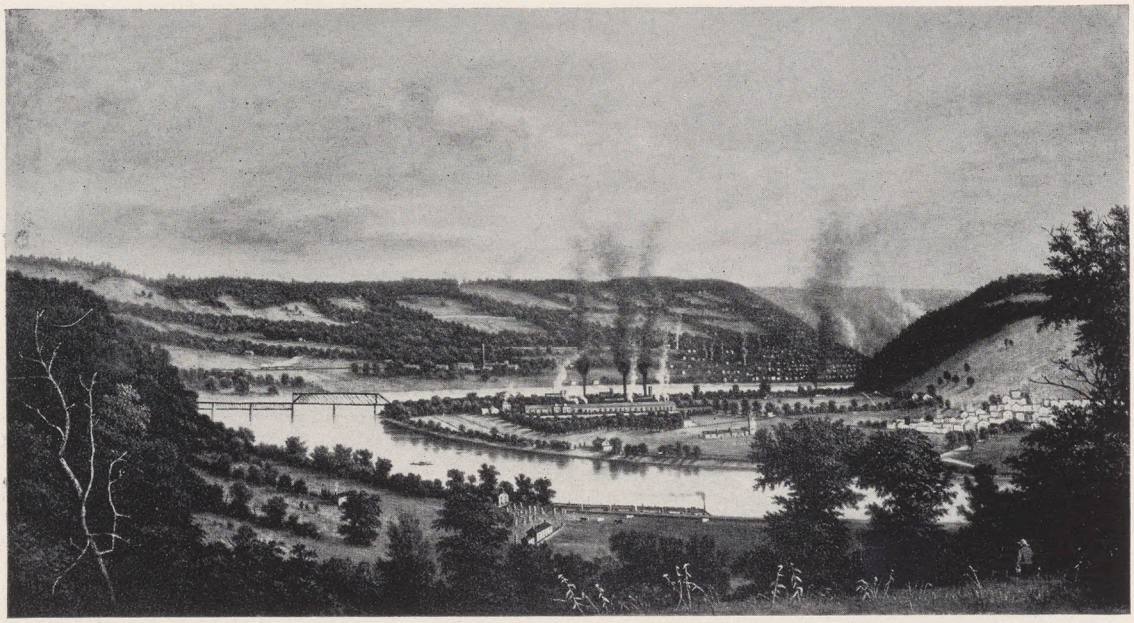
fabricating the cables being a miracle of ingenuity. The Roeblings, father and son, built their lives into their monument. A year before construction began, the elder, John A., died from tetanus resulting from an injury sustained on the job. The younger, Washington A., was invalided by caisson disease ("the bends") and saw the bridge rise to its splendid completion from a window in his Brooklyn Heights home, supervising its construction through a telescope, "building high / Over the chained bay waters liberty." So Hart Crane wrote. No other miracle of modern building in America has had such a spokesman as he. Yet technology has been the lifeblood of our dream, the motor of our faith, the vindication of the mind. "Terrific threshold of the prophet's pledge," Crane cried, "Unto us lowliest sometime sweep, descend / And of the curveship lend a myth to God."

The Centennial Exposition had celebrated the first century of the nation's life. It was the first time many Americans had the experience of travel, leaving their homes to go to Philadelphia. For the first time, also, most of the visitors saw exhibits from



VIEWS OF THE BUILDINGS AND SURROUNDINGS OF THE BERKS COUNTY ALMSHOUSE, 1878, by CHARLES HOFMAN. Collection of Colonel and Mrs. Edgar W. Garbisch. [Catalogue 281]

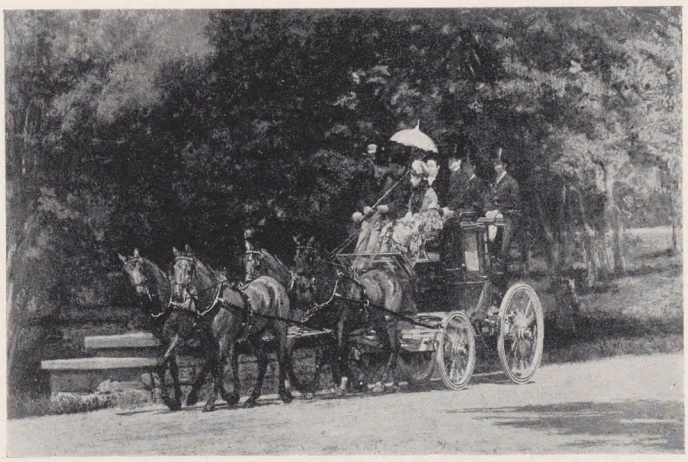
foreign countries, and foreign educational displays led to better sanitary conditions in the American schools and to the development of the kindergarten. The exhibition of American and European paintings aroused an interest in art, and the new rich of coal, iron, steel and railroads began to form private and public collections. From the displays of farm tools and machinery it was evident that the United States was technically advanced in comparison with Europe. America thus served notice that it had come of age. Though the attitude of cultural colonialism persisted in many intellec-



THE HOMESTEAD MILL NEAR PITTSBURGH, 1884, by WILLIAM C. WALL. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rosenbloom. [Catalogue 289]

tual areas, illustrated by such expatriates as Henry James and Whistler, America had made an inescapable impact: henceforth Europeans would accept and appreciate more rapidly than Americans the particularly American arts—steel frame architecture and the mass arts of communication, phonograph, moving pictures, radio and television. Already Chicago, ravaged by the fire of 1871, was about to give birth to another miracle of technology, the skyscraper, and for fifty years our great centers of population would be cities of needles. Frank Lloyd Wright might preach in vain for decentralization and "Broadacres." It would remain for Detroit and other centers of the automotive and aircraft industries to achieve a horizontal style based on the work operations carried on within the buildings, as in Albert Kahn's Chrysler factory.

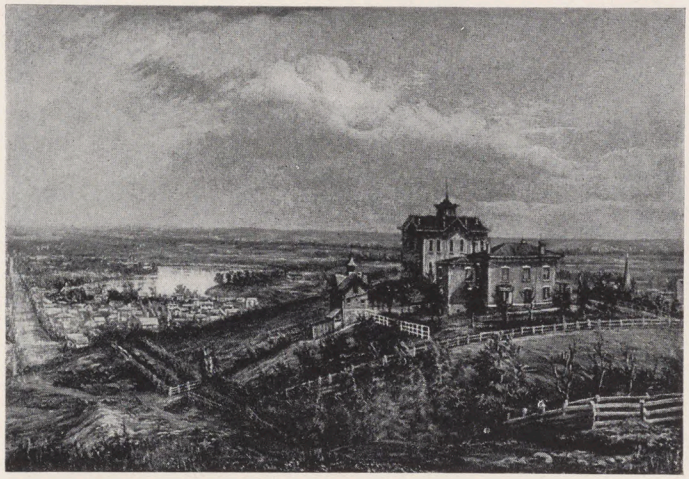
In 1881 the Homestead Mills were as advanced for their time as Detroit's are for today. Soon after the Civil War the first steel plant near Pittsburgh to use the Bessemer process had gone into operation, only to be quickly bought up by Andrew Carnegie. Pittsburgh steel men soon decided that Carnegie needed competition and began to construct a plant to produce both billets and rails as well as structural steel. The new mill was built on the site of Amity Homestead, once a country estate, and so received its name. Again Carnegie bought out his competitors and proceeded to



THE FAIRMAN ROGERS FOUR-IN-HAND, 1879, by THOMAS EAKINS. Philadelphia Museum of Art. [Catalogue 282]

enlarge the works, adding a row of Bessemer converters and the first open-hearth furnace in America. The Homestead Mills thus became the largest steel mill in the Carnegie holdings. Earlier, Carnegie had bought an interest in the coke company operated by Henry Clay Frick, and shortly afterwards Carnegie invited Frick to join his company. The steel industry was on the way to the giant U. S. Steel. "Years afterwards," a later historian recites, "Mr. Carnegie was sitting in the home of his friend, James G. Blaine [*Secretary of state in the Garfield administration and defeated for the Presidency in 1884 by Grover Cleveland. Ed.*] Pointing to the ceiling he said: 'There is a steel beam that was made in our Homestead mill. The mill cost us a million to build, but we made a clear million in profits before any one else had time to build one like it. We started ahead of them all, and so we were able to hold the cream of the business.'"

"Labor," Daniel Webster had declared in 1824, "in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor." Now, fifty years later, American capitalism was well established. American labor, however, had suffered during the Civil War and had not been strengthened by post-Civil War inflation. Paralleling agrarian unrest was the movement among industrial workers to improve their condition. The 1860s had seen the foundations of the railroad empire laid, the 1870s would see the steel empire made secure. Capital-labor clashes became frequent and violent in character, as labor sought to organize to obtain for itself an equitable share of the nation's wealth, which (labor argued) had been produced by its effort. After the Civil War three groups fought the battles of the working man. "The first was the industrial union, best represented by the Knights of Labor. The second was the craft union and the subsequent federation of



THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS, about 1879, by JAMES HESS. University of Kansas Museum of Art, Lawrence. [Catalogue 284]

craft unions into the American Federation of Labor. The third type was the radical socialist or revolutionary labor groups, numerically unimportant but persistent." The Noble Order of the Knights of Labor had been founded in 1869 but did not develop its strength till a decade later, only to decline thereafter and finally to expire in the 1890s. Thereafter the American Federation of Labor, formally organized in 1886, grew in strength till the 1930s when the Congress of Industrial Organizations became a powerful sector of the American labor movement.

Meanwhile the strike had appeared on the American scene. In his later years Andrew Carnegie wrote feelingly of how to avoid labor troubles. "Labor," he said, "is usually helpless against capital. The employer perhaps, decides to shut up the shops; he ceases to make profits for a short time. There is no change in his habits, food, clothing, pleasures—no agonizing fear of want. Contrast this with his workman whose lessening means of subsistence torment him. He has few comforts, scarcely the necessities for his wife and children in health, and for the sick little ones no proper treatment. It is not capital we need to guard, but helpless labor. If I returned to business to-morrow, fear of labor troubles would not enter my mind, but tenderness for poor and sometimes misguided though well-meaning laborers would fill my heart and soften it; and thereby soften theirs." He continued: "So much does sentiment count for in the practical affairs of life, even with the laboring classes. This is not generally believed by those who do not know them, but I am certain that disputes about wages do not account for one half the disagreements between capital and labor. There is lack of due appreciation and of kind treatment of employees upon the part of the employers."

American employers did not practice what Carnegie preached. In fact, it was

THE HERRING NET, 1885, by WINSLOW HOMER. The Art Institute of Chicago. [Catalogue 290]

many years before the grueling twelve-hour day and seven-day work week were abandoned by the steel industry, and that with great reluctance. As early as 1834 the strike had been used as a weapon by labor at Lowell, Massachusetts, when the women workers in the textile mills paraded and demonstrated, waving flags. After the Civil War the roll call is long: Pennsylvania and other railroads, 1877; the 1886 strike for the eight-hour day; Homestead, 1892; Pullman, 1894; Colorado Fuel and Iron strike, 1914; Republic Steel, 1937. The railroad workers had struck in protest against a ten per cent wage cut. They "had other grievances as well; they were on call at any time, although there were only about three to five days' work per week; their hours were excessively long, from 15 to 18 hours per day; and in many cases their meager pay was in arrears; many roads deprived the workers of their passes; and forced them to pay exorbitant ground rents for the shanties in which they lived." So a present-day historian sums up the case. Similar causes existed for the other strikes. In all these cases the workers' requests for peaceable settlement of the dispute were met with violence. Work as well as war has its heroes—strikers shot down by private pol-

IN THE LAND OF PROMISE: CASTLE GARDEN, 1884, by CHARLES F. ULRICH. The Corcoran Gallery of Art. [Catalogue 288]

ice, miners' wives and children shot and burned to death in the Ludlow Massacre, children trampled to death at Calumet, pickets at Republic Steel shot in the back by the police or clubbed over the head. This chapter of the American story has too often remained unwritten.

So capital and labor coexisted, but not amicably. The great corporations continued to grow in power and resources, while long hours of work, low pay, and unemployment persisted. Believers in the American ideal of democracy realized that adjustments must be made. As popular sentiment developed against the trusts and against Wall Street, laws were proposed to prevent combinations in restraint of trade. As a result the Sherman Antitrust Act was passed in 1890 and in 1914 the Clayton Act. Meanwhile in the South there had been the beginnings of the great southern industries of cotton and tobacco. In 1846 William Gregg had opened cotton mills at Graniteville, South Carolina. In the 1870s the southern textile industry began to revive, and "by 1890 South Carolina had a half a million spindles, and the whole South could boast almost four times that number." Finally the 1920s would see a wholesale exodus of the New England mills to the South, attracted by low wages and long hours. Again in 1888, Washington Duke's tobacco factory was established at Durham, North Carolina, to become the world's largest and to contribute to the economic recovery of the South.

The Civil War had robbed the nation of half a million or more of its young men. This loss was met, in terms of man power, by increased immigration from 1865 to

the early 1900s. "In the space of forty years population increased from thirty-one to seventy-six millions, fifteen million immigrants . . . poured into the Promised Land, and great cities like New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Detroit doubled and redoubled their size." As long as the nation needed strong hands and shoulders to dig, shovel, hammer and hoist, immigration presented no problem. Later, as free public lands were nearly all preempted and as industrial technology perfected machines which did the work of many pairs of hands, the need for new population decreased and certain sectors of American society began to agitate for restriction of immigration. This is a moot point, about which differences of opinion have never ceased to exist. The first to feel the effects were the Chinese in the exclusion act of 1880. They had helped build hospitals and railroads (*see* pp. 122 and 197); but now they were no longer in demand. Yet Chinese continued to be smuggled into the United States; and the "Chinatowns" of New York and San Francisco are today

UNVEILING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, October 28, 1886, by EDWARD MORAN. Collection of Mrs. Seton Henry. [Catalogue 291]

"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she / With silent lips, "Give me your tired, your poor, / Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." So Emma Lazarus described "The New Colossus," America, in her sonnet written in 1883 to help raise funds for the Bartholdi monument.

COWBOYS IN THE BAD LANDS, 1887, by THOMAS EAKINS. Collection of Mabel Brady Garvan. [Catalogue 292]

among the most "American" of all the manifestations of American mores.

Through Castle Garden—and, later, Ellis Island—flowed most of these millions, climbing into America. Jacob Riis, Mary Antin, Charles Steinmetz, are but a token of how the new Americans enriched American life. The "Castle Garden Landing Depot"—or the "Emigrant Landing Station," as Charles F. Ulrich painted the sign in his picture (*see* p. 216)—was an old fort at the foot of Manhattan Island, which the immigration commissioners had leased in 1855 and remodeled to receive immigrants into the United States. Long after Ellis Island had taken over its functions, the building remained to house New York's far-famed Aquarium. "Every facility is provided at the Depot," says a report of 1855, "for those whose destination is the interior, to proceed without unnecessary delay." The scene does not, in retrospect, "glow world wide welcome" for those who had come, as Emma Lazarus wrote, "yearning to breathe free." Not yet, however, had the United States turned away from those who needed refuge. Jefferson had pled in 1801: "Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe?" For a brief time longer, America would take them to her breast, the tired, the poor, the huddled masses who found here opportunity and a new life.

American life seethed with cross-currents. Titantic forces were at work, whether for good or for evil. Yet seen through the eyes of our artists, that life presented a seemingly peaceful aspect. In the Bad Lands, cowboys looked off at the delicate modeling of a lonely canyon. At noontime steel workers ate their lunches outside the mill, indulged in horseplay, and smoked their pipes. A graphic artist now or then might record an event like the Pinkertons' attack on the Homestead strikers, but in the main the American industrial landscape would not attract American painters for fifty years

STEEL WORKERS: NOONTIME, about 1890, by THOMAS POLLOCK ANSHUTZ. Victor Spark, New York. [Catalogue 295]

when Charles Sheeler would paint the River Rouge factories in Detroit. Rarely would an artist paint a factory as an organic part of a view, as J. Alden Weir painted the thread factory and company village at Willimantic, Connecticut.

Yet for such a master as Thomas Eakins the realities of social existence were as compelling as the realities of the individual human character. In 1875 he had painted *The Gross Clinic*, showing Dr. Samuel David Gross, "one of the greatest surgeons, teachers and writers on surgery that this country has produced," lecturing in his clinic at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. In 1889 he would paint *The Agnew Clinic*, showing Dr. D. Hayes Agnew in his clinic at the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. "Dr. Agnew . . . was one of the greatest surgeons and anatomists of his time. For twenty-six years he was professor of surgery at the University, where he was idolized by his pupils. This portrait was commissioned by the students on the occasion of his resignation in 1889, the price agreed on being $750. Instead of painting a

THE AGNEW CLINIC, 1889, by THOMAS EAKINS. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. [Catalogue 293]

conventional single figure, Eakins was led by his admiration of Dr. Agnew to paint his largest and most ambitious composition." In a brief fourteen years medical science had already made great progress toward applying Lister's concepts of antiseptic surgery. "Dressed in white surgical costume, like his assistants, and holding his scalpel in his left hand (he was ambidextrous), Dr. Agnew is talking to the class about the operation he has just performed, for cancer of the breast." The students' devotion to their teacher is revealed in the inscription [Catalogue 293] on the frame, which, being translated, reads: "D. HAYES AGNEW, M.D. MOST SKILLFUL SURGEON. MOST FAMOUS WRITER AND TEACHER. VENERATED AND MOST BELOVED MAN."

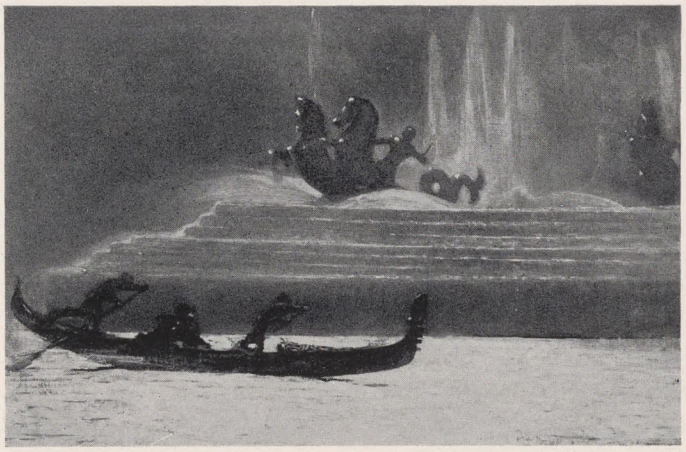
Such has been the true glory of American life—the application of knowledge to human well-being. Not alone in medicine and in science was this characteristic of the end of the nineteenth century in America. Our schools and colleges made great ad-

vances. The course of study was broadened and rationalized, and the liberal arts and the fine arts were brought into the curriculum. Horace Mann had won his battle for public schools, Mary Lyon hers for higher education for women. After the Civil War, the major women's colleges would join Mary Lyon's pioneer Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, which itself would soon attain college status. Throughout the Union the land-grant colleges for the agricultural and mechanic arts would put higher education on the democratic basis of being supported by public funds. American youth would have, to a greater extent than before, the opportunity to develop potential ability. Jefferson, again, should have been happy to have seen the dream of a pacific republic flowering.

Progress was being made in other areas. Poet Lucy Larcom had sung of "The grime, the dust, the heat, the dizzy din, / The many faces!" of the textile factories in

A Lady Of Baptist Corner, Ashfield, Massachusetts, 1892, by Edwin R. Elmer. Collection of E. Porter Dickinson. [Catalogue 293]

As the textile industry became mechanized, farm women lost one source of pin money in making braided rugs. They turned to making gayly colored whip lashes on machines rented them to use at home in their spare time.

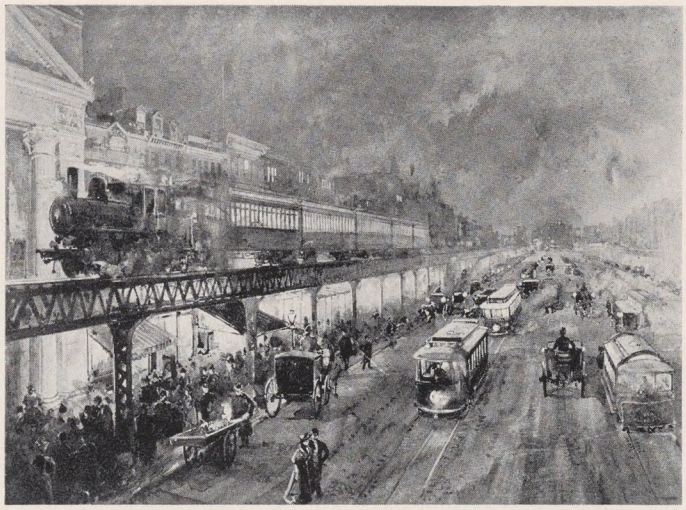


FOUNTAINS AT NIGHT, WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1893, by WINSLOW HOMER. Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts, Brunswick. [Catalogue 297]

Lawrence and Lowell. The homesick girl of her *Idyl of Work* longed "not always to be here among the looms." Little girls of eleven and thirteen also worked there "to redeem a mortgaged homestead." Or, else, they would reply: "Our mothers need the money that we earn." By 1889 the Illinois Consumers League had been formed to bring the pressure of moral suasion on manufacturers to end child labor and to improve working conditions for women workers; and a decade later the National Consumers League would come into being. So moral arguments, humanitarianism, and social reform sought to ameliorate the ills of American society.

On this scene war broke again. The Spanish-American War stands out in American history with a dubious distinction. It was the first war fought by the United States outside the continent, and it was the first war by which the United States increased its territorial holdings outside the continent. "It is generally conceded," writes Walter Millis in *The Martial Spirit*, "that a large part of the American newspaper ferocity toward Spain was due to the accidental circumstance that Mr. Hearst and Mr. Pulitzer were at the time locked in their famous struggle for supremacy in the field of sensational journalism in New York. It was a battle of gigantic proportions, in which the sufferings of Cuba merely chanced to furnish some of the most convenient opposition." Without artificially induced war fever, the war might have been averted.

Already, in 1896, a member of the House of Representatives had declared on the floor of Congress that the Cubans looked upon the American flag "as the emblem of liberty, as we look upon the cross as the emblem of Christianity; and wherever you would advance the cross to establish the Christian religion, I take that flag as the counterpart of the cross, as the emblem of liberty. I would place it over Cuba. . . .



THE BOWERY AT NIGHT, about 1895, by W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR. Museum of the City of New York. [Catalogue 298]

I want to see it established in every land and on every sea, not only in America, but every people on this continent who ask for the blessings of liberty." In 1896, there might have been war; but President Cleveland stated that he would refuse to call out the troops. In 1897 Senator Rockwood F. Hoar of Massachusetts entreated his colleagues to investigate before they acted hastily. "If we are going to plunge this country into a war, let us have something to stand on. Let us have some facts!", he said. His counsel was not regarded.

On February 15, 1898, the "Maine" exploded. It took William Randolph Hearst's New York *Evening Journal* only two days to decide that the Spanish had brought about the disaster. The headlines read: "The War Ship Maine Was Split in Two by an Enemy's Secret Infernal Machine." Editorially, the *Journal* wrote:

"This is the situation to be faced today. Not all the supineness of the supinest of administrations can dodge the facts any longer.

"The United States has been insulted in various ingenious ways. Men and women have been butchered at our doors for months. This has had no effect.

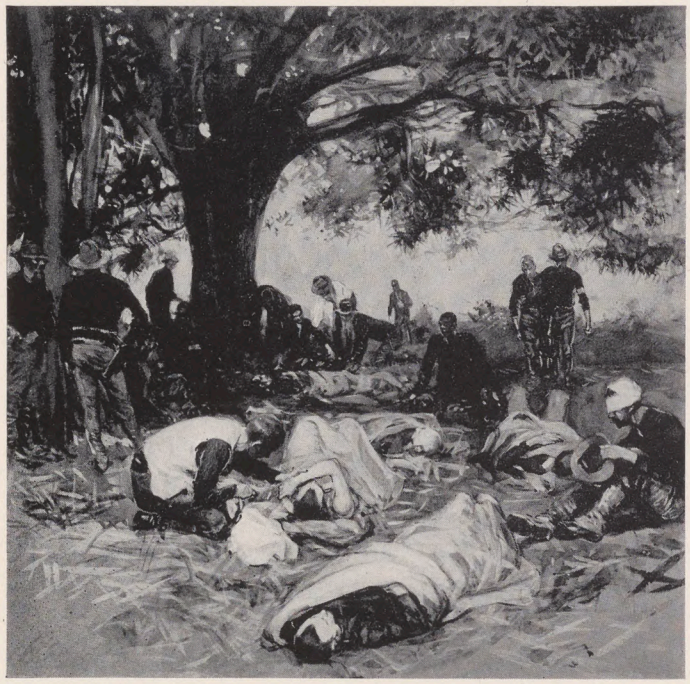
"A heroically plucky little people has fought steadily on against overwhelming odds, occasionally turning its face pleadingly toward us. This has had no effect.

"This nation has been browbeaten by Spain, and our President has been called a low trickster by Spain's Minister. This has had no effect.

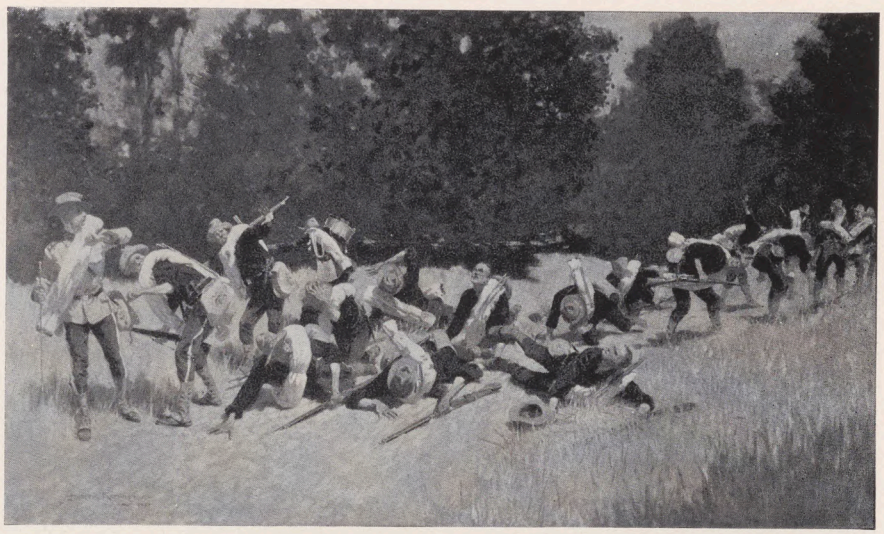
"Now, as a final and finishing touch, one of our big ships is sent to the bottom of the sea in the harbor of Havana and more than two hundred American sailors go down with her.

"It seems to us that that MUST have some effect. There MUST be a limit to our will-

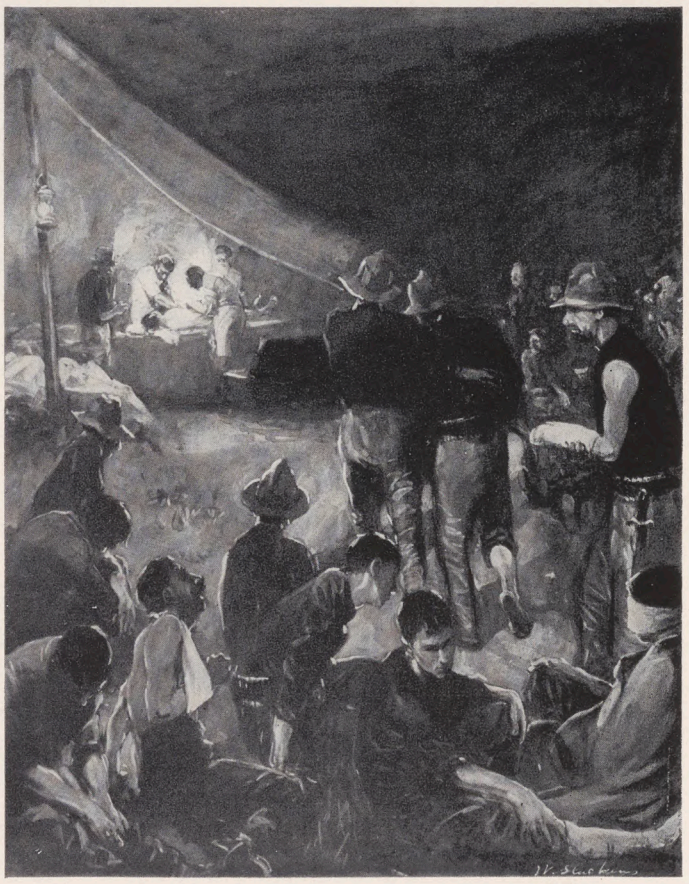
JUST BEFORE THE ENGAGEMENT, 1898 (upper), by WILLIAM J. GLACKENS. Kraushaar Galleries, New York. [Catalogue 301]



THE NIGHT AFTER SAN JUAN: TENDING THE WOUNDED, 1898 (left), by WILLIAM J. GLACKENS. Collection of Henry Schnakenberg. [Catalogue 303]



THE SCREAM OF SHRAPNEL AT SAN JUAN HILL, CUBA, July 1, 1898 (upper), by FREDERIC REMINGTON. Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven. [Catalogue 302]



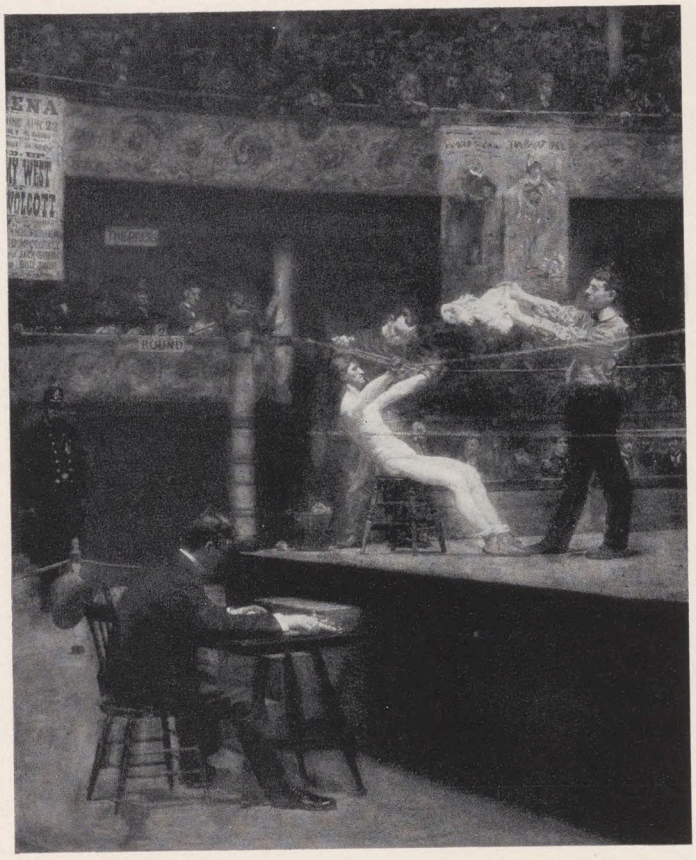
THE NIGHT AFTER SAN JUAN: FIELD HOSPITAL, 1898 (right), by WILLIAM J. GLACKENS. Kraushaar Galleries, New York. [Catalogue 304]

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA BAY, May 1, 1898, by RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM. The State of Vermont. [Catalogue 299]

"The American Navy was a smart and efficient fighting force; the Spanish Navy, neglected and badly armed. At Manila and Santiago, the Spanish fought with all the courage that Spaniards have always shown in battle. But courage could not beat better gunnery. Two Spanish fleets were destroyed, with the loss of less than twenty men on the American side."

ingness to submit. There MUST remain somewhere in us some light touch of the spirit that threw the tea overboard and welcomed a fight with a power that seemed bound inevitably to annihilate us."

The New York *Evening Post* commented: "Nothing so disgraceful as the behaviour of these two newspapers in the past week has ever been known in the history of journalism. Gross misrepresentation of facts, deliberate invention of tales calculated to excite the public, and wanton recklessness in the construction of headlines which outdid even these inventions have combined to make issues of the most widely circulated newspapers firebrands scattered broadcast throughout the community." Deliberation was of no avail, however. American soldiers invaded the little island of Cuba. Soon the war was fought and won. The strong American navy developed by the naval reforms of the previous fifteen years easily overpowered the weak Spanish navy. The land campaigns were less glorious, soldiers being issued winter uniforms and fed "embalmed beef." Of every 289 men killed or badly wounded, 13 died



BETWEEN ROUNDS, 1899, by THOMAS EAKINS. Philadelphia Museum of Art. [Catalogue 307]

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize, / And to be swift is less than to be wise. / 'Tis more by art, than force of numerous blows.

of disease. Yet John Hay exulted in the "splendid little war . . . carried on with magnificent intelligence" and thanked "that fortune which loves the brave." Thus, as a present-day account has it, "Already a world power, the United States became a colonial power as well." Was the nation to follow the path of imperialism and world conquest? Not all Americans assented to the proposition.

"Shall the United States, for example, leave the Philippines to 'their fate'?" asked *The Springfield Republican*, edited in 1898 by Samuel Bowles the third, son of the Civil War editor. The editorial continued: "We say yes. This nation's first responsibility is to its own people, and as long as our responsibilities to oppressed races and in respect to evils, corruptions and injustice within our own borders remain only partially executed, we have no business, in all good morals, to go gallivanting about the globe in the armor of a knight errant of liberty, but inspired really by motives of greed and conquest for the brute pleasure and pride of conquest. . . .

"Meantime let the great fact be kept in mind that the United States cannot go in-

THE EAST RIVER, 1901, by MAURICE BRAZIL PRENDERGAST. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. [Catalogue 309]

to the business of governing distant colonies and dependencies without setting aside the fundamental principles upon which this government is built. Its mission in the world is to preserve and extend the institution and influence of a self-governing nation whose power rests in the consent of the governed, and it cannot do this through the conquest and annexation of a subject people. It must rely upon the mightier force of a great example spread out before the nations through the peaceful means of good government at home and trade abroad. And if it fail thus to provide for its own, it hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

Present to report the Spanish-American War was William J. Glackens, later to be numbered among "The Eight," the early twentieth-century group of realists of whom John Sloan, George Luks, and Jerome Myers are the best known for their reportage of the daily scenes of city life. Not yet having abandoned naturalism, Glackens left us a firsthand record of the war in many on-the-spot drawings made for *Mc-*

THE BREADLINE, 1900, by GEORGE LUKS. Kraushaar Galleries, New York. [Catalogue 308]

Clure's. Like Homer and Waud, he observed war without glamour and recorded the suffering and dispossessed as well as the set pieces of victory. Soon his associates would be studying the gutters and ash cans of New York—as unfriendly critics of the time put it—to preserve for today a visual chronicle as vivid as were the writings of Upton Sinclair, Dreiser and the rest. Sinclair saw the misery and degradation of the life of stockyard workers in Chicago, that new metropolis of the midwest, which Carl Sandburg has described as follows: "Hog-butcher for the world, / Tool-maker, Stacker of Wheat, / Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight-handler; / Stormy, husky, brawling, / City of the Big Shoulders." The artists saw children in breadlines, dancing on the sidewalks in slum areas, playing in crowded streets because there were not enough playgrounds.

Thus our country rounded out its first four centuries. The American story had come to a stopping point. There is a fateful sound to the beginning of a new century. The clean zeros of 1900 are like blank pages on which history may write what it will. So the United States stood at the beginning of the twentieth century.

. . . . Tomorrow is a century. Tomorrow is the century of Einstein and of the atom bomb, of two world wars from which the United States would emerge the world's most powerful industrial nation. Tomorrow is the American century . . . .

By such paths, diverse and sometimes little traveled, sometimes lonely and sometimes tragic, our country came to 1900. All the centuries before had led up to this. "Past is prologue," the United States of America shouted as guns sounded in the new century and bells tolled out the old. *Past is prologue* . . . prologue to what? a prophet might have asked. Prologue to the great triumphs of American "know-how," prologue to the illimitable treasures and miseries of a dualistic age, prologue to war. Two world wars would fill the American century with victory, with agony. Would the American century be the century of a hundred years devoted to total war and atomic destruction?

In 1900 America faced fateful years. She had attained her full stature as a modern state, inferior to none. How would the American dream fare in the twentieth century, that century of rival empires, of clashing social systems, of man's unexampled grasp on science and abstract knowledge? The world had changed. Hegemony of hemispheres could no longer protect the United States from entangling alliances: Perry's warships had nullified the Monroe Doctrine. All America's wealth and power could not make her immune from the tremors of change shaking the world. Einstein's $E = Mc^2$ had shattered the tight universe of science; history shattered the tight concepts of nineteenth-century statesmen and political economists.

At the dawn of the twentieth century coming events could not be foreseen. The nation stood on a new threshold. Soon the eastern sea would meet the western, soon the Atlantic and the Pacific would mingle their waters. At Santiago de Cuba, in 1898, American guns stood guard. How far would they thrust into the coming century? As in the past, new leaders would arise to express the will of our country: Theodore Roosevelt to castigate "malefactors of great wealth" and to shake his "big stick" at monopoly as he sought to bust the trusts. Woodrow Wilson, on the international plane, to revive the classical American ideal of freedom. Franklin D. Roosevelt to save the nation from economic collapse and to serve as an unparalleled spokesman of democracy.

So our story ends, but half told. The rest is to come. Past is prologue.

ELIZABETH MCCAUSLAND

Dawn At Culebra, 1913, by Jonas Lie. West Point Museum, United States Military Academy, West Point. [Catalogue 311]

The form of catalogue entry follows the general plan of AMERICAN PROCESSIONAL, which uses a chronological order based on the date of the action pictured. The entry lists first the title of the picture, then the date of the event, followed by the artist and his dates. Medium, size, signature, if any, and known or approximate date of the work follow, with measurements given in inches, height first. Oils, water colors, prints and drawings are collated without regard to medium. All oils are on canvas unless otherwise stated. Split dates for the work and for the artist's birth and/or death dates are indicated by an oblique stroke, as is the end of a line in signatures of more than one line. Data for the entries have been obtained from the best available sources and have been verified as thoroughly as time has permitted. In general, details of size and of physical description have had to be obtained from the owner, the actual works not being at hand during the preparation of the catalogue. In cases in question the owner's attribution has been given. Additional data, as well as corrections, will be welcomed.

Catalogue of the Exhibition

1 Christopher Columbus by Sebastiano Del Piombo (1485-1547). Oil, 42 x 34¾; right center, *SEBASTIANVS / VENETVS FACIT* and top, *HAC · EST · EFFIGES · LIGVRIS · MIRANDA · COLVMBI · ANTIPODVM · PRIMVS / RATE · QVI · PENETRANTE · IN · ORBEM · 1519* (probably after a life portrait). Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York. *See* p. 30

2 The French Arrive In Florida, 1564, by Theodore De Bry (active 1587-d. 1598) after Jacques Le Moyne De Morgues (active 1564-1586). Engraving, 5½ x 8; 1591. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer Leeper, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 33

3 The Natives Of Florida Worship The Column Erected By The Commander On His First Voyage, 1564-1565, by Theodore De Bry (active 1587-d. 1598) after Jacques Le Moyne De Morgues (active 1564-1586). Engraving, 6 x 8; 1591. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer Leeper, Washington, D. C.

4 Fort Caroline, 1564-1565, by Theodore De Bry (active 1587-d. 1598) after Jacques Le Moyne De Morgues (active 1564-1586). Engraving, 6 x 8; 1591. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer Leeper, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 33

5 Trophies And Ceremonies After A Victory, 1564-1565, by Theodore De Bry (active 1587-d. 1598) after Jacques Le Moyne De Morgues (active 1564-1586). Engraving, 5½ x 8; 1591. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer Leeper, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 33

6 Saint Augustine, 1586, by an unknown artist. Engraving, colored, 15 15/16 x 21 5/16; from *Expeditio Francisci Draki eqvitis angli in Indias Occidentalis,* Leyden, 1588. Lent by the Lenox Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York. *See* p. 34

7 Queen Elizabeth, about 1600, by Nicholas Hilliard (about 1537-1619). Oil, 30 x 22; about 1600. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. C. Douglass Buck, New Castle, Delaware. *See* p. 35

8 Pocahontas, 1616, by an unknown artist. Oil, 30⅜ x 25¼; lower center, *Ætatis suæ 21. Aº. 1616,* at bottom. *Matoaks ãls Rebecka daughter to the mighty Prince/Powhatan Emperour of Attanoughkomouck ãls Virginia / converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and / Wife to the worⁱˡˡ Mʳ Tho: Rolff;* and around the oval medallion, *PRINC: POWHATANI IMP: VIRGINIA MATOAKA ALS REBECCA FILIA POTENTISS,* 1616. Lent by the Mellon Collection, the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 37

9 A View Of New Amsterdam, about 1650, attributed to J. Vinckeboons (active about 1650). Water color, 16¾ x 24⅜; top, *NIEUW AMSTERDAM OFTE NUE NIEUW IORX OP 'T EIJLANT MAN(HATTAN),* about 1650. Lent by the Algemeen Rijksarchief, The Hague, The Netherlands. *See* p. 42

10 Dr. John Clark, about 1664, by an unknown artist. Oil, 34¼ x 27; left of head, *AETATIS. SUAE.,* right of head, *66. Ann Suo.,* about 1664. Lent by the Boston Medical Library, Boston, Massachusetts. *See* p. 43

11 A Mapp Of New Jersey In America, about 1677, by John Seller (active 1677) and William Fisher (active 1677). Engraving, 17 x 36½; 1677. Lent by The John Work Garrett Library, Baltimore, Maryland. *See* p. 38

12 Penn's Treaty With The Indians, 1682, by Benjamin West (1738-1820). Oil, 75½ x 108¾; lower left, *B. West, 1771.* Lent by The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, courtesy, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 44

13 Portrait Of William Stoughton, about 1700, by an unknown artist. Oil, 50⅜ x 42¼ (sight); about 1700. Lent by Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. *See* p. 40

14 An Indian In Gray Costume, about 1704, by an unknown artist. Water color, 12¾ x 9⅛; about 1704. Lent by the Bibliothèque Nationale, Cabinet des Estampes, Paris, France.

15 A Nipissing Aborigine, 1717, by an unknown artist. Water color, 9¼ x 7¼; at bottom, *SAUVAGE NEPISINGUE EN CANADA 1717.* Lent by the Bibliothéque Nationale, Cabinet des Estampes, Paris, France. *See* p. 47

16 The Southeast Prospect Of The City Of Philadelphia, about 1720, by Peter Cooper (active 1717-1720). Oil, 20¼ x 87. Lent by The Library Company of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 45

17 A Prospect Of The Colledges In Cambridge In New England, about 1725-1726, by William Burgis (active 1717-1726). Engraving, color, 18 10/16 x 23 15/16; 1726. Lent by the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, Massachusetts.

18 George Berkeley, Bishop Of Cloyne, His Wife And Friends, about 1729, by John Smibert (1688-1751). Oil, 25 x 30; about 1729. Lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin, Ireland. *See* p. 46

19 A Warrior Of The Fox Tribe, about 1731, by an unknown artist. Water color, 13½ x 9¼; about 1731. Lent by the Bibliothèque Nationale, Cabinet des Estampes, Paris, France.

20 A Plan Of The Fort Of The Natchez Aborigines, January 20, 1731, by an unknown artist. Water color, 18¼ x 27; January 20, 1731. Lent by the Bibliothèque Nationale, Cabinet des Estampes, Paris, France.

21 A South East View Of The Great Town Of Boston In America, about 1731-1736, engraving by I. Carwitham (active 1723-1741). Engraving, 11¾ x 17 11/16; published after 1764. Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York. *See* p. 45

22 A View Of Savannah In Georgia, March 29, 1734, by P. Fourdrinier (active 1720-1760), after Peter Gordon (active 1734). Engraving, 18⅞ x 23⅝; 1734. Lent by the Bibliothèque Nationale, Cabinet des Estampes, Paris, France.

23 Chief Tishcohan, 1735, by Gustavus Hesselius (1682-1755). Oil, 33 x 25; left above center, *Tishcohan,* 1735. Lent by The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 48

24 A View Of William And Mary College, about 1740, by John Bartram (1699-1777). Engraving, 9½ x 13 3/16; restrike of print published about 1740. Lent by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York.

25 George Whitefield Preaching, 1742, by John Wollaston (active 1742-1770). Oil, 31½ x 25; 1742. Lent by the National Portrait Gallery, London, England. *See* p. 49

26 The Landing Of The New England Forces In The Expedition Against Cape Breton, 1745, by .....?..... Brooks (active 1745) after J. Stevens (active 1745). Engraving, colored, 12⅝ x 19; about 1745. Lent by the Beverley R. Robinson Collection, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

27 The Letter Of Marque Ship Bethel Of Boston, about 1748, by an unknown artist. Oil, 33 x 43; about 1750. Lent by the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, Massachusetts, courtesy, Peabody Museum, Salem, Massachusetts. *See* p. 50

28 To The Hon^ble Jonathan Law Esq^r Gov^r Of Connecticut In New-Eng^d: This Prospect Of Yale College Is Humbly Dedicated By His Honour's Most Humble Serv^t James Buck, 1749, by Thomas Johnston (1708-1767) after John Greenwood (1727-1792). Engraving, 6¾ x 9¼; 1749. Lent by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York.

29 The Reverend Jonathan Edwards, about 1750, by Joseph Badger (1708-1765). Oil, 30½ x 25½; about 1750. Lent by the Master and Fellows of Jonathan Edwards College,

Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut. *See* p. 39

30 A Prospective Plan Of The Battle Fought Near Lake George, September 8, 1755, by Thomas Johnston (1708-1767) after Samuel Blodget (active 1750-1755). Engraving, colored, 14¼ x 18¼; 1755. Lent by the Reserve Division, The New York Public Library, New York, New York. *See* p. 51

31 A View Of Louisburg In North America During The Siege In 1758, by Pierre-Charles Canot (about 1710-d. 1777) after Captain Ince (active about 1758). Engraving, colored, 12 9/16 x 19 11/16; about 1768. Lent by the Beverley R. Robinson Collection, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

32 Sea Captains Carousing In Surinam, about 1758, by John Greenwood (1727-1792). Oil on bed ticking, 37¾ x 75¼; lower left, *J. Greenwood Pinxit 1758* (?). Lent by the City Art Museum of St. Louis, St. Louis, Missouri. *See* p. 52

33 The Defeat Of Montcalm By Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, June 28, 1759, by Samuel Scott (1710-1772). Oil, 29 x 68; about 1760 / 1761. Lent by the Sigmund Samuel Collection of Canadiana, The Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Toronto, Canada. *See* p. 53

34 The Death Of Wolfe, September 13, 1759, by Benjamin West (1730-1820). Oil, 59½ x 84; lower left, *B. West PINXIT/1770.* Lent by The National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, Canada. *See* p. 54

35 Jacob Fowle, about 1763, by John Singleton Copley (1737-1815). Oil, 50 x 40½; 1763. The Corcoran Gallery of Art. *See* p. 55

36 A North-West Prospect Of Nassau-Hall, With A Front View Of The Presidents House, In New-Jersey, about 1763, by Henry Dawkins (active 1754-1776) after W. Tennant (active about 1763). Engraving, 7¾ x 11⅞; facsimile of print published in 1764. Lent by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York.

37 A South East View Of The City Of New York, In North America, about 1763, by Pierre-Charles Canot (about 1710 - d. 1777) after Thomas Howdell (active about 1763). Engraving, 12 9/16 x 19 13/16; about 1768. Lent by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York.

38 The American School, 1765, by Matthew Pratt (1734-1805). Oil, 36 x 50¼; lower left of canvas on easel, *M Pratt/ad 1765.* Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York. *See* p. 56

39 The Repeal. Or The Funeral Procession, Of Miss Americ-Stamp, 1766, by an unknown artist. Engraving, 9 15/16 x 13 15/16; 1766. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

40 The Company's Fleet Leaving Gravesend For Hudson Bay, 1767, by John Hood (active 1762-1771). Wash, 21½ x 46 (sight); lower left, *JOHN HOOD/1769.* Lent by the Hudson's Bay Company, London, England.

41 A View Of Part Of The Town Of Boston In New England And British Ships Of War Landing Their Troops, September 30, 1768, by Paul Revere (1735-1818). Engraving, colored, 9¾ x 15 5/16; 1770. Lent by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York. *See* p. 58

42 A Perspective View Of The Blockade Of Boston Harbor, 1768, by Christian Remick (b. 1726; active 1768). Water color, 9 5/16 x 26¾ (sight); about 1768. Lent by the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, Massachusetts.

43 The Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, by Paul Revere (1735-1818). Engraving, colored, 7⅞ x 8⅝; 1770. Lent by the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts. *See* p. 59

44 The William Denning Family, 1772, by William Williams (active 1746-1775). Oil, 35¾ x 52; lower right, *Wm. Williams Pinx. Ad Vit. A. D. 1772.* Lent by The Misses Shippen, New York, New York. *See* p. 60

45 A Society Of Patriotic Ladies At Edenton In North Carolina, 1773, by an unknown artist. Mezzotint, 14 x 10¼; March 25, 1775. Lent by the Bibliothèque Nationale, Cabinet des Estampes, Paris, France.

46 The Bostonian's Paying The Excise-Man, Or Tarring And Feathering, 1774, by an unknown artist. Mezzotint, 13¾ x 9⅞; 1774. Lent by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 61

47 The Bostonians In Distress, 1774, by an unknown artist. Mezzotint, 14⅛ x 9¼; November 19, 1774. Lent by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 61

48 The Battle Of Lexington, April 19, 1775, by Amos Doolittle (1754 - 1832) after Ralph Earl (1751-1801). Engraving, colored, 11¾ x 17¾; December 13, 1775. Lent by the Albany Institute of History and Art, Albany, New York. *See* p. 66

49 A View Of The Town Of Concord, April 19, 1775, by Amos Doolittle (1754-1832) after Ralph Earl (1751-1801). Engraving, colored, 11⅝ x 17 11/16; December 13, 1775. Lent by the Albany Institute of History and Art, Albany, New York. *See* p. 66

50 The Engagement At The North Bridge In Concord, April 19, 1775, by Amos Doolittle (1754 - 1832) after Ralph Earl (1751-1801). Engraving, colored, 11 15/16 x 17 7/16; December 13, 1775. Lent by the Albany Institute of History and Art, Albany, New York. *See* p. 67

51 A View Of The South Part Of Lexington, April 19, 1775, by Amos Doolittle (1754-1832) after Ralph Earl (1751-1801). Engraving, colored, 11¾ x 17 9/16; December 13, 1775. Lent by the Albany Institute of History and Art, Albany, New York. *See* p. 67

52 The Battle Of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, by John Trumbull (1756-1843). Oil, 19¾ x 29¾; about 1785/1786. Lent by Howland S. Warren, Nahant, Massachusetts. *See* p. 69

53 George Washington, 1776, by Charles Willson Peale (1741-1827). Oil, 43¾ x 38 3/16; 1776. Lent by The Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, New York. *See* p. 64

54 The Unsuccessful Attack On The Fort On Sullivan's Island, June 28, 1776, by Henry Gray (active 1776-d. 1824). Water color, 11¾ x 29½; about 1776/1824. Lent by the Carolina Art Association, Gibbes Art Gallery, Charleston, South Carolina.

55 The Congress Voting Independence, July 4, 1776, by Robert Edge Pine (about 1730-1788) and Edward Savage (1761-1817). Oil, 19¾ x 26½; 1785. Lent by The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 70

56 The British Fleet At Milford Haven Sailing To America, 1776, by J. R. Attwood (active 1776). Oil, 29 x 42; lower right, *J. R. Attwood pinx, 1776.* Lent by the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff, Wales.

57 The Forcing Of The Passage Between Forts Washington And Lee, October 9, 1776, By The British Ships Phoenix, Roebuck, And Tartar, by Dominic Serres the Elder (1722-1793). Oil, 28⅛ x 45¼; lower left, *D. Serres, 1779.* Lent by the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

58 A Naval Engagement On Lake Champlain, October 11, 1776, by H. Gilder (active 1773-1778). Water color, 10 x 14⅛; lower left, *H. Gilder,* about 1776. Lent by His Majesty, King George VI, Windsor Castle, England. *See* p. 72

59 A View Of The Attack Against Fort Washington And Rebel Redouts Near New York, November 16, 1776, by Thomas Davies (active 1776). Water color, 11 9/16 x 18¾; lower center, *Thos. Davies. R:R: of Artillery,* 1776. Lent by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York.

60 The Landing Of The British Forces In The Jerseys, November 20, 1776, by Thomas Davies (active 1776). Water color, 12¼ x 17½; November 20, 1776. Lent by the Emmet Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York.

61 The Battle Of Princeton, January 3, 1777, by William Mercer (active 1773-1850). Oil, 25¼ x 40½; about 1786/1790.

Lent by The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 73

62 The Departure Of La Fayette, April 20, 1777, by Hubert Robert (1738-1808). Oil, 19½ x 52⅝; about 1777. Lent by Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Beaumont, Le Mans, France.

63 The French King's Fleet Commanded by Count Estaing Blockading The English Fleet In The Narrows Of New York Harbor, 1778, by Pierre Ozanne (1737-1813). Wash drawing, 13½ x 24½; lower left, *P. Ozanne,* about 1778. Lent by the Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt, France.

64 The French King's Fleet Commanded by Count Estaing Forcing The Passage At Newport, 1778, by Pierre Ozanne (1737-1813). Wash drawing, 13 9/16 x 24; lower left, *P. Ozanne,* about 1778. Lent by the Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt, France.

65 The French King's Fleet Commanded by Count Estaing Pursuing The English Fleet, 1778, by Pierre Ozanne (1737-1813). Wash drawing, 13 3/16 x 23¾; lower left, *P. Ozanne,* about 1778. Lent by the Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt, France.

66 The French King's Fleet Commanded by Count Estaing Sailing For Boston, 1778, by Pierre Ozanne (1737 - 1813). Wash drawing, 13⅝ x 23½; lower left, *P. Ozanne,* about 1778. Lent by the Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt, France.

67 Portsmouth On The New England Coast At The Mouth Of The River, 1778, by Pierre Ozanne (1737-1813). Wash drawing, 13⅜ x 24¼; lower left, *P. Ozanne,* about 1778. Lent by the Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt, France. *See* p. 76

68 A View In Nootka Sound, 1778, by John Webber (about 1750-1793). Oil, 50⅛ x 38; lower right, *J. Webber, pinx.,* 1783. Lent by the William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana, Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut. *See* p. 78

69 Action Between The Serapis And The Bonhomme Richard, September 23, 1779, by Richard Paton (1717-1791). Oil, 19⅝ x 26½; about 1779. Lent by the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

70 The Quebec Engaging The Surveillant, October 6, 1779, by Robert Dodd (1748-1816). Oil, 24¼ x 34¾; lower right, *R. Dodd 1781.* Lent by the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England. *See* p. 77

71 The Battle Of Cowpens, January 17, 1781, by Augustin Dupre (active about 1781). Crayon drawing, 7⅞ x 10¼; lower left, artist's seal, *A. Dupré. fecit,* lower right, artist's seal, *A D,* lower left of medallion, *Dupré inv,* and, *Bataille gagné par le general Morgan,* about 1781. Lent by the Musée de la Coopération Franco- Américaine, Blérancourt, France.

72 The Surrender Of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, by John Trumbull (1756-1843). Oil, 14⅝ x 21⅞; about 1794/1800. Lent by William Appleton Aiken, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, courtesy, Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts. *See* p. 79

73 The Meeting Of The Generals At Yorktown After The Surrender, October 19, 1781, by James Peale (1749-1831). Oil, 21 x 29½; about 1786. Lent by the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Maryland. *See* p. 79

74 The Battle Of The Saints, April 12, 1782, by Nicholas Pocock (1740-1821). Water color, 9 x 14; lower right, *Pocock, fec^{t}.,* about 1782. Lent by Sir Bruce S. Ingram, London, England.

75 The Shipwreck And The Death Of The Brothers De Laborde On The Coast Of Alaska, July 13, 1786, by Louis-Philippe Crepin (1772-1851). Oil, 41 x 57½ (sight); lower left, *P. Crepin f^{t}. 1806.* Lent by Madame la Marquise de Laborde, Paris, France. *See* p. 81

76 Federal Hall, The Seat Of Congress, April 30, 1789, by Amos Doolittle (1754-1832) after Peter Lacour (active 1789). Engraving, 16 9/16 x 12 13/16; 1790. Lent

by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York.

77 Benjamin Franklin, 1789, by Charles Willson Peale (1741-1827). Oil, 36 x 27; 1789. Lent by The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 75

78 Mansion And Slave Quarters At Mulberry, about 1790, by Thomas Coram (1756-1811). Oil, 4½ x 7 5/16; about 1790. Lent by Ellen Milliken FitzSimons, Charleston, South Carolina.

79 White Hall Plantation, Louisiana, about 1790, by Christophe Colomb (active 1790). Gouache, 18¾ x 22; about 1790. Lent by Suzanne Bringier McConnell, New Orleans, Louisiana. *See* p. 83

80 Thomas Jefferson, about 1791, by Charles Willson Peale (1741-1827). Oil, 23¼ x 19; 1791. Lent by Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 90

81 Captain Gray Of The Columbia Building A New Ship, about 1791, by George Davidson (1768-1800). Wash drawing, 8½ x 12¾; lower left, *George Davidson, Del. Pinxt*, about 1791. Lent by Dr. Gray H. Twombly, New York, New York.

82 Captain Gray Firing On Natives In The Straits Of Juan De Fuca To Keep Them From Boarding The Columbia, June 9, 1792, by George Davidson (1768-1800). Wash drawing, 8½ x 12¾; lower left, *Geo. Davidson, Del. Pinxt*, about 1792. Lent by Dr. Gray H. Twombly, New York, New York.

83 Liberty Displaying The Arts And Sciences, 1792, by Samuel Jennings (active 1789-1834). Oil, 60¼ x 73; lower right, *S. Jennings, Pinxt*, 1792. Lent by The Library Company of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 84

84 General Washington And His Staff Reviewing The American Troops At Fort Cumberland, Maryland, October 18, 1794, by F. Kemmelmeyer (active 1794). Oil, 23¾ x 27¼; about 1794. Lent by Colonel and Mrs. Edgar W. Garbisch, New York, New York. *See* p. 85

85 The Indian Treaty Of Greenville, August 3, 1795, by an unknown artist. Oil, 21⅞ x 27; 1795 (?). Lent by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 86

86 Preparation For War To Defend Commerce. The Swedish Church Southwark With The Building Of The Frigate Philadelphia, about 1799, by William Birch (1755-1834) and Thomas Birch (1779-1851). Engraving, colored, 11 x 13⅜; 1800. Lent by the Atwater Kent Museum, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

87 High Street, From The Country Market-Place: With The Procession In Commemoration Of The Death Of General George Washington, December 26, 1799, by William Birch (1755-1834) and Thomas Birch (1779-1851). Engraving, colored, 11 x 13⅜; 1800. Lent by the Atwater Kent Museum, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 87

88 The Pact Between The French Republic And The United States Of America, Signed At Mortefontaine, September 30, 1800, And A View Of The Gardens In Which The Entertainment Given On That Occasion Was Held, by Francesco Piranesi (1756-1810) after J. Barbieri (active 1800). Etching, colored, 17⅞ x 27⅝; 1800. Lent by the Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt, France. *See* p. 93

89 The Exhumation Of The Mastodon, 1801, by Charles Willson Peale (1741-1827). Oil, 50¼ x 62¾; lower right, *C. W. Peale, 1806*. Lent by The Peale Museum, Baltimore, Maryland. *See* p. 94

90 Pennington Mills: View Upstream, 1804, by Francis Guy (1760-1820). Oil, 26½ x 31½; about 1804. Lent by the Peabody Institute of the City of Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland.

91 The Bombardment Of Tripoli In 1804, by Michel Felice Corne (1752-1832). Oil, 33 x 48; about 1805. Lent by the Rhode Island Historical Society, Providence, Rhode Island. *See* p. 96

92 Niagara, 1805, by George Heriot (active 1797-1820). Water color, 12¼ x 27¾; lower

left, *Geo: Heriot pinxit,* 1805. Lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England.

93 Thomas Paine, about 1805, by John Wesley Jarvis (1780-1839). Oil, 24½ x 19½; about 1805. Lent by Marian Bridge Maurice, Athens, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 74

94 Sunday Morning In Front Of The Arch Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, about 1811-1813, by Pavel Petrovich Svin'in (1788-1839). Water color, 9 x 7 5/16; about 1811/1813. Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York. *See* p. 97

95 Night Life In Philadelphia: An Oyster Barrel In Front Of The Chestnut Theater, about 1811-1813, by Pavel Petrovich Svin'in (1788-1839). Water color, 9 7/16 x 6 13/16; about 1811/1813. Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York.

96 Travel By Stagecoach Near Trenton, New Jersey, about 1811-1813, by Pavel Petrovich Svin'in (1788 - 1839). Water color, 6⅞ x 9¾; about 1811/1813. Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York.

97 A Philadelphia Anabaptist Immersion During A Storm, about 1811-1813, by Pavel Petrovich Svin'in (1788 - 1839). Water color, 7 x 9¾; about 1811/1813. Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York.

98 Negro Methodists Holding A Meeting In A Philadelphia Alley, about 1811-1813, by Pavel Petrovich Svin'in (1788-1839). Water color, 6 9/16 x 9 15/16; about 1811/1813. Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York.

99 H. M. Sloop Little Belt And The U. S. Frigate President Off Sandy Hook, May 16, 1811, by J. Cartwright (about 1789-1829). Oil, 14¼ x 25¼; 1811/1829. Lent by the United States Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis, Maryland.

100 A Parade Passing Independence Hall, Philadelphia, about 1812, by John Lewis Krimmel (1787-1821). India ink and water color, 7⅞ x 11¾; about 1812. Lent by the Springfield Art Museum, Springfield, Missouri. *See* p. 100

101 The Constitution And The Guerriere, August 19, 1812, by Thomas Birch (1779-1851). Oil, 33 x 48⅛; about 1814. Lent by the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. *See* p. 98

102 Admiral Cockburn Burning And Plundering Havre De Grace, May 3, 1813, by William Charles (1776-1820). Engraving, colored, 8⅞ x 12⅞; 1813/1820. Lent by the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Maryland. *See* p. 98

103 The Battle Of Lake Erie, September 12, 1813, by Ambroise Louis Garneray (1783-1857). Oil, 23½ x 34⅛; lower left, *L. Garneray 1822.* Lent by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 99

104 MacDonough's Victory On Lake Champlain And Defeat Of The British Army At Plattsburg By Gen[L] Macomb, September 11, 1814, by Benjamin Tanner (1775-1848) after Hugh Reinagle (1790-1834). Engraving, 17⅛ x 24 9/16; July 4, 1816. Lent by W. H. Lowdermilk and Company, Washington, D. C.

105 The Battle Of North Point, September 12, 1814, by Thomas Ruckle the Elder (about 1777-1853). Oil on wood panel, 21½ x 51½; 1814/1853. Lent by the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Maryland.

106 A View Of The Bombardment Of Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814, by John Bower (active 1809-1819). Aquatint, colored, 11 x 17; 1814. Lent by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 99

107 The Defeat Of The British Army, January 8, 1815, by Philibert-Louis Debucourt (1755-1832) after Hyacinthe Laclotte (active 1815). Aquatint, colored, 18¼ x 25⅛; 1815. Lent by the Knox College Library, Galesburg, Illinois.

108 The Water Color Class, about 1820, by an unknown artist. Water color, 14⅜ x 23 3/16; about 1820. Lent by Mrs. E. C. Chadbourne, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 100

109 Election Day At The State-House, Philadelphia, 1816, by John Lewis Krimmel (1787-1821). India ink and water color, 8½ x 13; lower right, *J. L. Krimmel, 1816.* Lent by The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

110 Port Of Honolulu On The Island Of Oahu, about 1816-1817, by Louis Choris (1795-1828). Water color, 6¼ x 17¾; about 1816/1817. Lent by the Honolulu Academy of Arts, Honolulu, Hawaii.

111 Napoleonic Emigres In Texas (Le Champ D'Asile), about 1818, by .....?..... Aubry (active 1818). Sepia wash, 7¼ x 10¼; lower left, *aubry,* about 1818. Lent by the Musée National de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, Blérancourt, France.

112 A Fourth Of July Celebration In Center Square, Philadelphia, 1819, by John Lewis Krimmel (1787-1821). India ink and water color, 12 x 18; lower right, *J. L. Krimmel, 1819.* Lent by The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 100

113 Fulton Street, New York, 1821, by Sarah Pierson (active 1821). Water color, 18½ x 24½; on ship's pennant, in reverse, *SARAH PIERSON,* at lower right, *S. Pierson 1821.* Lent by Mrs. Richard L. Kennedy, Jr., Lake Forest, Illinois, and Mr. Henry L. Pierson, New York, New York. *See* p. 104

114 The Fairmount Water Works, 1821, by Thomas Birch (1779-1851). Oil, 20 x 30; lower left, *T. BIRCH, 1821.* Lent by The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 105

115 Young Omahaw, War Eagle, Little Missouri And Pawnees, 1821, by Charles Bird King (1785-1862). Oil, 27¾ x 35¾; 1821. Lent by the Smithsonian Institution, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 102

116 The Old House Of Representatives, 1822, by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872). Oil, 86½ x 130¾; lower left, *S. F. B. Morse. pinxt/1822.* The Corcoran Gallery of Art. *Frontispiece*

117 The Interior Of The Park Theater, New York City, November, 1822, by John Searle (active 1822). Water color, 31 x 22½; about 1822. Lent by The New-York Historical Society, New York, New York. *See* p. 106

118 The Capitol, Washington, D. C., 1824, by Charles Burton (active 1820-1832). Water color, 16 x 25; lower left, *C. BURTON /Delin^t 1824.* Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York. *See* p. 103

119 The Country Fair, 1824, by John A. Woodside (1781-1852). Oil, 20 x 26; lower left, *J. A. WOODSIDE, 1824.* Lent by Harry T. Peters, Jr., New York, New York. *See* p. 108

120 The Dinner Party, about 1825, by Henry Sargent (1770-1845). Oil, 59½ x 48; about 1825. Lent by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts. *See* p. 106

121 The Erie Canal Celebration, New York, November 4, 1825, by Anthony Imbert (active 1824-1836). Oil, 24 x 45; 1825. Lent by the Museum of the City of New York, New York, New York. *See* p. 107

122 The Eli Whitney Gun Factory, about 1826, by William Giles Munson (active 1826-1828). Oil, 24¼ x 29½; lower left, *William G. Munson/Pinx^t 1826-8,* lower right, *Eli Whitney Esq. / Gun Factory / 1826-8.* Lent by the Mabel Brady Garvan Collection, Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut. *See* p. 109

123 Boston Harbor From Constitution Wharf, about 1829, by Robert W. Salmon (active 1800-1840). Oil, 32½ x 47 1/16; about 1829. Lent by the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

124 The Virginia Constitutional Convention Of 1829-1830, by George Catlin (1796-1872). Water color, 21⅝ x 32⅞; lower left, *Geo: Catlin pinx^t,* below picture, *To the Commonwealth of Virginia this picture of the "VIRGINIA CONVENTION" is respectfully dedicated by / Geo. Catlin, copyright secured. Richmond 1830.* Lent by The New-York Historical Society, New York, New York. *See* p. 115

125 The Encampment And Entertainment Of The Boston Rifle Rangers By The Portland Rifle Company, August, 1830, In Portland Harbor, by Charles Codman (1800-1842). Oil on wood panel, 24½ x 31¾; lower left, *C. Codman 1830.* Lent by Victor Spark, New York, New York. *See* p. 116

126 The Schoolroom, about 1830, by an unknown artist. Oil, 18 x 23; about 1830. Lent by Kennedy and Company, New York, New York. *See* p. 123

127 The Upper Missouri: Grand Detour, about 1832, by George Catlin (1796-1872). Oil on paper, 21¼ x 27¾; about 1832. Lent by The American Museum of Natural History, New York, New York. *See* p. 119

128 A Harbor Scene With Fish Market Near Philadelphia, 1833, by William Carr (active 1833). Oil, 14½ x 20; lower right, *Carr 1833.* Lent by Victor Spark, New York, New York. *See* p. 117

129 The Smith And Dimon Shipyard, New York City, 1833, by James Pringle (1788-1847). Oil, 32 x 51; lower right, *Pringle 1833.* Lent by the New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, New York. *See* p. 120

130 Andrew Jackson, 1835, by Asher B. Durand (1767-1845). Oil, 30 x 25; 1835. Lent by The New-York Historical Society, New York, New York. *See* p. 112

131 The Great Fire In New York, December 16 and 17, 1835, by Nicolino Calyo (1799-1884). Gouache, 46 x 62; lower left, *Nicolino Calyo (Boston-Napoli), 1840.* Lent by Harry Stone, New York, New York. *See* p. 120

132 A Slave Buyer In Africa, about 1835, by Francois Auguste Biard (about 1799-1882). Oil, 38 x 59; about 1835. Lent by Albert Lieutaud, New Orleans, Louisiana. *See* p. 121

133 The Marine Hospital, Chelsea, Massachusetts, Showing Oriental Workers, about 1835-1840, by an unknown artist. Oil, 12 x 14; about 1835/1840. Lent by Victor Spark, New York, New York. *See* p. 122

134 The Interior Of The Second St. Philip's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, 1836, by Thomas Middleton (1797-1863). Oil, 24 x 30; about 1836. Lent by St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church, Charleston, South Carolina. *See* p. 121

135 Afternoon, Dead Calm: View On The Erie Canal Near Pittsford, New York, 1837, by George Harvey (about 1800-1877). Oil on wood panel, 17½ x 23½; lower right, *G. Harvey, 1837.* Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Perry T. Rathbone, St. Louis, Missouri. *See* p. 130

136 The Entrance To A Coal Mine Near Wheeling, Virginia, 1837 (?), by George Harvey (about 1800-1877). Water color, 11 x 15; lower right, *G. Harvey,* 1837 (?). Lent by Frank H. Woods, Jr., Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 130

137 The First State Election In Detroit, Michigan, 1837, by T. O. H. P. Burnham (active 1837). Oil, 24½ x 30¾; about 1837. Lent by The Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Michigan. *See* p. 125

138 The Long Story, 1837, by William Sidney Mount (1807-1868). Oil on wood panel, 17 x 22; lower left, Wm. S. Mount/ *1837.* The Corcoran Gallery of Art. *See* p. 128

139 The Times, 1837, by E. W. Clay (active 1837). Lithograph, 12 15/16 x 18¾; 1837. Lent by The New-York Historical Society, New York, New York. *See* p. 124

140 Fort Laramie, Exterior, about 1837, by Alfred J. Miller (1810-1874). Water color, 8½ x 11¾; lower right, *A. Miller,* about 1858/1860. Lent by The Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Maryland. *See* p. 129

141 Fort Laramie, Interior, about 1837, by Alfred J. Miller (1810-1874). Water color, 11½ x 14⅝; lower left, *Miller,* about 1858/1860. Lent by The Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Maryland.

142 Landing The Charettes, about 1837, by Alfred J. Miller (1810-1874). Sepia, 9 x 16; lower right, *A. J. M.,* about 1837. Lent by Mrs. Clyde Porter, Kansas City, Missouri.

143 A Prairie On Fire, about 1837, by Alfred J. Miller (1810-1874). Water color, 9½ x 14⅝; about 1858/1860. Lent by The Wal-

ters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Maryland. *See* p. 129

144 Setting Traps For Beaver, about 1837, by Alfred J. Miller (1810-1874). Water color, 7½ x 10½; lower right, *A. J. M.*, about 1837. Lent by Mrs. Clyde Porter, Kansas City, Missouri.

145 A Whaling Scene Showing The Ship Julian Of New Bedford And The Bark Richard Of Salem, about 1837, by Benjamin Franklin West (1818-1854). Oil on wood panel, 24 x 120; about 1837. Lent by the Peabody Museum, Salem, Massachusetts. *See* p. 126

146 The Arrival Of The Great Western At New York, April 23, 1838, by Joseph Walter (1783-1856). Oil, 32 3/16 x 49⅝; 1838. Lent by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York. *See* p. 131

147 The National Lancers On Boston Common, 1838, by Thomas C. Savory (active 1837-1852). Oil, 36 x 48½; lower left, *T. C. SAVORY P. 1838*. Lent by Amelia Peabody, Boston, Massachusetts. *See* p. 131

148 Indians Portaging Furs, 1838, by Cornelius Krieghof (1812-1872). Oil, 14 x 18; lower left, *C. Krieghof, Quebec '38*. Lent by the Hudson's Bay Company, London, England. *See* p. 132

149 The Eleutherian Powder Works Of The Du Pont Company, 1840, by Bass Otis (1784-1861). Oil, 27⅛ x 35⅝; back of canvas, *B. OTIS pinxt Wilmington, Del 1840*. Lent anonymously.

150 The Land Speculator, 1840, by James H. Beard (1814-1893). Oil, 23½ x 28; lower left, *J. H. Beard*, 1840. Lent by Edward Eberstadt and Sons, New York, New York. *See* p. 133

151 The Long Bill, January 1, 1840, by James H. Beard (1814-1893). Oil, 30⅜ x 24¾; about 1840. Lent by The Cincinnati Art Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio. *See* p. 133

152 Raft On River, about 1840-1850, by an unknown artist. Oil, 22⅛ x 27⅜; about 1840/1850. Lent by the Indiana University Library, Bloomington, Indiana. *See* p. 147

153 A View Of Baltimore, about 1840, by an unknown artist. Oil, 20 x 28; about 1840. Lent by Victor Spark, New York, New York. *See* p. 132

154 Audubon The Naturalist, about 1841, by John Woodhouse Audubon (1812-1862) and Victor Gifford Audubon (1809-1860). Oil, 48 x 62; about 1841. Lent by The American Museum of Natural History, New York, New York. *See* p. 116

155 Colonel Colt Testing A Submarine Battery In New York Harbor Near Staten Island, 1842, by A. Gibert (active 1842-1844). Oil, 26⅞ x 40; about 1844. Lent by Commander Francis Robinson, Newport, Rhode Island.

156 A Birds-Eye View Of The Camp Of The Army Of Occupation, Commanded By Genl Taylor Near Corpus Christi, Texas, October 1845, by C. Parsons (1821-1910) after D. P. Whiting (active about 1847). Lithograph, colored, 11⅞ x 19; about 1847. Lent by Hermann Warner Williams, Jr., Washington, D. C.

157 A View Of Athens, Georgia, about 1845, by George Cook (1793-1848). Oil, 24⅛ x 30⅛; about 1845. Lent by The University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia.

158 Fort Vancouver, about 1845, by Henry J. Warre (1819-1898). Water color, 7⅜ x 10⅞; about 1845. Lent by the Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa, Canada. *See* p. 134

159 Whampoa Anchorage From The Foreign Cemetery, about 1845, by an unknown artist. Oil, 28 x 45; about 1845. Lent by the Peabody Museum, Salem, Massachusetts.

160 The Foreign Factories At Canton, about 1845-1850, by an unknown artist. Oil, 18 x 31; about 1845/1850. Lent by Ellen N. LaMotte, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 134

161 The Heights Of Monterey From The Saltillo Road Looking Towards The City, September 21, 1846, by F. Swinton (1821-1910) after D. P. Whiting (active about 1847). Lithograph, colored, 12 x 19 3/16; about 1847. Lent by Hermann Warner Williams, Jr., Washington, D. C.

162 Sowing Grain At Bishop Hill, about 1846, by Olof Krans (active 1875-1895). Oil, 35 x 44⅞; about 1875/1895. Lent by the Division of Parks and Memorials, State of Illinois, Springfield, Illinois. *See* p. 136

163 A Battle Between The Macaws And The Klallum Indians, about 1846-1848, by Paul Kane (1810-1871). Oil, 18 x 29; about 1846/1848. Lent by The Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Toronto, Canada. *See* p. 134

164 The Falls Of Colville On The Columbia River, about 1846-1848, by Paul Kane (1810-1871). Oil, 19 x 29; about 1846/1848. Lent by The Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Toronto, Canada.

165 The Battle Of The Plains Of Mesa, January 9th, 1847, by William H. Meyers (active 1847-1848). Water color, 11⅝ x 17¾; at top, *Battle of the plains of Mesa Jan^y 9th 1847 / The American forces Commanded by R. F. Stockton in hollow square —charged by Gen^l Floras on 4 sides,* lower center, *Naval Sketches of the War in California,* lower right, *Meyers — No 11,* 1847. In a bound volume, *Naval Sketches of the War in California.* Lent by The Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, New York. *See* p. 137

166 The Attack On Molino Del Rey Y Casa Mata, 1847, by G. Escalante (active about 1847). Oil, 19 2/3 x 24; lower right, *G. Escalante / pinxt,* about 1847. Lent by the Museo Nacional de Historia, Chapultepec, Mexico City, Mexico.

167 Vicente Suarez, Cadet At The Chapultepec Military College, September 13, 1847, by Santiago Hernandez (active 1847). Oil, 33 x 24¼; lower left, *Lo hizo/ Santiago Hernandez Y Ayllón,* about 1847. Lent by the Museo Nacional de Historia, Chapultepec, Mexico City, Mexico. *See* p. 138

168 The Grand Plaza, Mexico City With United States Troops And Flag Over The Royal Palace, September 14, 1847, by Antonio Gualdi (active 1847). Oil, 32 x 46; lower right, *Gualdi 1847.* Lent by the Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans, Louisiana. *See* p. 139

169 General Winfield Scott Reviewing Troops, 1847, by James Walker (1819-1889). Oil, 24⅛ x 40; lower right, *J. WALKER,* about 1847. Lent by Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Washington, D. C.

170 Cheever's Mill On The St. Croix, 1847, by Henry Lewis (1819-1904). Oil, 20 x 30; about 1848. Lent by The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minneapolis, Minnesota. *See* p. 136

171 Flax-Scutching Bee, about 1847-1850, by Linton Park (active 1840-1880). Oil on bed ticking, 31 x 50; about 1847/1850. Lent by Colonel and Mrs. Edgar W. Garbisch, New York, New York. *See* p. 140

172 A View Of Fort Snelling, about 1848, by Seth Eastman (1808-1875). Oil, 27 x 34; about 1848. Lent by The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minneapolis, Minnesota. *See* p. 141

173 Wahbasha's Prairie: Mississippi River Scene In July, 1848, by Seth Eastman (1808-1875). Pencil, 6½ x 9⅜. Lent by the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

174 The Alamo At San Antonio, Texas, December 1848, by Seth Eastman (1808-1875). Water color, 4⅝ x 7½; lower left, *Dec. 1848.* Lent by the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

175 Stockton, 1849, by Josiah Perkins Cressy (1814-d. after 1865). Oil, 19½ x 24; 1849. Lent by Helen Weber Kennedy, Stockton, California.

176 A Forty-Niner, about 1849, by John Woodhouse Audubon (1812-1862). Water color, 10⅜ x 13⅜; about 1849. Lent by the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California. *See* p. 142

177 Emigrants Attacked By The Comanches, about 1849, by Seth Eastman (1808-1875). Water color, 13⅜ x 16⅛; lower left, *Capt. S. Eastman U. S. Army Del.,* about 1849. Lent

by the James Jerome Hill Reference Library, St. Paul, Minnesota.

178 The Attack On An Emigrant Train, about 1849, by Charles Wimar (1828-1862). Oil, 55¼ x 79; lower right, *Charles Wimar Düsf. 1856.* Lent by the Museum of Art, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

179 Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, about 1849-1850, by an unknown artist. Oil, 23 x 33; about 1849/1850. Lent by the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company, San Francisco, California. *See* p. 143

180 Chinese Diggings, January, 1850, by John Woodhouse Audubon (1812-1862). Pencil, 10 x 13. Lent by the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.

181 Sacramento City, April 27, 1850, by John Woodhouse Audubon (1812-1862). Pencil, 10⅛ x 13⅛. Lent by the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.

182 San Francisco, Looking East From Clay And Powell Streets, about 1850, by Frederick Tobin (active about 1850). Oil on paper, 13½ x 19¼ (sight); about 1850. Lent by Mrs. C. Tobin Clark, San Mateo, California.

183 The Stage Coach "Seventy-Six" Of The Knickerbocker Line, about 1850, by Henry Boese (1844-1860). Oil, 24 x 48; lower right, *H. Boesé,* about 1850. Lent by the Museum of the City of New York, New York, New York. *See* p. 145

184 The Belle Creole At New Orleans, about 1850, by an unknown artist. Oil, 48 x 72; lower right, *S. F.,* about 1850. Lent by Mrs. E. C. Chadbourne, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 146

185 The Mohawk Valley, about 1850, by Robert Havell (1796-1886). Oil, 36 x 50; about 1850. Lent by the New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, New York. *See* p. 148

186 Foster's Bar, 1851, by Erneste Etienne de Francheville Narjot (1827 - 1898). Oil on mill board, 11½ x 13½; 1851. Lent by Edward Eberstadt and Sons, New York, New York. *See* p. 143

187 A General View Of The United States Section Of The 1851 Exhibition, London, England, by Joseph Nash (1808-1878). Lithograph, colored, 16¾ x 23; 1852. Lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England. *See* p. 152

188 Justice Meted Out To English Jim, July 11, 1851, by John Prendergast (active 1851). Oil, 18 x 24; about 1851. Lent by Roger D. Lapham, San Francisco, California.

189 The County Election, 1851, by George Caleb Bingham (1811-1879). Oil, 37 x 51; 1851. Lent by The Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis, St. Louis, Missouri. *See* p. 154

190 The Treaty Of Traverse Des Sioux, 1851, by Frank B. Mayer (1827-1899). Oil, 22¾ x 39¾; lower right, *Frank B. Mayer,* 1851/1885. Lent by the Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minnesota.

191 The Yacht America Leaving Boston Harbor For England, 1851, by James E. Buttersworth (1817-about 1851). Oil, 20 x 30½; lower right, *J. E. Buttersworth,* about 1851. Lent by the Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, Rhode Island. *See* p. 150

192 Crossing The Isthmus, about 1852, by Albertis Del Orient Browere (1814-1887). Oil, 32½ x 47⅞ (sight); lower right, *A D O Browere,* about 1852. Lent by Mrs. Everett Lee Millard, Highland Park, Illinois. *See* p. 144

193 Commodore Perry Carrying The "Gospel Of God" To The Heathen, 1853, by J. G. Evans (active 1840-1859). Oil, 29¼ x 36¼; at bottom, *U. S. JAPAN FLEET, Com^o PERRY. carrying the "GOSPEL OF GOD." to the HEATHEN. 1853.,* lower right, *EVANS.* Lent by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 157

194 Passing The Rubicon, July 12, 1853, by Wilhelm Heine (1827-1885). Water color, 18 x 33⅜ (sight); lower right, *W. Heine. 1853.* Lent by the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

195 The American Expedition Under Com-

MODORE PERRY LANDING IN JAPAN, July 14, 1853, by WILHELM HEINE (1827 - 1885). Water color, 17¾ x 33 (sight); lower left, *W. Heine 1853.* Lent by the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

196 THE LATTING OBSERVATORY, NEW YORK CITY, 1853, by an unknown artist. Lithograph, colored, 21 x 16 5/16; about 1853. Lent by the Phelps Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library, New York, New York. *See* p. 153

197 A SLAVE MARKET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, about 1853, by EYRE CROWE (1824-1910). Oil, 21¾ x 32; lower right, *E. CROWE,* about 1853. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Henry, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 156

198 J. M. STUDEBAKER IN HIS WAGON TIRE SHOP AT HANGTOWN, CALIFORNIA, 1853-1858, by H. M. T. POWELL (active 1849-1858). Oil, 23½ x 32½; 1853/1858. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Grabhorn, San Francisco, California. *See* p. 158

199 THE PARTY FOR COMMODORE PERRY AT THE YOKAHAMA ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE, BUSHU PROVINCE, January 11, 1854, by an unknown artist. Color wood cut, 18⅝ x 13⅞; 1860. Lent by the William L. Clements Library, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

200 A VIEW ON THE RIO GILA, 1855, by HENRY CHEEVERS PRATT (1803-1880). Oil, 26 x 36; on back of canvas, *H. C. Pratt, Boston 1855.* Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schaefer Dentzel, Northridge, California. *See* p. 149

201 AN ELECTION DAY BONFIRE, FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, about 1854, by BERNARD UHLE (active 1854). Oil, 16 x 20; 1854. Lent by the Atwater Kent Museum, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 158

202 STUMP SPEAKING, 1854, by GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM (1811-1879). Oil, 42¼ x 57; 1854. Lent by The Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis, St. Louis, Missouri. *See* p. 155

203 THE LACKAWANNA VALLEY, 1855, by GEORGE INNESS (1825-1894). Oil, 33⅜ x 50 3/16; lower left, *G. Inness,* 1855. Lent by the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 159

204 CUTTING UP A WHALE ON THE WEST COAST OF KAMCHATKA, 1855, by EDWARD MAYER KERN (1823-1863). Oil, 16 x 22; lower left, *KERN,* about 1857. Lent by the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

205 WALL STREET, HALF PAST 2 O'CLOCK, OCTOBER 13, 1857, by JAMES H. CAFFERTY (1819-1867), and CHARLES G. ROSENBERG (active 1858). Oil, 50 x 39½; lower left, *CAFFERTY 1858 / ROSENBERG.* Lent by the Museum of the City of New York, New York, New York. *See* p. 161

206 A CAMEL TRAIN SEARCHING FOR WATER, about 1857, by ERNESTE ETIENNE DE FRANCHEVILLE NARJOT (1827-1898). Oil, 29 x 39¼ (sight); lower right, *E. Narjot/1867.* Lent by Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 160

207 A CAMEL TRAIN AT A RIVER, about 1857, by ERNESTE ETIENNE DE FRANCHEVILLE NARJOT (1827-1898). Oil, 29 x 39¼ (sight); lower right, *E. Narjot/1867.* Lent by Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Washington, D. C.

208 THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN, December 2, 1859, by THOMAS HOVENDEN 1840-1895). Oil, 77⅜ x 63¼; lower left, *Copyright/ Hovenden 1884.* Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York. *See* p. 163

209 CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO, 1860, by EMANUEL LEUTZE (1816-1868). Water color, 15 x 20; 1860. Lent by the Western History Department, The Public Library, The City and County of Denver, Colorado.

210 STUDY FOR SIGNING THE SECESSION ORDINANCE OF THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE, January 26, 1861, by E. WOOD PERRY JR. (1831-1915). Oil, 14 x 30; lower right, *E. W. Perry Jr. 1861.* Lent by the Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans, Louisiana.

211 THE INAUGURATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, February 18, 1861, after a painting by JAMES MASSALON (active 1861-1878), from a photograph taken on the spot. Lithograph, colored, 29¾

x 23½; 1878. Lent by the Alabama State Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, Alabama.

212 The Bombardment Of Fort Sumter, April 13, 1861, by Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902). Oil, 26 x 68; lower right, *A. Bierstadt,* about 1861. Lent by The Union League of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 169

213 The Confederate States Cruiser Nashville Burning The Harvey Birch Of Salem, Massachusetts, Off The English Coast, November 19, 1861, by D. McFarlane (active 1861-about 1864). Oil, 25 x 38; lower left, *D. McFarlane/1864.* Lent by the Peabody Museum, Salem, Massachusetts.

214 A Conflagration In A City On The Eastern Seaboard, 1861, by H. B. L. (active 1861). Oil, 22 x 30; lower center, *H. B. L. 1861.* Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Max Seltzer, Brookline, Massachusetts. *See* p. 170

215 A View Of Gay Street: Knoxville, Tennessee, 1861, by Samuel B. Palmer (active 1864-1868). Pencil, 6⅝ x 9⅞; lower left, *SBP,* about 1864. Lent by Hermann Warner Williams, Jr., Washington, D. C.

216 Men Of Progress: American Inventors, 1861, by John Sartain (1808-1897), after Christian Schussele (1824-1879). Mezzotint, 37 x 49; 1862. Lent by Orson D. Munn, New York, New York. *See* p. 171

217 The Interior Of An American Steamer, about 1861, by .....?..... Yoshikazu (active 1861). Color wood cut, 14½ x 29¼; about 1861. Lent by the William L. Clements Library, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

218 The Olivier Plantation, about 1861, by Adrian Persac (active 1857-1872). Water color, 16¼ x 22; lower right, *A. Persac 1861.* Lent by the Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans, Louisiana.

219 A Ride For Liberty: The Fugitive Slaves, 1862, by Eastman Johnson (1824-1906). Oil on academy board, 21¾ x 26¼; lower right, *E. J.,* about 1862/1863. Lent by The Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, New York. *See* p. 162

220 The Merrimac And The Monitor In Hampton Roads, March 9, 1862, by C. Riess (active about 1862). Oil, 18⅛ x 30¼; lower left, *C. Riess,* about 1862. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Groves, New Orleans, Louisiana.

221 A Panorama Of The Sioux Massacre, August, 1862, by John Stevens (1816-1879). Oil, 36 72-x-84-inch panels, overall 225 feet long; 1870/1878. Lent by the Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minnesota.

222 The First Virginia Cavalry At A Halt, Antietam Campaign, September, 1862, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Pencil, 8¾ x 12⅝; 1862. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

223 The Texas Terry Rangers, about 1862, by Carl Iwonski (1830-1922). Oil, 12 x 16; about 1862. Lent by the Ernest Muensberger Collection, Witte Memorial Museum, San Antonio, Texas.

224 A Lincoln Reception At The White House, 1863 (?), attributed to Francis Bicknell Carpenter (1830-1900). Oil, 24 x 40; about 1863. Lent by Newcomb Carlton, New York, New York. *See* p. 174

225 The Battle Of Port Hudson, March 14, 1863, by Edward Arnold (about 1824-1866). Oil, 30¼ x 40; lower left, *E. ARNOLD 1864.* Lent by the Smithsonian Institution, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 173

226 The Battle Of Chancellorsville, May 1, 1863, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Wash drawing, 13¾ x 21¾; 1863. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

227 General Doubleday Watching His Troops Cross The Potomac, June 25, 1863, by David G. Blythe (1815-1865). Oil, 30¼ x 40; about 1863. Lent by the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Cooperstown, New York. *See* p. 176

228 The Battle Of Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, by John Richards (1831-1889). Oil, 24¼ x 37½; lower right, *J. Richards,* about

1870. Lent by Nelson A. Rockefeller, New York, New York. *See* p. 177

229 The Battle Of Gettysburg On The Third Day, July 3, 1863, by Edwin Forbes (1828-1891). Pencil, 9¼ x 26¼; lower right, *July 3rd 10. A.M. E.F,* 1863. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

230 The War Spirit At Home: Celebrating The Victory At Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, by Lilly Martin Spencer (1822-1902). Oil, 30 x 32½; lower left, *L. M. Spencer 1866.* Lent by The Newark Museum, Newark, New Jersey. *See* p. 178

231 A Picnic On The Hudson, 1863 (?), by Thomas Pritchard Rossiter (1818-1868). Oil, 27½ x 44½; 1863. Lent by the Julia L. Butterfield Memorial Library, Cold Spring, New York. *See* p. 181

232 The Battle Of Chickamauga, September 18 and 19, 1863, by James Walker (1819-1889). Oil, 14⅛ x 40; lower left, *J. Walker, 1864.* Lent by the Historical Properties Branch, Office of Military History, Department of The Army, Washington, D. C.

233 Battery Bee, December 3, 1863, by Conrad Wise Chapman (1842-1910). Oil, 11¾ x 15¾; on back of canvas, *C. W. C., Dec. 3, 1863.* Lent by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, The Confederate Museum, Richmond, Virginia. *See* p. 182

234 The Confederate Submarine Torpedo Boat H. L. Hunley, December 6, 1863, by Conrad Wise Chapman (1842-1910). Oil, 11¾ x 15¾; lower right, *C. W. C. Charleston Dec. 6, 1863.* Lent by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, The Confederate Museum, Richmond, Virginia. *See* p. 183

235 Fort Sumter, December 8, 1863, by Conrad Wise Chapman (1842-1910). Oil, 11¾ x 15¾; lower left, *C. W. C. Dec. 8, 1863.* Lent by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, The Confederate Museum, Richmond, Virginia.

236 Fort Sumter, Interior At Sunrise, 1863, by Conrad Wise Chapman (1842-1910). Oil, 11¾ x 15¾; lower right, *Fort Sumter, Interior—Sunrise, C. W. C., 1863.* Lent by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, The Confederate Museum, Richmond, Virginia.

237 The Blacksmith Shop, about 1863, by Eastman Johnson (1824-1906). Oil, 17 x 21; lower right, *E. Johnson '63.* Lent by the New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, New York. *See* p. 179

238 Home Sweet Home, about 1863, by Winslow Homer (1836-1910). Oil, 21½ x 16½; lower right, *W. Homer,* 1863. Lent by George M. L. La Branche, New York, New York.

239 Hospital Attendants Collecting The Wounded After The Engagement, about 1863, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Wash drawing, 9⅝ x 13⅜; about 1863. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 182

240 Playing Old Soldier, about 1863, by Winslow Homer (1836-1910). Oil, 16 x 12; lower right, *Homer,* 1863. Lent by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts, *See* p. 187

241 A Skirmish In The Wilderness, 1864, by Winslow Homer (1836-1910). Oil, 18 x 26; lower left, *HOMER, N. Y. -65.* Lent by The Art Museum of the New Britain Institute, New Britain, Connecticut. *See* p. 184

242 Sherman's March Through Georgia, 1864, by A. B. Carlin (active about 1871). Oil, 35 x 47½; lower left, *A. B. Carlin, 1871.* Lent by Mrs. McCook Knox, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 185

243 The Engagement Between The Kearsarge And Alabama, June 19, 1864, by J. W. Swift (active 1865). Oil, 24¼ x 36¼; lower right, *J. W. Swift, 1865.* Lent by Kennedy and Co., New York, New York.

244 The Old Westover Mansion, 1864, by Edward Lamson Henry (1841-1919). Oil, on wood panel, 11¼ x 14⅝; lower right, *E. L. Henry 69.* The Corcoran Gallery of Art. *See* p. 188

245 The Presentation Of Colors To The

First Colored Regiment Of New York In 1864, by Edward Lamson Henry (1841-1919). Oil, 16¾ x 25¾; 1869. Lent by The Union League Club, New York, New York.

246 Returned Union Prisoners Of War Exchanging Their Rags For New Clothing On Board The Flag Of Truce Ship New York, about 1864, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Wash drawing, 9 9/16 x 13 15/16; about 1864. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 183

247 Abraham Lincoln, 1864-1865, by George Peter Alexander Healy (1813 - 1894). Oil, 74 x 54; upper right, *G. P. A. Healy, 1887*. Lent by the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 166

248 City Point, Virginia, Headquarters Of General Grant, 1864-1865, by Edward Lamson Henry (1841-1919). Oil, 30 x 60; lower right, *E. L. Henry '65-1873*. Lent by the Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Massachusetts. *See* p. 186

249 General Sherman Reviewing His Army In Savannah Before Starting On His Campaign, January, 1865, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Pencil, 9⅛ x 12¾; 1865. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

250 The Peace Makers, March 27, 1865, by George Peter Alexander Healy (1813-1894). Oil, 47¾ x 66; 1868. Lent by The White House, the Government of the United States. *See* p. 189

251 Pitching Quoits, about 1865, by Winslow Homer (1836-1910). Oil, 26½ x 53½; lower right, *Winslow Homer 1865*. Lent by the Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. *See* p. 175

252 Review By The President Of The Cavalry Of The Army Of The Potomac, 1865, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Wash drawing, 13¾ x 20¼; lower right, *Alf. R. Waud*, about 1865. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

253 The Surrender At Appomattox, April 9, 1865, by Alonzo Chappel (1828-1887). Oil, 14 x 20; 1865. Lent by Harry MacNeill Bland, New York, New York. *See* p. 190

254 The Death Of Abraham Lincoln, April 15, 1865, by John B. Bachelder (active 1865) and Alonzo Chappel (1829-1887). Oil, 28¼ x 46; lower left, *Jno B. Bachelder/ Designer 1865*, lower right, *A. Chappel 1868*. Lent by Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. *See* p. 191

255 Lincoln's Body Lying In State In The East Room Of The White House, April 19, 1865, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Wash drawing, 10⅛ x 13⅝; 1865. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

256 Lincoln's Funeral Pavilion, Cleveland, April 28, 1865, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Wash drawing, 9 15/16 x 13¾; 1865. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

257 The Reception Of Lincoln's Body At Chicago, May 1, 1865, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Wash drawing, 13¾ x 19 15/16; 1865. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

258 Lincoln's Body In The City Hall At Chicago, May 1, 1865, by Alfred R. Waud (1828-1891). Wash drawing, 10⅛ x 13⅝; 1865. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

259 Splicing The Cable, July 13, 1866, by Robert Dudley (active about 1866). Oil, 22 x 33½; about 1866. Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York, courtesy, Smithsonian Institution, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 198

260 Walt Whitman, about 1866, by Mathew B. Brady (1822/1823-1896). Photograph, 31½ x 22⅝; print by Henry B. Beville from a copy negative from the National Archives. The Corcoran Gallery of Art. *See* p. 194

261 The Gun Foundry, 1866, by John Fer-

GUSON WEIR (1841-1926). Oil, 46½ x 62; lower right, *John F. Weir, 1866.* Lent by the Putnam County Historical Society, Cold Spring, New York. *See* p. 180

262 THE ATTACK ON GENERAL MARCY'S TRAIN NEAR PAWNEE FORT, KANSAS, September 23, 1867, by HERMANN STIEFFEL (active 1867). Water color, 15⅝ x 23¼; lower right, *H. Stieffel Co. K 5th U. S. Inf. 1867.* Lent by the Smithsonian Institution, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C.

263 RECONSTRUCTION, 1867, by J. L. GILES (active 1867). Lithograph, 19⅞ x 25 5/16; 1867. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

264 AMERICAN CITIZENS, about 1867, by THOMAS WATERMAN WOOD (1823-1903). Water color on paper, 21½ x 39½; about 1867. Lent by The Wood Art Gallery, Montpelier, Vermont.

265 DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE CONNECTING THE MISSISSIPPI AND COLUMBIA, May 10, 1869, by THOMAS HILL (1829-1908). Pencil, 3 x 5; lower right, *Thomas Hill.* Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schaefer Dentzel, Northridge, California.

266 THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD, 1869, by JOSEPH BECKER (1841-1910). Oil, 18 x 24½; 1869. Lent by the Thomas Gilcrease Foundation, Tulsa, Oklahoma. *See* p. 197

267 AN EMIGRANT TRAIN FORDING MEDICINE BOW CREEK, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, 1870, by SAMUEL COLMAN (1832-1920). Oil, 16⅛ x 30⅛; lower right, *Sam Colman, 1870.* Lent by Hall Park McCullough, North Bennington, Vermont. *See* p. 199

268 BUFFALO HARBOR FROM THE FOOT OF PORTER AVENUE, 1871, by LARS GUSTAV SELLSTEDT (1819-1911). Oil, 18 x 30; lower right, *L. G. Sellstedt/ 1871.* Lent by the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York. *See* p. 197

269 THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME, 1871, by GEORGE PETER ALEXANDER HEALY (1813-1894). Oil, 73½ x 49; upper left, *G. P. A. Healy, 1871.* Lent by The Newark Museum, Newark, New Jersey, *See* p. 201

270 THE BURNING OF THE CHICAGO STEAM SUGAR REFINERY AND THE MCCORMICK REAPER WORKS, 1871, by .....?..... LEHMAN (active about 1871). Oil, 12½ x 20⅛; about 1871. Lent by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 197

271 THE COUNTRY SCHOOL, 1871, by WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910). Oil, 21 x 38; lower right, *Winslow Homer 1871.* Lent by the City Art Museum of St. Louis, St. Louis, Missouri. *See* p. 202

272 THE COTTON MERCHANTS, 1873, by HILAIRE GERMAIN EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917). Oil, 28 x 34½; lower right, *Degas,* about 1876. Lent by the Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. *See* p. 209

273 A CAMP MEETING, 1874, by WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE (1820-1910). Oil, 16 x 40 11/16; lower right, *W. Whittredge 1874.* Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York. *See* p. 203

274 THE DEDICATION OF THE EADS BRIDGE AT ST LOUIS, MISSOURI, JULY 4, 1874, by WILLIAM J. HINCHEY (1829-1893). Oil, 18 x 29; about 1874. Lent by A. S. Hinchey, St. Louis, Missouri. *See* p. 204

275 YOSEMITE VALLEY, 1874, by WILLIAM HAHN (1840?-1890?). Oil, 36½ x 46½; lower right, *Wm. Hahn/ San Francisco/ 1874.* Lent by the California Historical Society, San Francisco, California. *See* p. 207

276 BASEBALL PLAYERS PRACTICING, 1875, by THOMAS EAKINS (1844-1916). Water color, 10⅞ x 12⅞; on wall near batter's hand, *Eakins/75.* Lent by the Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, Rhode Island. *See* p. 206

277 OLD NEW YORK, about 1875, by LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY (1848-1933). Oil, 27 x 30; lower left, *Louis C. Tiffany,* about 1875. Lent by The Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, New York. *See* p. 205

278 THE BATTLE OF LITTLE BIG HORN, June 25, 1876, by WHITE BIRD (active 1894-1895).

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279 THE COTTON PICKERS, 1876, by WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910). Oil, 24 x 38; lower left, *Winslow Homer, 1876.* Lent by Wildenstein and Company, New York, New York. *See* p. 208

280 THE GREAT EAST RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE, 1877, by C. H. PARSONS (1821-1910) and .....?..... ATWATER (active 1877). Chromolithograph, 20½ x 32¾; published by Currier & Ives, 1877. Lent by the Prints and Photographs Division, The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. *See* p. 210

281 VIEWS OF THE BUILDINGS AND SURROUNDINGS OF THE BERKS COUNTY ALMSHOUSE, 1878, by CHARLES HOFMAN (active 1878). Oil on tin, 32¾ x 39½; lower right, *1878—Charles Hofman, Painter.* Lent by Colonel and Mrs. Edgar W. Garbisch, New York, New York. *See* p. 211

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284 THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS, about 1879, by JAMES HESS (active about 1879). Oil, 14 x 20; lower left, *Hess (?) 1879 (?)* Lent by The University of Kansas Museum of Art, Lawrence, Kansas. *See* p. 214

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286 THE FLIGHT OF GERONIMO, about 1880, by FREDERIC REMINGTON (1861-1909). Oil, 27 x 40; lower right, *Frederic Remington,* about 1886. Lent by The Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Houston, Texas.

287 A WHALING SCENE, about 1880, by J. (?) BROCK (active 1880). Oil, 18⅛ x 24⅛; lower right, *J (?) Brock/80.* Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Grabhorn, San Francisco, California.

288 IN THE LAND OF PROMISE: CASTLE GARDEN, 1884, by CHARLES F. ULRICH (1858-1908). Oil on wood panel, 23⅜ x 35¾; lower left, *Copyright by Charles F. Ulrich, ANA/1884.* The Corcoran Gallery of Art. *See* p. 216

289 THE HOMESTEAD MILL NEAR PITTSBURGH, 1884, by WILLIAM C. WALL (1810-1886). Oil, 32 x 55; lower right, *W. C. Wall, 1884.* Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rosenbloom, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 212

290 THE HERRING NET, 1885, by WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910). Oil, 29½ x 47½; lower right, *Homer '85.* Lent by The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois. *See* p. 215

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292 COWBOYS IN THE BAD LANDS, 1887, by THOMAS EAKINS (1844-1916). Oil, 32½ x 45½; lower right, *Eakins 88.* Lent by Mabel Brady Garvan, New York, New York. *See* p. 218

293 THE AGNEW CLINIC, 1889, by THOMAS EAKINS (1844-1916). Oil, 74½ x 130½; inscription on frame, *D. HAYES AGNEW M. D. CHIRURGUS PERITISSIMUS. SCRIPTOR ET DOCTOR CLARISSIMUS. VIR VENERATUS ET CARISSIMUS. MDCCCLXXXIX.*, on back of canvas, *AGNEW CHIRURGI EAKINS PHILADELPHIENSIS EFFIGEM PINXIT.*, 1889. Lent by the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 220

294 THE FIGHT FOR THE WATER HOLE, about 1890, by FREDERIC REMINGTON (1861-1909). Oil, 27 x 40; lower right, *Frederic Remington,* about 1903. Lent by The Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Houston, Texas.

295 STEEL WORKERS: NOONTIME, about 1890,

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296 A Lady Of Baptist Corner, Ashfield, Massachusetts, 1892, by Edwin R. Elmer (1850-1920). Oil, 33¼ x 25; lower left, *E. R. Elmer, 1892.* Lent by E. Porter Dickinson, Amherst, Massachusetts. *See* p. 221

297 Fountains At Night, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, by Winslow Homer (1836-1910). Oil, 16 x 25; 1893. Lent by the Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. *See* p. 222

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299 Admiral George Dewey At Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum (1849-1925). Oil, 53 x 42; lower right, *R. F. Zogbaum/1898.* Lent by the State of Vermont. *See* p. 226

300 A Scene During The Embarkation At Tampa, 1898, by William J. Glackens (1870-1938). Wash drawing, 11⅞ x 18⅛; lower left, *W. Glackens/ Port Tampa,* 1898. Lent by the Kraushaar Galleries, New York, New York.

301 Just Before The Engagement, 1898, by William J. Glackens (1870-1938). Wash drawing, 16 x 21; lower center, *W. Glackens/ El Poso,* 1898. Lent by the Kraushaar Galleries, New York, New York. *See* p. 224

302 The Scream Of Shrapnel At San Juan Hill, Cuba, July 1, 1898, by Frederic Remington (1861-1909). Oil, 35¼ x 60¾; lower left, *Frederic Remington/ 1898.* Lent by the Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut. *See* p. 225

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304 The Night After San Juan: Field Hospital, 1898, by William J. Glackens (1870-1938). Wash drawing, 21⅞ x 14⅞; lower right, *W. Glackens,* 1898. Lent by the Kraushaar Galleries, New York, New York. *See* p. 225

305 Santiago De Cuba, July 17, 1898, by William J. Glackens (1870-1938). Wash drawing, 18 x 20¾; lower left, *W. Glackens/ Santiago de Cuba,* 1898. Lent by the Kraushaar Galleries, New York, New York.

306 Starving Refugees From Santiago Congregating At El Caney, 1898, by William J. Glackens (1870-1938). Wash drawing, 16 x 20⅞; 1898. Lent by the Kraushaar Galleries, New York, New York.

307 Between Rounds, 1899, by Thomas Eakins (1844-1916). Oil, 50¼ x 40; lower right, *Eakins 99.* Lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *See* p. 227

308 The Breadline, 1900, by George Luks (1867-1933). Pastel, 19 x 28½ (sight); lower left, *GEORGE LUKS 1900.* Lent by the Kraushaar Galleries, New York, New York. *See* p. 229

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311 Dawn At Culebra, 1913, by Jonas Lie 1880-1940). Oil, 29⅜ x 35½ (sight); lower left, 1913. Lent by the West Point Museum, United States Military Academy, West Point, New York. *See* p. 231

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